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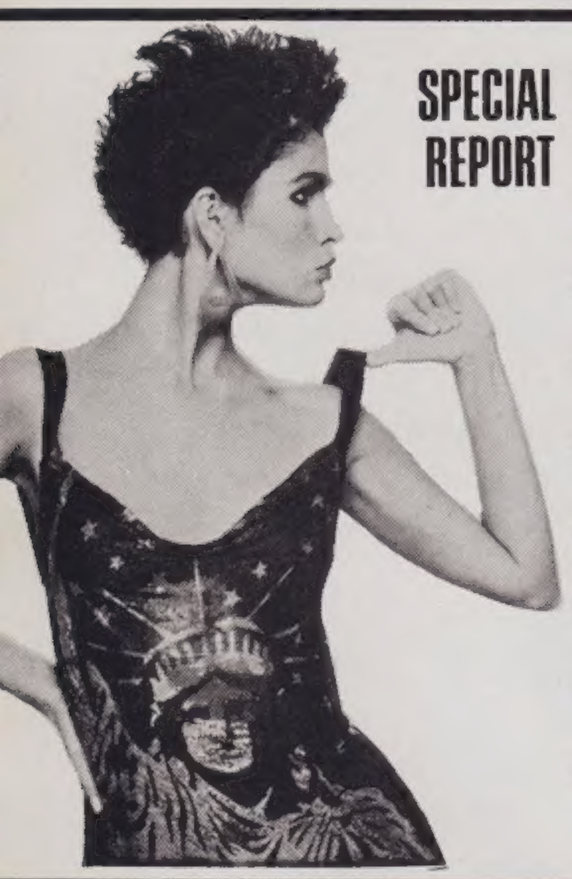

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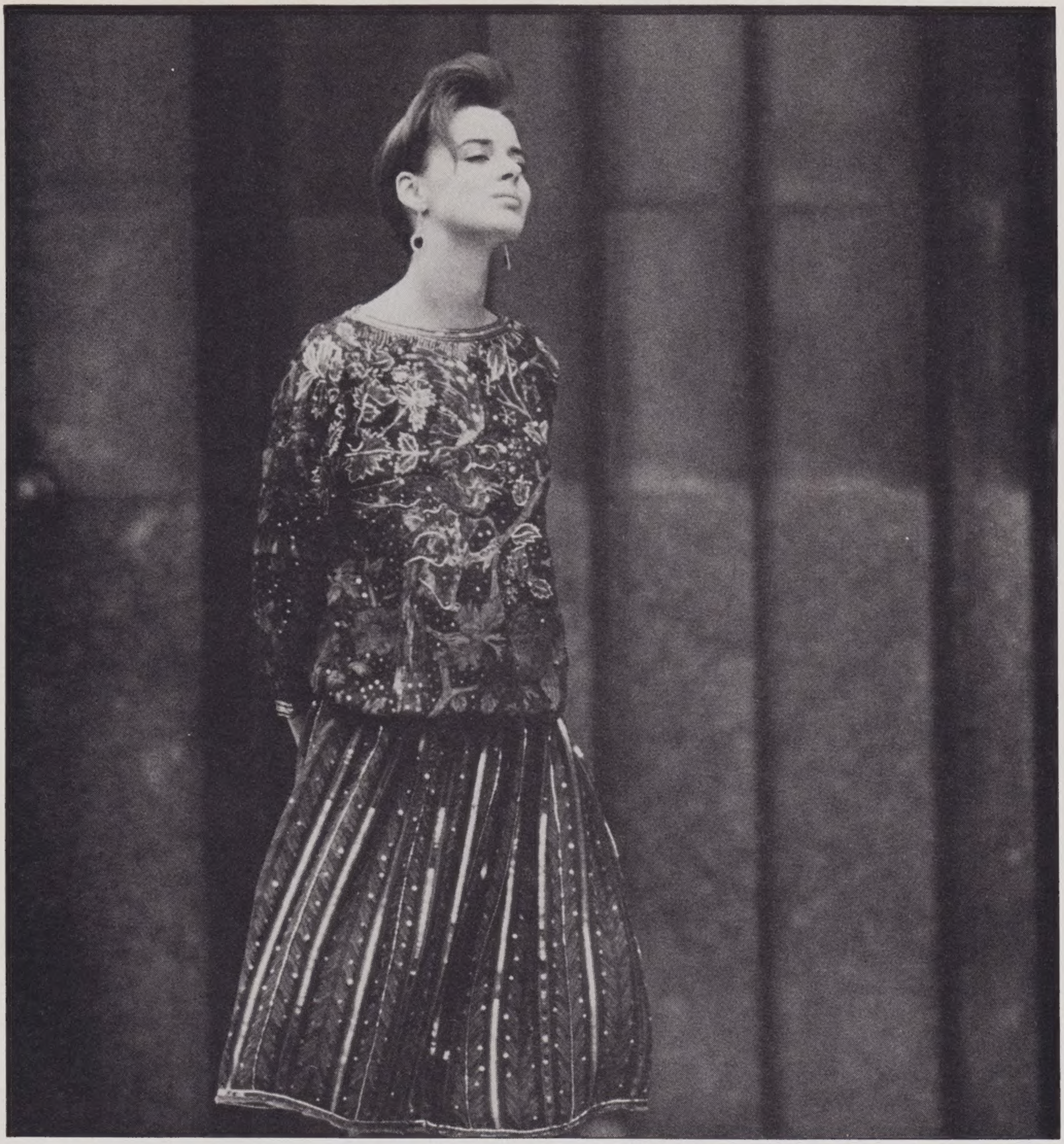

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OKLAHOMA CITY TULSA PHOENIX SCOTTSDALE TUCSON SAN MATEO SAN DIEGO WOODLAND HILLS PALM DESERT SHERMAN OAKS DEL AMO SOUTH COAST PLAZA LA JOLLA

My new list of what I like and don't like so much in a woman.

My dislikes

1. A woman who talks about money all the time.

2. Who won't even answer the telephone without makeup.

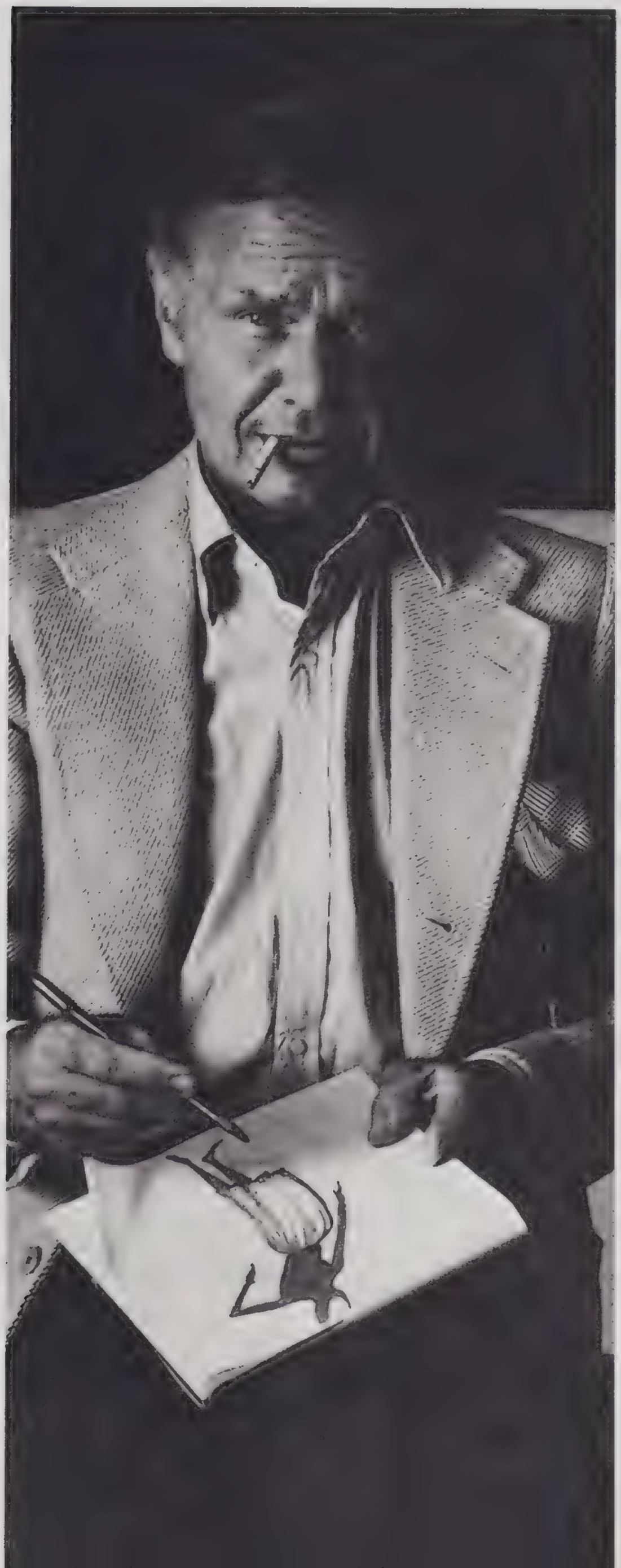
3. Who lies about her age.

4. Who expects help from self-help books.

5. Who's a sore loser.

6. A woman who talks about old lovers. In front of new lovers.

7. Who won't spend her last few bucks on perfume.



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My likes

1. A woman who still likes older men.

2. A woman in a little red dress.

3. Who lives on something besides salads.

4. Who can whistle for a cab.

5. Who wears perfume when nobody's around.

6. A woman who refuses to have her prominent nose fixed.

7. Who will spend her last few bucks on perfume. Mine, I hope.

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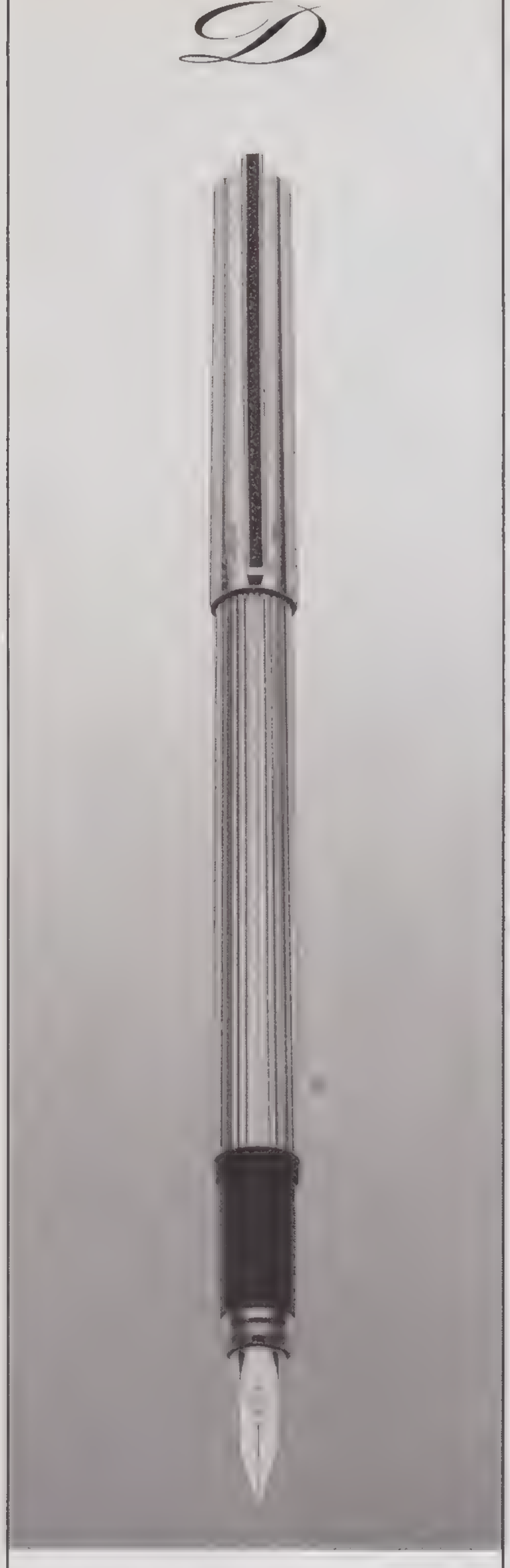

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Moonlit Mauve

Ripe Raspberry

Clearly Fuchsia

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Starlit Pink

what's news...

Exercise and sudden death... U.S. Fitness Academy ...new warnings on overexercise, cool-downs

SORTING OUT FACT FROM FICTION

Confused about which exercise book is best for you? Trying to decide whether to work out with Nautilus or Universal? Answering these questions is the job of the new National Fitness Foundation.

"An enormous number of so-called experts have become involved with fitness in the last decade," says Bob Mathias, executive director of the Foundation, a two-time Olympic decathlon champion, who was head of the U.S. Olympic Training Center. "We're trying to coordinate them, to get high-level information to them, and, then, from them to the general public.

"If you are involved in school athletics, the quality of your fitness program isn't usually a problem," says Mathias. "If you're one of our elite athletes—a Carl Lewis or a Mary Decker—you've got top-level coaching. It's the rest of the population we're concerned about. A lot of people need fitness guidance."

"Fitness is an industry that has grown without any real safety guidelines," says Donna Lee, the Foundation's administrative assistant. "We're trying to give it some direction through fitness seminars, for example, and make sure the information is legitimate."

Part of the concern for accuracy focuses on the "pros" currently making a living from fitness—instructors, sellers of exercise equipment, authors of diet, exercise, nutrition books.

"Anything connected to fitness has stardust on it," says Lee. "Right now, anyone can hang up a sign, call him- or herself an 'expert,' make a promise—and make some money. Working with the American College of Sports Medicine, we are trying to establish a certification program for exercise instructors."

Foundation certification will extend to exercise equipment, fitness and diet books, all handled through a computer-information center. Mathias hopes to have a toll-free 800 number working soon.

"If you want to know something about fitness," he says, "you'll call our affiliate, the U.S. Fitness Academy. You'll ask, 'What's the best book on women's exercises?' for example; we'll send a computer printout of the ten best women's fitness books.

"The best equipment that's advertised will carry a Fitness Academy Seal of Approval. We'll tell you if the equipment is good *and* we'll also tell you what it's good for."

THE LIMITS OF EXERCISE: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO JIM FIXX?

A tragic irony: Jim Fixx, who convinced millions of the benefits of exercise, died a few months ago while jogging in Vermont. Many took it as a warning: that too much exercise can be dangerous—no matter how fit you may be. Should we be paying more attention to the risks of exercise, rather than just its benefits?

"Not necessarily," says Peter D. Wood, D.Sc., Ph.D., of Stanford University's Heart Disease Prevention Program. "The evidence still points to exercise as a way to prevent heart disease—not cause it."

What happened, then, to Jim Fixx? He had a family history of heart disease, and tests after his death showed that he had severe arteriosclerosis, or blocked arteries. His sudden cardiac death, in fact, was not unusual: heart disease is the leading cause of death in this country, and an estimated 550,000 people die each year from heart attacks. For roughly one out of three, the first sign of heart disease is sudden death.

The connection between sudden death and vigorous exercise is still unclear. Fixx's family history and underlying disease, for example, put him at high risk for a heart attack. His dedication to fitness may have kept him from suffering one years earlier, but it's not total coincidence that he died while running.

"There's more stress on the heart when you exercise," says Dr. Wood. "If your circulation is compromised because of blocked arteries, the heart may get enough oxygen and nutrients to function at rest but not enough when it's being exercised. The result is a heart attack."

A recent study on death during exercise found that the victims nearly always had preexisting coronary-artery disease—and were virtually all male.

"It's probably true that if you're at high risk for heart disease, or have heart disease that has been untreated, your risk of dying increases when you're running or exercising," says Dr. Wood. A stress test, performed under your doctor's guidance, which evaluates how your heart functions during strenuous exercise, may reduce the risk of death during exercise.

In general, there's increasing evidence that people who exercise regularly are less likely to suffer from heart disease—and may live longer. Most doctors believe that you put your health at greater jeopardy if you don't exercise than if you do. A moderate amount of exercise may protect your heart and is an accepted treatment for people who have already suffered a heart attack.

New research on cool-downs

One warning: No matter how fit or healthy you are, be careful to "cool down" properly after vigorous exercise. Researchers at Harvard Medical School recently found that when you stop exercising abruptly, the amount of epinephrine and norepinephrine in the blood soars. The rapid release of these hormones constricts blood vessels, raises the pulse. This can lead to an arrhythmia, or irregularity in the heart beat—which could be fatal. Normally, blood pressure rises when you exercise, falls when you stop. If you neglect to cool down, the body tries to halt the sudden drop in blood pressure by releasing the epinephrine and norepinephrine. To avoid this danger: Stop exercising *slowly*, not suddenly. Blood pressure and pulse then return gradually to normal levels.

As research mounts and experts gain increased knowledge about our bodies' ability to handle exercise, the view—more and more—is to one of moderation

For women: new exercise caution

Doctors have been paying more and more attention lately to osteoporosis, or thinning of the bones. One of the recommendations for preventing the disease: engage in weight-bearing exercise, such as walking or jogging.

Now, there's evidence that if you exercise too strenuously and menstrual periods stop, you are at high risk for developing osteoporosis early in life.

Researchers at the University of California, SF, studied very active women athletes who had stopped menstruating before age fifty. Their finding: The women had 20-30 percent less bone mass than normal. The researchers measured trabecular bone—found in the spine and pelvis—because it is most affected by hormonal changes.

Nobody is exactly sure what causes amenorrhea in some athletes, but since menstrual periods usually begin again once vigorous exercise stops, it had never been considered much of a real health problem. The new evidence on bone density many change that.

Latest advice: *Try to avoid exercising so strenuously that your menstrual cycle is affected. Remember that a decrease in bone mass is sometimes not reversible. The same exercise that can strengthen your bones can also weaken them—if done to excess.*

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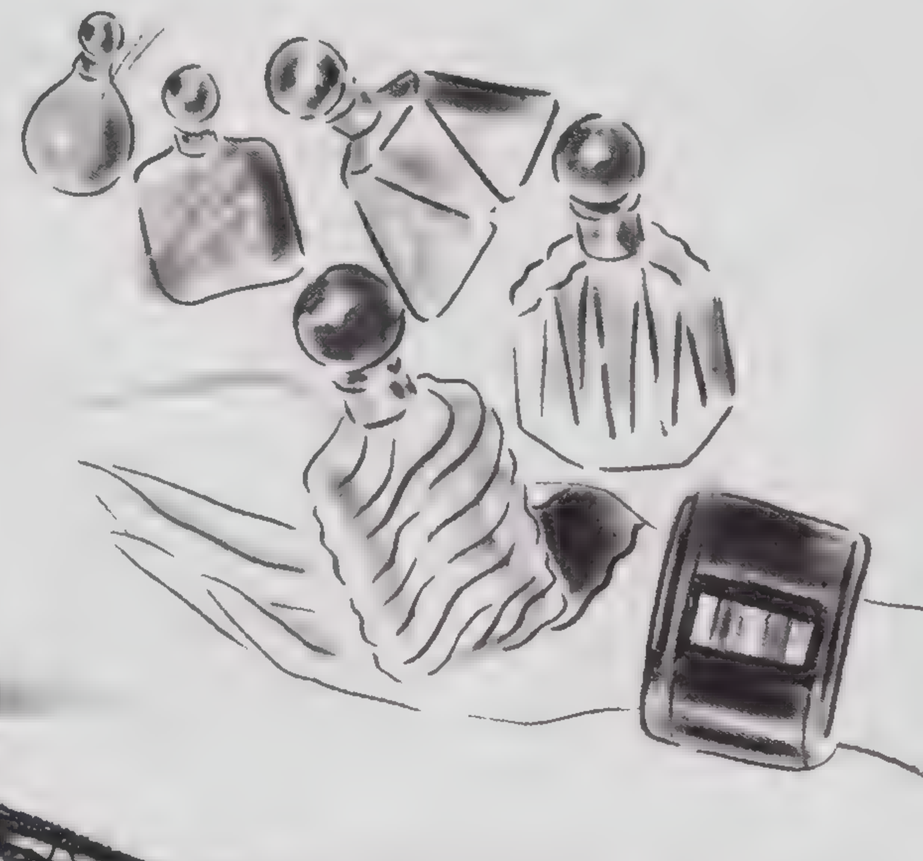
COVER LOOK

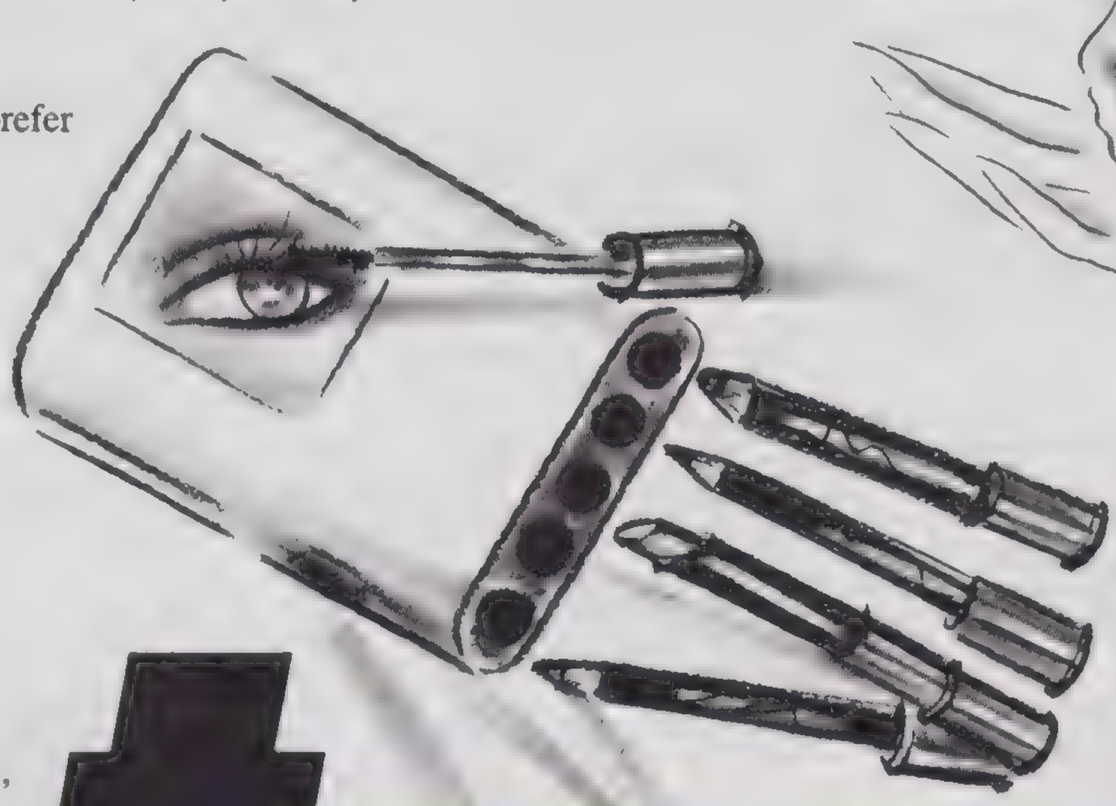
Modern confidence: it comes from self-esteem—a woman's knowledge that she looks her healthy best—and from makeup that plays up a woman's individual assets. This attitude has changed makeup: there's more variety in color. And, formulations are more transparent: a woman's features and skin tone are meant to be noticed...Evidence of this beauty confidence: Left and on our cover, actress/model/student Brooke Shields in a soft, earthy-toned makeup. It can be achieved with Estée Lauder's Antique Brown on eyes lined with Khaki Sand, Misty Heather on cheeks, Ancient Brick topped with Beige Marble on lips. Stephen Sprouse silver leather jacket. Cartier earrings. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; makeup, Rumiko. Photograph by Avedon.

SKIN CARE

A new kind of exchange is going on that challenges our usual notion of big business: cosmetics companies are really listening to women's demands/desires and responding with more customized products.
An active woman's need for portability triggered the production of Lancôme's Stick Nutrix Lèvres that combines lip moisturizers, sunscreens, and wind protection in a single stick. (New in November)...
When market research revealed that women prefer simplified regimes, Merle Norman responded with four products to streamline skin care.
Because 60 percent of the women surveyed prefer soap and water to other cleansing methods, Merle Norman's Soapless (i.e., gentle) Facial Bar will be an essential....The product of twenty years of skin counseling: Marilyn Miglin's Perfect Balance skin-care system improves skin's condition as it buffers against environmental pollutants....Always in demand: a single solution designed especially for "mature" skin. Alexandra de Markoff's Skin Renewal Therapy Lotion is said to penetrate skin to "plump" wrinkles, give lasting protection against dryness.
...A growing curiosity of American women: the European "cellular therapy" now hooked up to the formulation of moisturizers, lotions, intensive-treatments —all aimed at minimizing the effects of aging. La Prairie's Cellular Mask can be worn even under makeup to give skin all-day protection. French-born Forelle—a full treatment line based on cell-extract ingredients— is now available in the U.S.

High technology hits fragrance. What it means: a woman's best-scent "chemistry" can be predicted without trial-and-error. Revlon's ColorSensor bracelet, right, reveals a woman's mood through her pulse point, keys her to one of five scents.





Modern breakthroughs working in small ways: left, the tiniest makeup case yet holds lipstick, eyeshadow, liner, brow definer, mascara. By "is" Cosmetics, Inc.

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DAVID CROLAND

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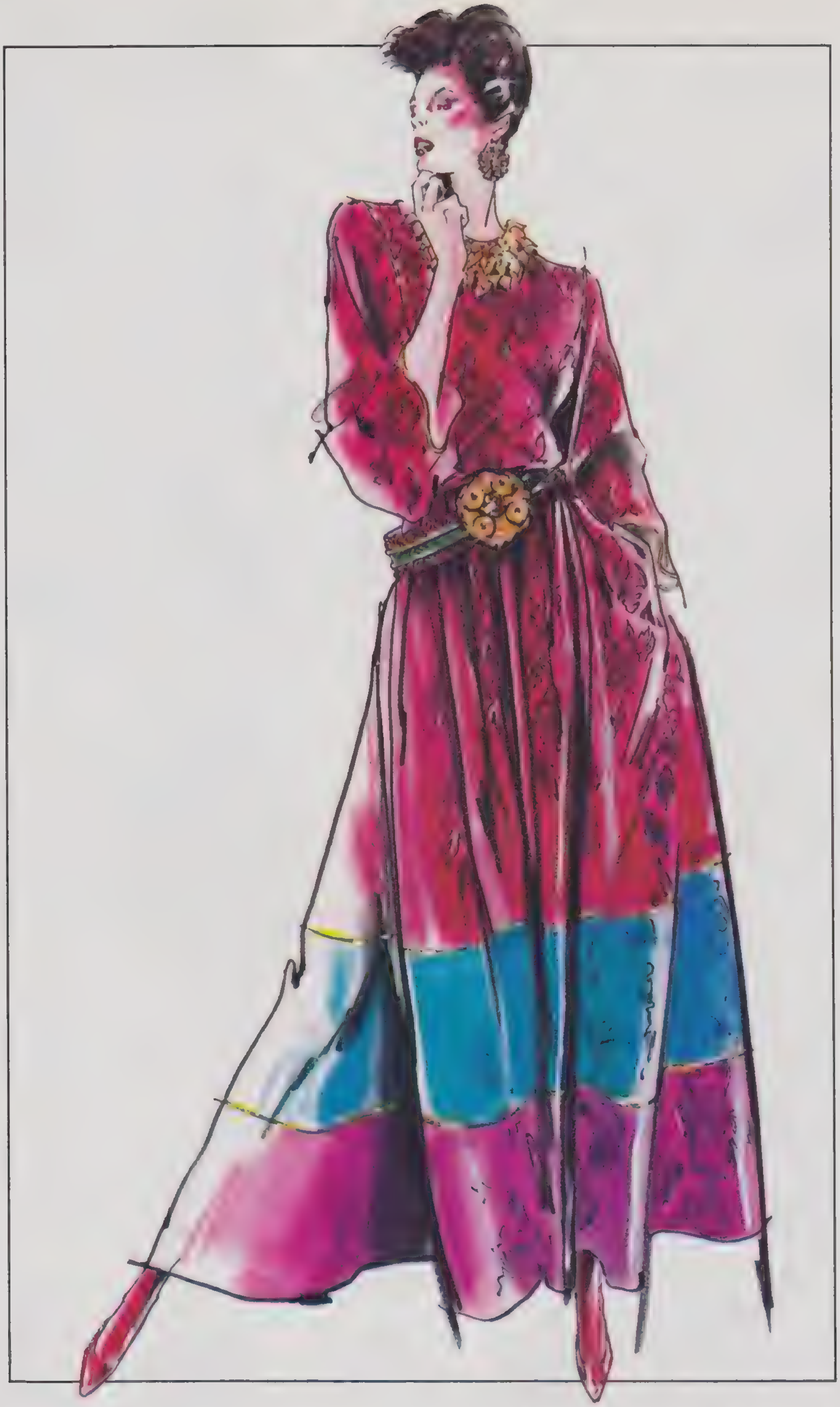

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Your Letters

Spanning a life
My July issue arrived this morning and as I eyed it on the mail table, I eagerly anticipated a free hour late this afternoon to sit and savor Vogue. I realized that I have been with Vogue for twenty-two years, since I was fourteen years old. All those years I have been a faithful reader and don't think I've ever missed an issue. Vogue still stands for "new" to me. Vogue guided me through my teens and helped me feel less tall, less gawky, and more sure of myself; through my hippie years when I made quite a career of designing-to-order leather and fur clothing; through my young-mother years. Vogue taught me to be discriminating. By offering the best books, films, fashion, health news, entertaining tips, Vogue helped me to pick and choose my way toward my own "style" of dress, entertaining, of living my life.

Perhaps all this seems like a lot to credit to a magazine. None of you at Vogue have ever known me, but I feel Vogue has had more influence on how I live my life than any other single person or thing. At one time or another, I have tried all those other magazines that in any way resemble Vogue. None of them ever has, in twenty-two years, held a candle to Vogue.

Karoleigh Nitchman
Hurtsboro AL

Kudos for photos
Thank you for a beautiful magazine. In June, the photographs by Toscani of his wife Kirsti and their son Rocco were wonderful. Really special. July is a great issue, too.

Sidney Long
New York NY

Abortion attitudes
Bravo on your short article regarding abortion and emotion (Mind Health, August 1984). I wondered how long it would take for someone to voice a true picture of so many of us who have felt *only relief* after having an abortion.

This is one more of the male (macho?) religiously oriented myths that women have long been forced to "bear" in order to portray society's idea of motherhood: guilt, overemotionalism, regret, and self-sacrifice.

Nor does a reaction of relief preclude a high level of sensitivity, compassion, and caring; these attributes granted, we have, in addition, capacities of placing order and priorities in our lives and the good sense to know for ourselves when it is right to be without a child in our lives. Once having made the decision, it then follows that we are happy, grateful, and "relieved" when its results are carried out.

Name withheld
NYC

Reality of incest
. . . . Lisa Schwarzbaum's review of "Something About Amelia" [January 1984] raised the questions that so many of us working in the field of incest felt should have been raised.

Unfortunately, all incest perpetrators are not matinee idols who look like Ted Danson nor do all families walk into the sunset holding hands contemplating successful family therapy. The majority of sexually abused children are deeply scarred for life, and while it is important to inform on the subject it is equally important to pass legislation to prevent such abuse. One of the most interesting sequela of the emotional Auschwitz which incest constitutes is the formation of multiple personality in many young people. . . .

Judianne Densen-Gerber, J.D., M.D.
Chair, Odyssey Institute Corp.
Bridgeport CT

Just the facts?
Edmund White's article, "The Facts of Life" [February Vogue], was interesting insofar as it was cynical. To paraphrase Mr. White, conclusions are interesting only if they are specific, based on historical fact. His conclusion that the believers in dogma, in history, in man's great destiny are gone is loosely based on references more attitudinal than historical. His portrait of the computer-age man as one who is alienated from his past, devoid of his Deity is presumptuous. Authority is not irrelevant for all. According to White, we no longer communicate; we huddle around our tubes (CRT or TV). But, the computer, for all its ability to aid communication, is no more our totem than the light bulb was the totem for the nineteenth century. . . . The wisdom of past experience serves as a guide for the future just as the compass serves as a guide for navigation. If the sailor tosses away his compass and finds himself lost, who is to blame? Surely not the compass! . . .

The treasures of our heritage are within us as gifts to use or toss away, depending upon our attitude.

Ellen Emge Sova
Paoli PA

"Missing" facts?
On page sixty-four of your July 1984 issue you discuss the organization Madre and their work. You indicate that Elizabeth Horman was one of the founders of the organization, which is true. Yet you go on to describe her as ". . . Elizabeth Horman, whose son's disappearance in *Allende's* Chile provided the dramatic core of *Missing*."

Elizabeth Horman's son, Charles, did not "disappear" during the presidency of Salvador Allende, but in the wake of the coup which overthrew Allende's government. The Allende government came crashing down in a bloody putsch on September 11, 1973. Charles Horman "disappeared" on September 17, 1973, one week after the junta led by General Pinochet took control of the country. Allende himself had died defending his government on September 11th, and the Chile of September 17th bore little resemblance to the Chile of Salvador Allende.

I have studied this period extensively in connection with my doctoral degree at the University of Maryland in American Studies and History. It might seem a moot point to some of your readers, but to those of us who are familiar with the period in question there is a sensitivity to who gets blamed for what. Despite some of its economic problems, the Allende government was blameless in the human rights area. It was then—and remains—the responsibility of Allende's successors that Chile has become synonymous with human rights abuses, torture, and state controlled terrorism. The OAS, Amnesty International, and the U.N. High Commission on Refugees will attest to this fact.

Karol James
Silver Spring MD

Safe way to get "high"
I've just returned from my annual holiday in Aspen and while coping with "end of vacation" blues, wish to thank Theo Hartley for his excellent article on "Altitude Changes" [HealthStyle, February 1984]. The three-day adjustment plan did help my adaption to the altitude, etc. I made a valiant effort not to overeat, overdrink (except water) and to avoid late nights—a near impossible feat if you've been to Aspen!

Carla Hanafin
Binghampton NY

First to fly?
I am intrigued by the statement of C.M., page 124 of July Vogue: "Beryl Markham, an Englishwoman reared in East Africa, who became the first person to fly solo across the Atlantic" (1936). Never heard of Charles Lindbergh, eh!? He did it in May, 1927.

Mary N. Davidson
Princeton IL

Editor's reply: *Regrettably, a last-minute squeeze on space caused an important modifier to be removed from the sentence in question. Beryl Markham was "the first person to fly solo across the Atlantic from England to Nova Scotia." A trip different from Lindbergh's west to east flight.*

Correction: *On page 95 of Vogue's August issue, photographs of two pairs of eyeglasses were reversed, making the caption inaccurate. The facts: The enameled metal frames in colors are from Fashion Eyewear by Tura; available at Laytons, NYC; Baylor Center Optical, Dallas; Eye Site, Houston. The black metal frames (shown with dark lenses) are from Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics; available at Charivari, NYC; Arresta, Dallas.*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Murray won't be cutting-up in *The Razor's Edge*

CAN BILL MURRAY WALK A STRAIGHT LINE?

Bill Murray's favorite place to be in any performance is in his own zoned-out little air bubble hovering just slightly to the left of center—call it ironic distance. From here, he fixes on the action with a fish-eye stare of world-weary sangfroid, and then he pauses—just long enough so that you find yourself willing to sell your mother for the punchline, whatever it is. As a *Saturday Night Live* rabble-rouser or, as *Ghostbusters'* breezy masher, Dr. Peter Venkman, Murray's the incorrigible bad boy who has seen and done it all and now just wants to cover his tail.

This month, the distance Murray travels on screen is more than just ironic. Renouncing all tomfoolery, he takes on his first serious role as the hero of W. Somerset Maugham's 1944 classic *The Razor's Edge*, a passionate young American seeking the answer to Life in Paris cafés and Tibetan ashrams. If the film follows the book, Murray is called upon to renounce not only the world but women as well. Wish him good karma; says the *Katha-Upanishad*, "The path to Salvation is hard." —D.M.

THE RISE OF TEXAS IS UPON US

Two surprising films explore the real and psychic landscapes of the mythologized West

Terry O'Quinn and Amy Madigan—two from *Places in the Heart*'s "stunning ensemble"

ZADE ROSENTHAL

The trees have grown taller and thicker, the roads are all paved, and the hardware store carries Cuisinarts. Otherwise, Waxahachie, Texas, is very much like what it was fifty years ago. By all accounts this tiny backwater that has become an unlikely mecca for moviemakers is a time capsule, a place where people grow up and die in the same house, stay married to the same spouse, take the Bible literally, don't go in for psychoanalysis, and don't take kindly to drunkenness, debauchery, and disrespect.

Of the movies recently made there, Bruce Beresford's *Tender Mercies*, with Robert Duvall as a washed-up country singer, was a contemporary fable, while Robert Benton's *Places in the Heart*, a richly communal testament to the Waxahachians he heard about as a child, takes place in 1935. Yet both films occupy the same regional/spiritual time zone, a lost Eden of the sort that filmmakers are embracing in a fundamentalist move away from both the hyped-up escapism of current movies and the fractious self-indulgences of "me" decadence.

It's too soon to tell whether such movies represent a new form of escapism: for instance, both *Terms of Endearment* and *Tender Mercies* enshrine old-fashioned women with their grassroots values. But these new regional movies—represented by such varied works as Wim Wenders' *Paris, Texas;* the Sam Shepard-Jessica Lange *Country;* Louis Malle's upcoming story of refugees in *Alamo Bay; The River*, about farmers, filmed in eastern Tennessee; Tom Richman's *The River Rats*, a Faulknerian tale about life on the Mississippi; and even Peter Weir's *Witness*, in which a man falls under the spell of an Amish community—are all relatively serious, a far cry from the car-chase and moonshine epics of several years ago, with their good ole boy heroes and evil pot-bellied sheriffs.

Indeed, both the sheriff whose murder gets *Places of the Heart* off to a shocking start and the young black who inadvertently kills him are sympathetic figures in Benton's stirringly Christian—there's no other word for it—tale of the interlocking lives of a group of blacks and whites during the dark days of the Depression.

Nor are the women anything less than radiantly complex, for all the simplicity with which they express themselves. As the stricken widow who must find a way to cope, Sally Field gives her best performance ever. She is baffled, frazzled, then beatific as she discovers her own steel will. No less extraordinary are John Malkovich, sullen and saintly as a blind lodger, Lindsay Crouse as Field's sister, and Ed Harris as Crouse's straying but loving husband.

In an original screenplay that is a symphony of constant tiny epiphanies, Benton evokes to an even greater extent than in his previous *Kramer vs. Kramer* the push and pull, the humor and pain of family life. Working again with cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he creates a sense of the 'thirties, not with the usual museum array of period cars and hairdos but with more homely details—women going about their daily business with their stockings rolled around their ankles, wearing aprons all *(Continued on page 76)*

Ralph Lauren Bodywear

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Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn. ©1974 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

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(Continued) day, the radio in the background, the iron skillet waiting to fry up something for any hungry mouth that happens along. In a stunning ensemble, the characters seem to settle into the Texas landscape as naturally as the cotton that pushes its way through the soil and, in the movie's climactic scene, gets picked in a marathon of agony and desperation and triumph.

Ultimately, *Places in the Heart* is about what people did when they didn't have too many choices—and because it is mostly about surviving and doing right as opposed to the more fashionably ignoble alternatives it risks all-out sentiment...but never degenerates into sentimentality. When all the characters, living and dead, black and white, are reconciled in the magical Communion service that is the movie's end, the effect is overwhelming.

Robert Benton is one thing—the man grew up in Waxahachie, and *Places* represents a natural desire to return to his roots—but what has Wim Wenders to do with Texas or Texas with him?

In fact, the flat end-of-the-world Texas terrain proves a congenial backdrop for the German director of those two modernist road classics, *Alice in the Cities* and *Kings of the Road*. And who better to supply a manly yarn of fatherhood lost and regained than playwright (and star in spite of himself) Sam Shepard, authority on the physical and metaphysical contours of the West and the dilemmas of the contemporary man-child.

A seedier-than-usual Harry Dean Stanton plays the drop-out father who "rescues" the son he has abandoned some years before from the brother and sister-in-law (Dean Stockwell and Aurore Clement) who have raised him. The two set out in search of the mother (Nastassja Kinski), known to be living in Houston and employed—as it turns out—in a sex parlor.

A certain unreality pervades the project on all levels, like heat vibrations in the Texas sun. But then psychological and dramatic plausibility are the least of the filmmaker's concerns. For Wenders, the father-son odyssey is almost a pretext for his real passion, a lyrical rendering of the Texas landscape. The movie is a visual feast, with its glistening blacktops snaking their way to infinity and its variations on the Houston skyline, observed in as many lights as Monet's water lilies.

But once you get past the exquisite scenery, you're up against the less endearing theme, that glorification of the drifter familiar from the work of Shepard and other champions of the untamed American male. The father-son relationship does have its charming moments: Hunter Carson is especially engaging as the boy. But the climactic confrontation between Stanton and Kinski across a one-way mirror in the sex emporium is as emotionally fraudulent as it is visually stunning.

When I saw the film at Cannes, grown men were weeping in the aisles and no wonder: this is male soap opera with a vengeance. A man has left his wife because he loves her "too much" and taken up briefly but intensely with his son, thus getting points as a good father even as he is preparing to split for the open road; and finally and most outrageously, he leaves the son with the equally irresponsible mother, the hooker (in this ethos) being the hip counterpart of the wandering male. —MOLLY HASKELL

Madeleine Potter: the luscious prize in *The Bostonians'* civilized triangle.

BROUGHT TO LIFE

The film version of *The Bostonians* does right by Henry James

The highest praise that a hard-core Jacobite can pay to *The Bostonians* is to say that James, who dreamed in vain of becoming a playwright, would surely have enjoyed what director James Ivory and screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala have done with his novel. This glorious and painful story of the clash of wills between a New England suffragist and her cousin, a Southern gentleman, over the destiny of a gallantly impressionable young woman has been served with a cast that captures to perfection some of the most sparklingly memorable social types James ever created.

Vanessa Redgrave, as radiantly talented as ever, plays Olive Chancellor, the fiercely fanatical spinster. Christopher Reeve, complete with honey-dipped Southern *(Continued on page 80)*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued) accent, is wonderfully plausible as the deceptively easygoing Basil Ransom, handsome and gentle, and just the sort to make a girl loosen her tenuous grip on the feminist cause for a good romantic euphoria. Madeleine Potter has the virginal sweetness if not the charisma of Verena Tarrant, one of James's most delicious ingenues.

Surrounding this triangle and as wittily drawn and portrayed are Verena's father, the mesmeric healer, played by that marvelous and underrated Wesley Addy; Academy Award winner Linda Hunt, mischievous and wise as the androgynous Dr. Prance; Jessica Tandy as the hopelessly soft ideologue, Miss Birdseye; and Nancy Marchand as a New York society lady with advanced sympathies.

Set against the beautiful architecture of nineteenth-century Boston, dignified and evocative in Walter Lassally's fine, clear cinematography, director Ivory captures the curious social mixture of crackpot opportunists and blue-blood progressives, social snobbery and feverish repression.

What is missing is the passion beneath James's scintillating social portraiture, most particularly the fires that burn in the breast of the magnificent but slightly ridiculous Olive Chancellor, one of the most richly ambiguous characters in all of James. Even as he satirized Olive's implacable sexlessness, he felt drawn to her dim view of marriage and the state of idiocy to which romance can reduce a woman. —MOLLY HASKELL

Vanessa Redgrave as the seductive suffragette: who wouldn't be tired after battling wits with Christopher (Superman) Reeve?

SHEILA METZNER

MOVIES... MOVIES... MOVIES... MOV

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL N!XAU?

Bushmen suck droplets of water off leaves while a narrator drones on about natural resources in Botswana's Kalahari desert. Ho-hum. An Anthro I film. But wait—a plane flies over the tribe. Its pilot drops a Coke bottle into their midst. A gift from the gods? Not to the property-free Bushmen. So one of them leaves the tribe to throw the bottle off the end of the universe—a trek that brings him in contact with a pale, sickly creature he's never seen before: the white man.

The Gods Must Be Crazy, as slyly engaging a comedy as any made by Chaplin or Keaton, may just now be sneaking into art houses in this country, but in the rest of the world, South African director Jamie Uys (pronounced "Ace") and his bushman star N!Xau (pronounced "Nick," followed by a cluck made with the tongue on the roof of the mouth, then "Chow") are old news. First released in 1981, the $3 million film has grossed more than $40 million and played in one Paris theater for over two years.

Fame hasn't changed N!Xau. "Bushmen are aristocrats who rather look down on us," Uys says. "He thinks all our things are toys and that we play all the time. He nearly died laughing when I showed him a toilet. He lost the first money we paid him, so we used the second check to buy him ten head of cattle. Unfortunately, lions killed eight. Now we send him $100 a month—but the only place he has to spend it is a small store 75 kilometers from his tribe."

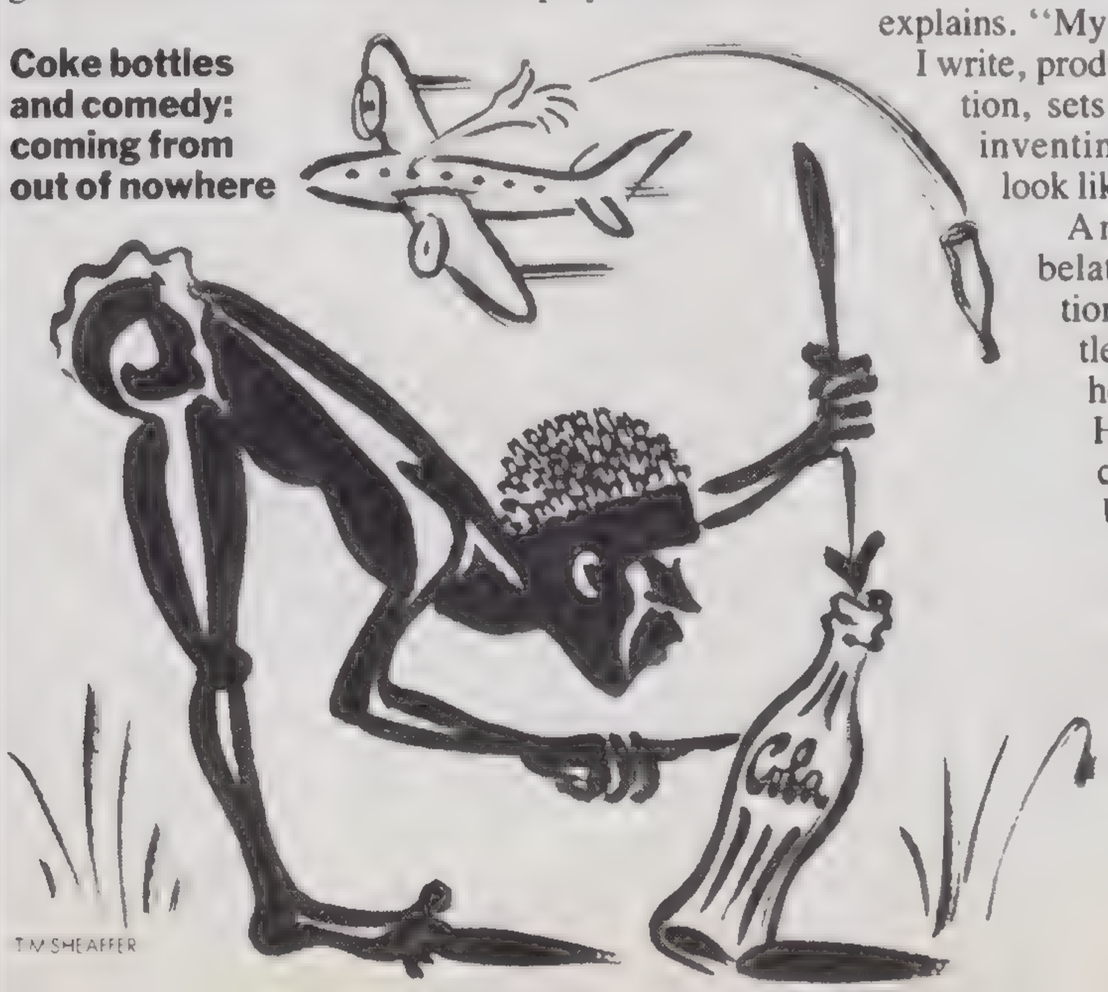
This charming innocence would have been easy to exploit. Uys didn't, gently targeting his wit on the film's other characters: a bumbling microbiologist, a do-gooder schoolmarm, a gang of half-baked revolutionaries. Even the broadest slapstick scenes aren't cruel—and N!Xau's performance is intelligent and sincere.

Those qualities are shared by the director, who's made twenty-two other films and, at sixty-three, survived two heart attacks. "My 'secret' is that I work very close to home," Uys explains. "My partners handle the money. I write, produce, direct, do the art direction, sets, and props—I've taken to inventing pseudonyms so I don't look like a megalomaniac."

American studios have, belatedly, smiled in his direction, but Uys knows there's little danger he will abandon his home near Johannesburg for Hollywood. Distributors are clamoring for a sequel but, Uys says, "I admit I haven't started writing it. When I tell them *Gods* took four and a half years to make, they get very silent." Uys plans to spend the summer in his garden, working among his cabbages.

—JESSE KORNBLUTH

Coke bottles and comedy: coming from out of nowhere



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STROKES OF GENIUS

Drawn and courted: a duke's graphic masterpieces . . . plus prized Japanese brushwork

Two spectacular works from the Albertina Collection in Vienna: "The Carrying of the Cross," *top*, c. 1450-60, by an anonymous Netherlandish master, and Rubens' chalk portrait of his sister-in-law, Susanna Fourment, *left*, c. 1630. *Below*, Japanese calligraphy, c. 1630-38, by Karasumaru Mitsuhiro

Old Master Drawings from the Albertina; *National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC; October 28-January 13, 1985*

Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen was one of history's greatest connoisseurs of drawings and set the standards by which they are collected. Born near Dresden in 1738, he was a son of the king of Poland. At the imperial court in Vienna, he won the heart of Marie Christine, the favorite daughter of the powerful Hapsburg Empress Maria Theresa and the only one permitted to marry for love. (Marie Christine's younger sister was less fortunate; married to firm up a political alliance, she became France's Queen Marie Antoinette.)

In his positions as Imperial Vice Governor in Hungary and Governor General of the Austrian Netherlands, Duke Albert never seems to have had a cash-flow problem as he amassed an epic collection of drawings and prints. He had purchasing agents scouting all over Europe for him, and he occasionally bought up entire collections from the estates of deceased or merely distressed nobles. His collection was—and is—particularly rich in the art of the Italian and German masters of the sixteenth century, the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century, and the French masters of the eighteenth century. At Duke Albert's death in 1822, he left behind some fifteen thousand drawings and some one hundred and sixteen thousand prints. Their extent and quality are said to rank with those in the Louvre and the Uffizi.

The duke's former palace in Vienna is now the "Albertina," a public museum that is not eager to lend its treasures abroad (the negotiations for this show have gone on for more than sixteen years). There are only seventy-five drawings in this exhibition, and every one of them is worth standing in line to see. Among them: Michelangelo's "Seated Male Nude," Raphael's "The Muse Erato," Pieter Bruegel's "Painter and Connoisseur," Rembrandt's "An Elephant," Watteau's "Two Studies of a Young Woman," and Fragonard's "Avenue of Cypresses at the Villa d'Este." The real star of the exhibition, however, is Dürer, represented by nine examples of exquisite draftsmanship, including his most famous image—the drawing of "Praying Hands," which has never before been shown outside Vienna.

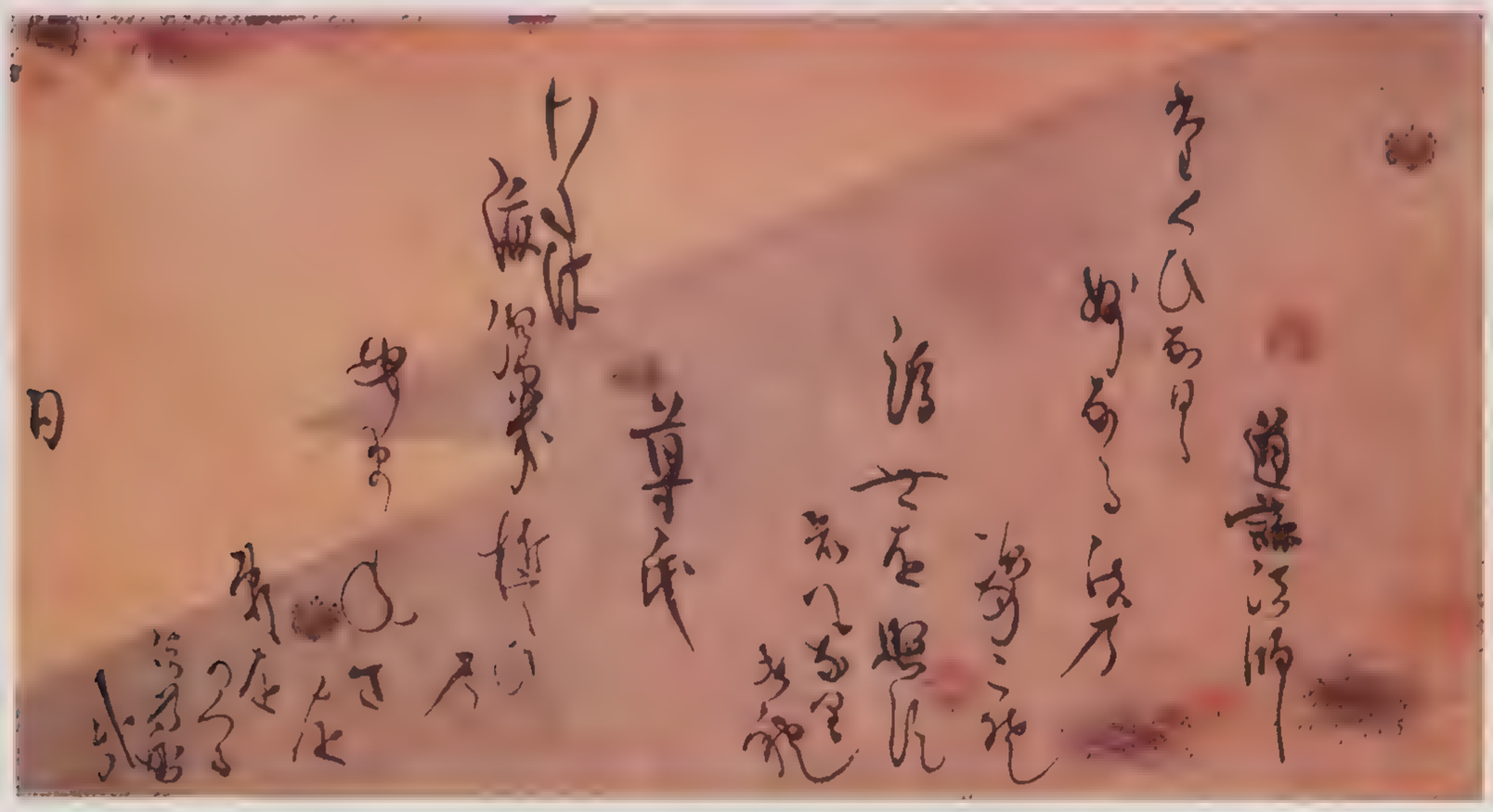
Duke Albert also altered the criteria of connoisseurship. Before his time, collectors prized highly finished drawings that were essentially reproductions of completed works. The Duke pursued "original" drawings—the preliminary studies, never intended for exhibition, that reveal the artist's spontaneous struggle to invent and realize form.

The show travels to NYC's Pierpont Morgan Library in March, 1985. —DAVID BOURDON.

Japanese Calligraphy; *The Asia Society and the Japan Society, New York City; October 4-January 6, 1985*

Before they transistorized the world, the Japanese were an introspective people who communicated their highest thoughts in the patiently perfected art of calligraphy. Virtually all of Japan's greatest calligraphers are represented in this handsome exhibition of more than one hundred forty scrolls and albums, dating from the eighth through the nineteenth centuries. Masters of the impromptu cursive line—not too even, not too varied, they often applied their brushes to specially decorated papers, embellished with mica flakes or gold and silver leaf.

Anyone with an educated eye can admire the extraordinary skill and decorative flair of these works. Ideally, we should be bright enough to be able to read calligraphy and to assess its messages in the contexts of Japan's literary, religious, and philosophical traditions. But until that milennial day arrives, we can relish Japanese calligraphy for its sheer visual, marvelously evocative appeal. —D.B.



TOP, CENTER THE ALBERTINA COLLECTION, VIENNA; BOTTOM: HOFER COLLECTION ON LOAN TO FOGG ART MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE, MA

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PRIMAL GAMES

It is an odd but significant fact that we are a country with a middle-aged avant-garde—at least in dance-theater. Our leading experimenters got their start twenty years ago in the climate created by the famous, provocative Judson Dance Theater in Greenwich Village. But if they still call themselves controversial, it means they have mastered their individual versions of what was once an ad hoc mix of theatrical shock tactics—and that mastery is what makes a production like Meredith Monk and Ping Chong's *The Games*, that opens the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival on October 9, so important.

Monk and Chong's kind of theater was first explored by Monk in the mid-'sixties, when she was just out of Sarah Lawrence. The customary Judsonesque untrained persons, small portentous gestures, and humble, everyday objects figured in it—but so, increasingly, did mesmerizing film fragments and Monk's vigorous, vocal-dominated music. In her 1982 *Specimen Days: A Civil War Opera*, she included a memorable short movie of a giant lumbering turtle and a chorus of fourteen wild yet harmonious voices, intentionally dwarfing the live action on stage.

Meanwhile, a very different use of Monk's theatrical mix has been made by Ping Chong, once Monk's disciple, now her sometime collaborator, who formed his own New York company in 1972. Instead of a panoramic wash of sensory information, Chong offers a progression of small, stylized but homey scenes with multi-media commentary.

As they've grown older, perhaps not surprisingly, both Monk and Chong have allowed the themes of memory and loss to figure increasingly in their work. *The Games* is the ultimate memory piece: It takes place in a future post-nuclear vacuum of memory, where the law has become a series of games with garbled rules, played by an ad hoc "family" of survivors. Monk and Chong's continuing use of costumes and props that look assembled from closets and dimestores is clearly incongruous with the new high technical quality of their refined theatrical ordering. But the clunky objects and awkward performers embody the humanness that must be insisted on in a world menaced by technology. As the protagonists of *The Games* struggle along in their primitive form of theater, they embody the mature art of their *faux-primitifs* creators.

—ELIZABETH KENDALL

Leading the leading edge: Meredith Monk and Ping Chong's *The Games*.

PING CHONG

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—P.W.

PATTY DRYDEN

What becomes a Legend most?

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Boston

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC... M

WE GET A KICK FROM CHARMAINE

Hair and makeup: Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salons CHRIS CALLIS

Charmaine Neville's beautiful, church-trained voice sums up the lush musical history of New Orleans. In concert at New York City's Public Theater—with her father, Charles, in the backup band—she growled through the cadences of the blues, and danced lightly through ebullient Crescent City collective improvisations. But she's not just handing out history lessons. She's overlayed a springy bed of Mardi Gras rhythms with the heady intelligence of the jazz avant-garde. That it's an inspired meeting should be no surprise: she's a member of the R&B dynasty the Nevilles, who have been the preeminent force on the fertile New Orleans musical scene since the 'fifties. Record companies are already agitating: smart, danceable music is hard to come by. —P.W.

WILL MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS COME IN FROM THE COLD?

Michael Tilson Thomas, at thirty-nine, is one of the most sought-after guest conductors in the world, juggling yearly engagements with major symphony orchestras from Boston to Berlin. Traditionally, a conductor's ultimate artistic goal is to become the music director of his own orchestra, so that it becomes his instrument, bearing his artistic stamp. But Thomas has not held a permanent post as music director since his tenure with the Buffalo Philharmonic from 1971 to 1979.

Why not? Music cognoscenti have wondered. While speculation runs from his temperament to his musical preferences, there is no question about Thomas' talent and versatility. In 1969, at the age of twenty-six, he made an unscheduled and stunning debut with the Boston Symphony in New York City when conductor William Steinberg became ill halfway through the program. Had he accepted the flood of engagements that followed, Thomas' career might have burned itself out. Instead, he limited his appearances, and studied hard.

Yet, fifteen successful years later, Thomas does not have a permanent post. According to him, the reason is simple: "All the elements have to be right," he says. "I don't want to continue an archaic tradition, playing the same music for the same small group of people. I want to expand boundaries, experiment, play new music, make creative programs, involve the community, excite people."

Already vast, his repertoire ranges from Gesualdo to Glass and continues to expand. And Thomas credits guest conducting with aiding that expansion. "I have the luxury of being project oriented," Thomas says, "of really learning a piece." A music director must vary his programs in order to satisfy a single audience's demands, while guest conductors can repeat the same work with different orchestras; next year, for example, Thomas will conduct Czechoslovakian composer Leoš Janáček's Glagolitic Festival Mass in San Francisco, Pittsburgh, and Rome. As a visitor to foreign podiums, he is also a champion of American music, old and new. As a pianist, his Gershwin is in constant demand, and this year he begins recording the critical edition of the complete works of Charles Ives.

While infused with passion and energy, his performances now have the poise and clarity of the mature artist. Yet he is still boyishly excitable. "Beethoven's Fifth," he says, as if just discovering it, "do you know what it's about? It starts in C minor and ends in C major, and it's about Beethoven's psychological journey from key to key. And the calm at the Coda at the very end? It's Beethoven, touching your arm, after this long harangue, saying 'Here, this is really what I meant to say.'" With the bulk of his career still ahead of him, Michael Tilson Thomas will undoubtedly find his permanent place.

—EUGENIA ZUKERMAN

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PUTTING ON THE GLITZ

"The Brain" and "Civilization and the Jews" get the let's-make-learning-fun! treatment

There comes a time, usually right after the networks introduce their dazzling fall lineups, when one longs not to be entertained. Only a documentary will do. One can't take one's eyes off Jacques Cousteau's orange trucks endlessly spinning their wheels in the Amazon's mud.

A public television documentary called *The Brain* sounds like it could be just this kind of post-September tonic, full of facts and wonder. Unfortunately, this eight-hour series is light on facts, and very heavy on the wonder of it all. *The Brain* seems to be involved in advocacy on behalf of...the brain. I don't think salesmanship is all that necessary for this particular item. Most of us are already pretty well sold on the brain, if not our own, then brains in general. But *The Brain* shows us a spectacled sculptress hurling wet clay at an unfinished bust, an Olympic diver pressing his toes portentously against each metal rung of a diving-board ladder, George Plimpton furrowing his cultivated brow to remember his childhood wallpaper. The brain: It creates, it coordinates, it recalls. Don't leave home without it.

At its best, *The Brain* is like a collection of Berton Roueché *New Yorker* medical detective stories, though the show lacks his graceful, unsensational style. A man begins to lose facial hair, chest hair, sexual potency. The change is traced to a bump on the head suffered in a car accident which damaged a part of the brain called the hypothalamus. A woman living in a high latitude suffers severe depression every winter. Her hypothalamus, reacting to the darkness of the season, is releasing too much of a chemical usually released only at night, which makes her tired and enervated. Her treatment: sitting before a bank of fluorescent lights. It is successful.

Presenting the case history of someone dramatically changed by brain injury or irregularity is a vivid way to illustrate how parts of the brain work. One woman, a well-groomed French bourgeoise who has lost the ability to recognize faces, looks at the picture of a man's face. "He has some peemples over there. He should see a skeen doctor. And his hair is quite theen," she says, laughing, looking at the picture and then at her doctor, never realizing they are one and the same.

But *The Brain* also offers up completely inappropriate episodes simply because they are vivid. A Cesarean birth is shown in great detail. Why? Because the mother is under stress and stress is a brain function. Pretty sneaky, guys. And there's this pathetic man with these pathetic multiple personalities arguing with each other over what model car to buy, which is not sneaky at all. It is blatant sensationalism.

Heritage: Civilization and the Jews is a nine-hour documentary history of three thousand years of the Jewish people and their relation to Western culture, narrated by Abba Eban, that also suffers from sensationalism. Eban's high, mellifluous voice goes a long way toward disguising the blandly reverent nature of his commentary. Interrupting Eban's commentary is a wealth of material suffering from the reverse problem: merchant's letters, court decrees, poems, suicide notes, all kinds of documents of great interest, read by second-rate actors in voices tremulous with joy, sorrow, or fear, as the case requires. There are actors in pageboys sharpening their scythes, or staring out from monks' cowls with pensively folded hands. There are, finally, what can only be called generic visuals: the wobbly view from a handheld camera running through a narrow, medieval street as descriptions of anti-Jewish riots are recited; or orange, crackling flames to symbolize the burning of the Torah. There are blood-red sunrises for the dawning of the crusades; there are sunsets for the ends of eras. There are calm and troubled waters.

The filmmaker's approach is: let's make learning *fun*! But no one watches a documentary in his search for thrills. If one wanted cruddy historical drama, one would watch a movie with Victor Mature in it.

But *Civilization and the Jews* is not a silly movie. It has been carefully researched and includes wonderful medieval and Renaissance paintings, eighteenth-century drawings, nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs and films that most of us would not otherwise have occasion to see, as well as letters and diaries written by everyone from a nameless Lithuanian matron to Heinrich Heine.

TV cannot be expected to do something that is almost never pulled off in historical literature, even in multi-volume scholarly works. The best thing you could say about a sweeping historical documentary of this kind is that it provides a quick culture bath and leaves you wanting to soak some more. But *Civilization and the Jews* has a few too many bubbles and rubber ducks for my taste.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

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A rough, raw, jazz-filled drama makes it to Broadway on ecstatic word-of-mouth

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Investing in a Broadway-bound black drama is considered by most experienced backers to be a charitable contribution. Ticket buyers line up for a black musical; but, with the notable exception of Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, the voice of the playwright wrestling with the Afro-American experience has yet to find commercial acceptance.

So it isn't profit potential alone that brings August Wilson's *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* to Broadway this month, but also the ecstasic word-of-mouth and critical raves the play has earned en route—first at Connecticut's Eugene O' Neill Theater Center, then, this past spring, at Lloyd Richards' Yale Repertory.

Ma Rainey is set in 1927, in a Chicago recording studio and band room, and some things seem frighteningly unchanged. "They don't care nothing for me," Ma declares. "All they want is my voice. . . then it's just like if I'd be some whore and they roll over and put their pants on. Ain't got no use for me then." She appears for only a few scenes, but it is the temperamental blues diva, based on real-life Gertrude "Ma" Rainey whose presence—and absence—is the evening's catalytic agent.

The two-act play owes its structure to the tempo and inventions of a jazz performance, though most of the music in the production is on tape. While waiting for Ma to settle down to work, her four band members mark time with conversation, lively banter that has the feel of improvisation. Periodically, they break off for solos—monologues that the author uses to develop his characters—among them, a bookish piano player who has intellectualized the black experience and an ambitious young turk who sees his freedom in the avant-garde music he composes. The ensemble touches on many issues—relations between men and women, blacks and whites, conflicts within the black community, even Ma's scalding indictment of Jews. Wilson isn't interested in making his audiences comfortable. The talk is raw, sometimes funny, but with quiveringly angry chords always just below the melodic line, a strain that breaks through in the violent, sad climax.

Yet it isn't its fury or honesty that makes *Ma Rainey* good drama but Wilson's exceptional feel for language. While never escaping the harsh truth, he locates the lyricism in the black vernacular and uses it to lift his listeners to the exhilaration of powerful theater fashioned from a native brand of poetry.

—MARY ANN TIGHE

Theresa Merritt as the temperamental, unbuttoned Ma Rainey

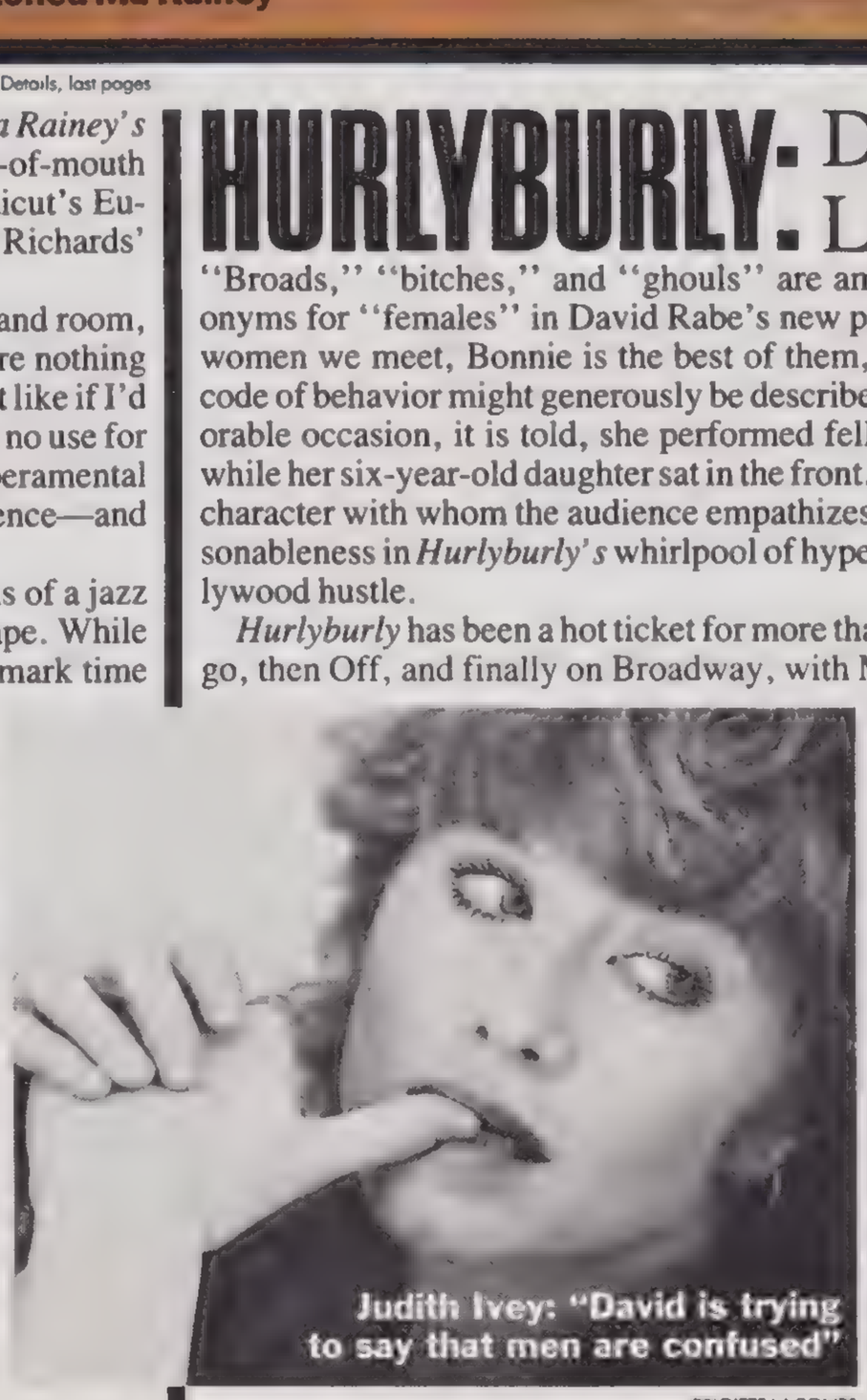
CHRIS CALLIS

Details, last pages

HURLYBURLY. David Rabe's Little Women

"Broads," "bitches," and "ghouls" are among the more printable synonyms for "females" in David Rabe's new play, *Hurlyburly*. Of the three women we meet, Bonnie is the best of them, a nude exotic dancer whose code of behavior might generously be described as agreeable. On one memorable occasion, it is told, she performed fellatio in the back seat of a car while her six-year-old daughter sat in the front. Yet, in the end, Bonnie is the character with whom the audience empathizes. She is the lone voice of reasonableness in *Hurlyburly's* whirlpool of hyper-machismo, drugs, and Hollywood hustle.

Hurlyburly has been a hot ticket for more than six months—first in Chicago, then Off, and finally on Broadway, with Mike Nichols directing an ensemble that includes William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Walken (now replaced by Ron Silver), Harvey Keitel, Jerry Stiller, and Cynthia Nixon. But it is Judith Ivey as Bonnie who stops the show night after night.



Judith Ivey: "David is trying to say that men are confused"

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Ivey, thirty-three, is an actress who carries her own irresistible life force on stage with her: her affability and resiliency seem to surface no matter how hapless the role. Texas-born, trained in classical drama in Chicago, Ivey

(Continued on page 102)

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... THEATER...

Hurlyburly's cast of miscreants and martyrs, from *left:* Ron Silver, William Hurt, Harvey Keitel, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, Judith Ivey

MARTHA SWOPE

(Continued) debuted on Broadway in the short-lived musical *Piaf*. But her breakthrough came with the role of Josie, a Cockney hooker, in *Steaming*, a part performed mostly in the nude (the play is set in a steam bath) that earned Ivey a 1983 Tony. Last year, Paul Newman chose her for his film *Harry and Son* to play another "agreeable" woman—one who doesn't mind extending her favors to the father of her young beau. In her current film, *The Woman in Red*, Ivey plays long-suffering wife to wandering Gene Wilder.

Ivey may have earned her reputation playing women dominated and damaged by their relationships with men, but she is surprisingly forgiving of *Hurlyburly*'s savaging of women. "David [Rabe] is trying to say that men are confused—they were brought up one way and now they are told to be another," she says. "Actually, I think men are being asked to change a lot more than women. David is really a feminist because he makes the guys in our play totally macho and then says, 'Look what it does to them.' I think he's saying it would be better if they supported their feminine side."

Still, this is a dubious brand of feminism. While Rabe's men may be frightening creatures, at least they are newly minted, three-dimensional monsters who play verbal volleyball with subjects like the universe, sex, and money. His women, however, are narrow and inarticulate—accessories to the action, catalysts, never players. They are the same old stereotypes, whores and madonnas, only now, in the era of liberation, they are "free" to be both simultaneously.

Only Bonnie offers hope, buoyed by her humor and Ivey's winning stage persona. But finally, Bonnie too is just a martyr. She may see more clearly than the others, but her insights are abortive: next time a man calls, she will be off and running again.

Hurlyburly is like a great roller coaster ride. We've had the laughs, the chills, the queasy stomach. For women, it is ground that has been covered before, and, when it is over, we are back where we started. —M.A.T.

THE ROYAL TREATMENT

Sinead Cusack knows how to make an entrance. For her Broadway debut, she has lined up two plum roles, the sweetly flighty Roxane in *Cyrano de Bergerac* and the passionate protofeminist Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, both part of the Royal Shakespeare Company's ten-week stay on Broadway starting October 6. The roles are an odd combination—"Cheese and chalk," says Cusack—but together they reveal the keen theatrical intelligence behind her milkmaid face.

They also establish, if there was ever a question, that she is more than Jeremy Irons's much discussed, mysterious wife, hard at work in London while her spouse relished his role as matinee idol in New York as star of *The Real Thing*.

"Actually my name is Jane," says Cusack in her mellifluous contralto voice. "But I changed it when I was eleven to its Irish equivalent. I just said, 'Sinead is my name!' My Irish roots mean a great deal to me. I'm not an English personality. I take the mercurial, gloomy side of my nature from the Celtic twilight."

The daughter and granddaughter of theatrical couples, Sinead Cusack (pronounced "Shin-ed Cuesack") was made to attend university and warned about every conceivable problem an actor could face. Her father, Cyril Cusack, the Olivier of the Irish theater, felt his girl "didn't have the equipment to be a classical actress. I had this very reedy, squeaky little voice," she says. "It took me ten years of hard work to get the sound I have today. In the meanwhile, I was a television actress. Considered lightweight—a blond, blue-eyed ingenue without a lot of depth or complexity as an artist. It took a lot of years to dissuade people of that view." On her second try, five and one-half years ago, the RSC accepted Cusack.

"With *Cyrano*'s Roxane, the challenge is her youth," says Cusack. "I'm thirty-six years old. The physical part is not the trouble. It's the reaching back to find the tunnel vision of the girl/child, blinkered to all but her own needs. When you hear a child say 'I want. I want,' you're not appalled. It must be like that with Roxane." As for Beatrice, "She's way ahead of her time," says Cusack. "She fights for Benedick and for a change in his views. Shakespeare gives his women the role of changing society's value system, and he arms Beatrice with male wit. She's funny, raunchy, and she's in love."

Among the benefits of her Broadway run is the chance to be together again with her husband and their son Sam, five. During five months of Irons's *Real Thing* stint, the couple were on opposite sides of the Atlantic. "It was our longest separation ever, but if you look at the various marital set-ups—a husband at home at 5:00, a writer home all day, a sailor out to sea—they all have their difficulties. If you want it to work, it works." Cusack grinds out the last of her cigarettes. "I believe if you want anything, you can get it. I fight for my corner, irresponsibly, irrationally, with emotion." —M.A.T.

JEAN PAGLIUSO Hair: Sam McKnight; Makeup: Marella Smith-Masters

Cusack: "I fight for my corner with emotion"

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"COCKTAILS IN A SURREY GARDEN"

"PARLOURMAID AND UNDERPARLOURMAID READY TO SERVE DINNER"

Bill Brandt:

EXTREMES OF LIGHT & THE HOWL OF BLACK

Bill Brandt, who died last year at seventy-nine, was a photographer of unparalleled originality. Although he spent several months as Man Ray's assistant in Paris, where he was also exposed to the work of Brassaï and Kertesz, his photographs—whether of London life in the 1930s, of Yorkshire landscapes, or of nudes—have a look that is unmistakably Brandt. His is a world that is soot-darkened and moon illuminated, one that resembles our own only at its blackest and whitest. Each glimpse of it is an extraordinary display of light and shadow at their most descriptive, most disfiguring, and most exciting. In Brandt's work, shadows don't soften anything, they incise. Darkness is not just grey but a degree of black; light is always a late light or last light, the moon's pallid glow, the air's ashenness. Photo after photo reveals a world of finality—it is always "the end," or close to it.

In "Cocktails in a Surrey Garden" (*left*), one of the photographs that can be seen in his *London in the Thirties* (Pantheon), the white collars of the men's shirts, the white wraps on the women, the table demurely set with a white cloth, a few bottles and an ice bucket, all seem to flicker in the fading light. The landscape that spreads out behind them is blotched with massive silhouetted trees and branches describing something that feels like the encroachment of a catastrophe. We feel that not only is the day coming to an end, but so is an era, that soon, very soon, the Second World War will whisk away the little group of well-heeled celebrants.

Brandt's penchant for graphic stridency resulted in extremely dramatic photographs. Children on a street in Sheffield, the grime of their impoverishment wearing them down, seem almost maimed by the dark. And people asleep on a subway platform in the London underground during the blitz look like corpses, the light on their faces nothing but a momentary reprieve from darkness.

The power of Brandt's landscape depends on the deployment of black. It alone is responsible for their eeriness. Dark mountains dissolve into a smothered radiance, a cow on a dark hillside chews and chews oblivious to the quarter moon or the grey quilted landscape stretching into the distance. In most of them, there is an air of grim, misty serenity; but others are more troubled. In "Top Withens, West Riding, Yorkshire" (1945), one can practically hear the wind howl as it drives the dark clouds and bends the luminous grass, turning it into a rough sea on the side of a hill.

And darkness figures in Brandt's portraits of famous people, but for them it behaves differently: it frames or deepens, adds mystery or beauty. It lends them an implacableness, a certainty of being, and finally a seriousness we don't readily associate with the often photographed.

Only his nudes, starkly contrasted and intensely sculptural, seem relieved of the metaphorical power of dark. An elbow resting on crossed legs seems more like a strange natural formation of rock, the texture of the skin having an almost granite graininess. Feet take on a kind of marmoreal grandeur as they seem free-standing in a bleakly spacious room. An ear in an expanse of pebbles becomes a shell, while the cliff in the background takes on a hideous human look in profile, a shadowy face with bared teeth.

Whatever subject Brandt chooses, his vision of the world remains intact. His people always tend toward the condition of sculpture, and his photographs of sculpture are remarkably life-like. This uncertainty of identity is intensely theatrical. It is as if whatever we are, we are only provisionally. All we can be sure of is that the world is a dark place, and that if we are lucky we will experience brief periods in which a light, cold and lunar, will shine.

—MARK STRAND

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Profile:
Elizabeth Dole

Secretary of Transportation, wife of Senator Bob Dole, an advocate of women's rights and yet a loyal Reaganaut, Elizabeth Dole is the Republican's designated woman to watch **By Maureen Orth**

She is Madame Secretary—of Transportation, a huge bureaucracy with 102,000 employees and a budget of twenty-eight billion dollars. She oversees the nation's air-traffic controllers, testifies with ease on Capitol Hill on such matters as federal liability in offshore oil spills, and is the first woman ever to command an armed service—the U.S. Coast Guard. Her election-year compromise on seat belts and air bags this past summer won her both brickbats and kudos, and proved once again her ability to elude controversy gracefully. When she travels abroad, she's no slouch as a diplomat, either. "Our MPs thought you were *marvellous*," penned British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in a note thanking Dole "for the delightful silver bowl."

She is also Mrs. Dole—the brainy wife of the powerful chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Robert Dole of Kansas, who ran for vice president with Gerald Ford in 1976. They are Washington's premier Power Couple, the sparkling Southern belle who has to make the planes run on time married to the witty cynic with the steel-trap mind who is a principal architect of U.S. tax policy. That clout, combined with her tireless campaigning as the Reagan administration's Showcase Woman for '84, makes forty-eight-year-old Elizabeth Hanford Dole the Republican Party's answer to Geraldine Ferraro—its most powerful and visible female in a year when the women's vote has never been more crucial. "Secretary Dole is an invaluable asset to the Reagan campaign," says Senator Paul Laxalt (R-Nevada), who heads the reelection effort.

Ironically, it has been the nomination of Ferraro and the gender gap that have allowed Dole to soar. And the North Carolina-born "Liddy" Dole is nothing if not prepared to seize the opportunity. During the last four years, she has been a quiet voice for women's rights inside the Reagan administration—a voice often unheard and ignored by the White House. But she is too much a lady and too shrewd a pol ever to complain publicly about it. Now Dole is in a position to collect dearly for her loyalty, particularly in 1988. It will be fascinating to see just how she maneuvers as the Republicans' designated woman-to-watch during the next four years—and to gauge her intense ambition.

At her Department of Transportation office, the first thing Dole sees in the reception area each morning are imposing portraits of the seven male Secretaries of Transportation who have preceded her. She is among the most activist of them all, making safety, a popular and emotional issue, her number-one priority. Let one major air disaster be traced to negligence in her department, and her promising career could come to a screech-halt. But no matter what the political heat of the moment, Elizabeth Dole has cultivated a public style of controlled unflappability.

To call her an overachiever is a serious understatement. She often comes on like a dewy magnolia blossom, but her drive and ambition have long been focused like a laser. How else to explain a Harvard-trained lawyer who not only graduated from Duke University Phi Beta Kappa but also was president of the student government council and chosen May Queen? These days on the campaign trail, Dole might take a twenty-pound working "packet" of DOT materials with her. Thirty-year-old staffers complain she exhausts them, and the pace rarely lets up.

"I believe Ronald Reagan's record is not fully understood," Dole tells women. "I think it's about time our message is heard and I'm doing all I can to get the message out." Still, it's not an easy job to sell the Reagan administration's record on issues of concern to women—an administration that opposes the ERA, whose budget cuts have put millions of women and children under the poverty line while billions are spent for a major arms build-up. But Elizabeth Dole doesn't deal much with those uncomfortable realities. Instead, she radiates good cheer, revs up her sparkle, and shifts the focus to more positive issues like economic recovery. It doesn't always work, but she handles the press very smoothly and gets away with a great deal.

In her own department, Dole pursues a more liberal agenda: it was she who got the administration to back raising the drinking age to twenty-one; she has introduced a nine-point plan to promote the women who make up 19 percent of DOT workers, and she has made sure that a billion dollars' worth of Transportation contracts has gone to minority-owned businesses. (To show what a skilled politician she is, she has had written into DOT regulations that if states cannot find minority businesses to give DOT contracts to, the governors of these states must publicly sign a paper stating they haven't been able to find any.)

Stickier wickets, like the administration's denial of Social Security benefits to four hundred forty-five thousand disabled, its cuts in programs for the handicapped—constituencies she has long labored for in previous jobs—are not dwelled upon. She supports the ERA; the administration does not, so Dole tells audiences about how much the Reagan White House has done for women owners of small businesses. It's a very delicate political balancing act, and so far Elizabeth Dole has not fallen off the Washington high wire. Mary Stanley, the national chair of the National Women's Political Caucus' Republican contingent, says, "The President is very very lucky to have someone of her caliber and qualifications speaking for him. I long for the day when she will speak out on our behalf—for women." She might, someday, when the conservative White House climate changes.

Which Dole will be on the Republican ticket in '88? That question has already become part of an amusing guessing game for Washington insiders. "The Republicans have all kinds of things to work out in the next few years and one of them is whether it's going to be Bob or Elizabeth Dole who's the candidate," says Albert Hunt, Washington bureau chief of *The Wall Street Journal*.

The sixty-one-year-old Senator Dole, who makes no secret of his ambitions, quips, "I think it should be decided by age." His wife, who has yet to run for public office, demurs about which title she'd like—President or First Lady: "I really don't know how to answer a question like that," says Mrs. Dole. "I really think the country is ready for a woman and when they talk about vice presidents my feeling is look, if she's qualified to be vice president she's qualified to be president. But I have never staked that out for myself and I have no plans in *(Continued on page 118)*

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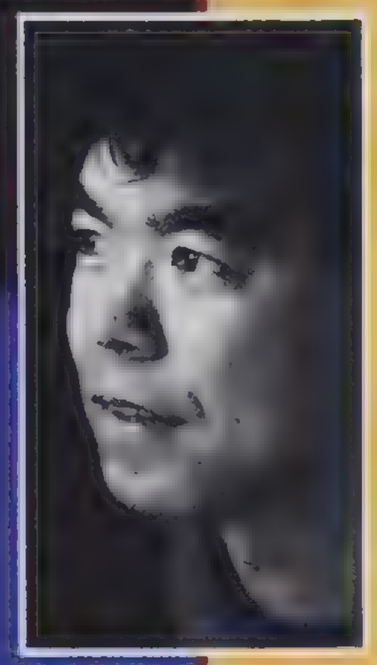

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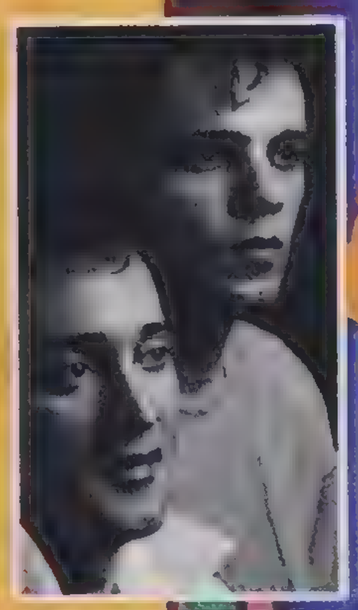

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(Continued from page 110)

that direction.'' By now, however, she must be thinking about it. In her office early one evening, a television technician who had just finished videotaping a live interview with her said, ''The guys and I were talking and we just want you to know we look forward to seeing you be the Republicans' choice for president next time.'' ''Why thank you,'' beamed the Secretary, who's usually less direct about the subject. ''You've just made my day.''

It's unique in the annals of American politics—trying to decide which spouse is the hotter political property. She gets more invitations to speak, and he makes jokes about going home to their Watergate apartment alone to boil his own Lean Cuisine. It's hard to believe, but she insists they don't even discuss political issues very often. ''We barely manage to have dinner together two nights a week so we don't talk about those things—so much else has piled up.'' She's a devout Methodist and tries not to work on Sundays (she confessed in a religious magazine last year that for a long time her career had gotten in the way of ''making a full commitment to the Lord''). According to the Senator's staff though, he still sneaks off Sunday mornings to appear on David Brinkley's show. Then his wife pops up on rival *Face the Nation*!

''They're highly visible people and the public can't get enough of them,'' says Senator Dole's press secretary, Walt Riker. ''But they never see each other. They're like two lines that criss-cross all over the country trying to intersect. Once in a while they do.'' So far both careers and the marriage have survived this frenzy because both Doles like power, are sensitive to each other, and are used to responsibility. This year alone he forced the White House to accept a fifty-billion-dollar tax increase to offset the $200 billion worth of deficits. Not only has she had to rule on air bags (seat belts) she has had to sell Conrail, the once bankrupt and now profitable government-owned railroad, and to try to unscramble the nation's airport-traffic delays. Nevertheless, she soft-pedals her progress. ''I don't think I set out to have a full-time lifetime career,'' she says. ''It wasn't on a blueprint.''

Elizabeth Hanford was born a Democrat in the small Southern town of Salisbury, North Carolina, the daughter of prosperous wholesale flower dealers. Her first political involvement came in the third grade. ''I was elected president of the Bird Club.'' That election lit a spark that has never died. ''I remember one day in about the seventh grade coming back from the public library thinking there ought to be an organization where we got together and discussed books, so I organized the Junior Book Club. I was not very democratic. I made myself president.''

After Duke, she earned a masters degree in education and government at Harvard and modeled on the side. Her first day at Harvard Law School in 1962 gave her a jolt she still talks about often. The class was only 4 percent female. One of her male classmates asked what right she had to be there. ''You're taking the place of a qualified man who will go out and do something with his education.'' Nevertheless, she sailed right through and was nicknamed ''The May Queen with a brain.''

''Law school tended to bring out everyone's awful qualities,'' says Dole's Harvard Law classmate, Washington attorney Ronald B. Lewis. ''To be nice and a law student at Harvard in the class of '65 was very rare. But Liddy always maintained a sense of personal friendliness and warmth.'' Others remember her less fondly. Between her first and second years at law school she worked one summer for the Peace Corps in Washington. ''She was totally wrapped up in herself,'' says one of her superiors there. ''She had this plantation belle 'land of mercy' way of talking and every little decision had to connect to a career choice—where her stint in the Peace Corps would lead to, whether it would help *her*.''

Yet it is rare to find anyone today who makes derogatory remarks about Elizabeth Dole—even cynical Washington journalists who despair at her longwinded responses to interview questions, which deliver little substance. If some Congressmen gripe, ''She's in over her head'' at the Department of Transportation, they won't allow themselves to be quoted on the record. Not only would they offend her, they say, but they would offend Bob Dole too, and since about half of the entire $850 billion federal budget passes through his Finance Committee, he's worth millions to every Congressional district.

Dole: ''I've got a $28 billion budget to run. How could I possibly be a showcase appointment?''

Elizabeth Hanford had decided early that she wanted to work in Washington. Her first job was to organize the first national conference on education for the deaf at the liberal Department of Health, Education and Welfare when Lyndon Johnson was president. She represented clients who could not afford to pay for legal counsel. By the time Richard Nixon was elected in 1968, Dole was already working at the President's Committee on Consumer Interests. Nixon appointed a feisty Republican city councilwoman from Philadelphia, Virginia Knauer, to head the office. Knauer quickly became Dole's mentor.

''She was so outstanding that within six weeks I chose her for my deputy over everyone's head,'' says Knauer. ''From the beginning I encouraged absolute independence. People are no good to you if they agree with you all the time.'' Those were headier days in the consumer affairs movement when there were great fights over the amount of fat that could be contained in hot dogs, and the amount of ''non-functional slack fill'' in cereal boxes.

One day Knauer deeply embarrassed her comely young deputy by pointing out to a roomful of male business executives, ''Elizabeth as you can see has no problem with non-functional slack fill.'' There were other days though when Dole, sent by Knauer, would be barred from meetings she was required to attend because they were held in all-male clubs. But she never made a fuss. ''Elizabeth by nature likes to find the middle ground,'' says consumer affairs lawyer David Swankin who worked with her at the time. ''She's not confrontational. She would never be the first person in a meeting to say, 'I believe this!' but she was considered a person who really understood consumerism and was a consumer advocate.''

During that time Liddy Hanford lived in Georgetown and dated some of Washington's most eligible bachelors. In 1972, Virginia Knauer introduced her to Bob Dole at a business meeting in his office. He was in the process of being separated from his first wife. ''I did notice very definitely that he was an attractive man,'' Dole recalls. ''He told me he wrote my name on the back of his blotter.'' It took the Senator eight months to call her and three long phone calls over another two-month period before he asked her for a date. ''He was really serious about his work,'' she says, ''a little shy about calling and that was nice.'' His explanation: ''I was busy.''

They courted for three years and when they married in 1975 she was thirty-eight. She moved from her Watergate apartment, to his, several floors up. By then, Elizabeth Dole was a registered independent and a federal trade commissioner, one of five commissioners who helped draft rules and write legal opinions on everything from obtaining prescriptions for eyeglasses to preventing fraud and deceptive business practices in the installation of home insulation. At the FTC some staffers remember her as being overly detailed and indecisive at times, but there was no question where she stood philosophically. ''She had a very definite set of priorities,'' says Jeffrey Edelstein who was one of her Attorney-Advisors at the commission, ''They were the poor, the handicapped, minorities, and women. She really cared about them.''

During the '76 campaign she took a leave of absence to campaign for the Ford-Dole ticket. In 1979, she resigned as commissioner to campaign full-time for her husband who was running for president in the Republican primaries, but dropped out early. She continued to campaign vigorously for Ronald Reagan. By then, of course, she was a fervent Republican. ''She once told me she felt the Republican party had great challenges ahead of it and it had to broaden its base,'' says Edelstein. ''It had to be more sensitive to the concerns of women and minorities. She felt that challenge would be exciting to work for.''

What irony then, when after the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980 and the appointment of Elizabeth Dole to be Assistant to the President for Public Liaison inside the White House, that she— *(Continued on page 126)*

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(Continued from page 118)

whose specific job it was to be, in effect, the President's lobbyist to all outside groups—told some women's group representatives that she was not even able to deal with them. "For about a year Mrs. Dole was gagged," says Pat Reuss, Legislative Director of the Women's Equity Action League, a non-partisan national membership organization specializing in women's economic issues. "She couldn't talk to women about women's issues. Groups of us would go to the White House to try to discuss things and she told me, 'I don't do women's issues, but if it's about education or other areas of concern . . .' "

At the same time, many reports circulated that Elizabeth Dole was not only frustrated but isolated by the White House senior staff, James Baker, Michael Deaver, Edwin Meese, who did not completely trust her. "It was well known to everyone," says a former White House staffer, "that Elizabeth was feared by the men on the White House senior staff because she had the clout of Bob Dole with her. There were many published reports she was not taken seriously. The truth is, she being part of the team of Dole and Dole, was taken very seriously." Dole herself denies she ever was gagged or felt left out. "I did not in any way feel isolated or removed. I was very much involved in everything going on there."

Barbara Honegger, who caused a brouhaha last year when she resigned in protest from the White House over the Reagan administration's intransigence on women's issues, worked closely with Dole there on an ERA alternative. "Elizabeth Dole is really a saintly person," says Honegger. "She was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. She was expected to come up with policy proposals to an ERA alternative. Whenever she did—and we met for months—they would come back unacted upon or unacceptable." Dole, however, has always had a not-so-secret weapon. When the White House failed to move on recommendations to change laws in the federal code that discriminated by sex, the proposals emerged as a Senate bill sponsored by none other than Robert Dole. That bill has cleared the Senate but not the House.

As the midterm elections of 1982 neared, the White House began to realize it had a serious problem with the gender gap, and the gap broke the gag. Elizabeth Dole was pressed into service. She campaigned heavily in Republican Congressional districts where women were in trouble—in the district of Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler, for example, who lost. The Republicans also lost three governorships and several other Congressional districts because of the women's vote in 1982. In February of '83, Elizabeth Dole was appointed to the cabinet. Says one political strategist, "When the White House thought she was doing her husband's work she was on the outs. When it was useful for her to help them in the re-election of Ronald Reagan she got a much bigger job."

Some Republican women feel that a handful of women like Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor and Elizabeth Dole have received their high-level appointments mostly because the Reagan administration does not want to have to guarantee *all* women equal rights under the Constitution. "Elizabeth once told me in a private conversation she felt very strongly," says Honegger, "that in spite of the White House senior staff's failure to move on the ERA, it was probably more important in the long run for there simply to be women in top appointments."

These days Elizabeth Dole bristles at the notion she's just a showcase appointment most valuable because of her gender. "I'm sitting here trying to sell Conrail," she said one day last summer. "I've got 102,000 people working for me and a budget of $28 billion to run. I don't see how I could possibly be a 'showcase!' "

In four years there is a definite chance that the women of America will be able to tell Elizabeth Dole whether they agree with her or not—with their votes. ▽

Maureen Orth *is a correspondent for NBC News.*

Winning Momentum

Women have joined the political big leagues. So now what?

Can enthusiasm and commitment translate into power?

By Charlayne Hunter-Gault

As the November election draws nearer, the question that looms almost larger than who will win or lose is "What difference will women make?"

Political pundits, opinion polls, and crystal balls have all been working overtime since the historic breakthrough that put a woman closer than ever to being "a heartbeat away" from the presidency. And so have women activists, determined to make this the Year of the Woman in Politics.

Predictions change from day to day as to who will win, and by how much. But what does seem to be emerging as a certainty is that women's political roles will never be the same—as voters or as candidates.

Only a few hours before Geraldine Ferraro stepped into the spotlight and into history, one of the most hopeful feminist leaders had called the political power of women "nascent." Overnight, her assessment, like that of many others, changed.

"The role-model symbolism of her candidacy will likely accelerate the blossoming of women into a political force in America," said Eleanor Holmes Norton, a professor at Georgetown Law School and former chair of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission during the Carter Administration.

Conservative activist Phyllis Schlafly didn't share that assessment of Ferraro; others referred to the selection as "tokenism" and accused Walter Mondale of "pandering" to special interests. But Jeane Kirkpatrick, political and ideological soulmate of Ronald Reagan (despite being a registered Democrat), said that women all over the world would profit from the selection of Ferraro.

Republican activist Kathy Wilson, chair of the National Women's Political Caucus, believes that "even the polls don't measure the real excitement among women about their growing political power. Walter Mondale has provided us with the best voter-registration project in the form of a human being named Geraldine Ferraro," Wilson says. "This is what will motivate the troops."

ROB MAASS

Hunter-Gault: "Women's political roles will never be the same"

The troops are a majority—53.6 percent—of the electorate, and have been since 1980 when for the first time their registration surpassed that of men. (According to the National Clearinghouse on Election Administration, in 1982 there were some 56 million women registered to vote and, as of last August first, there were some 91,032,000 women of voting age—it is this *(Continued on page 136)*

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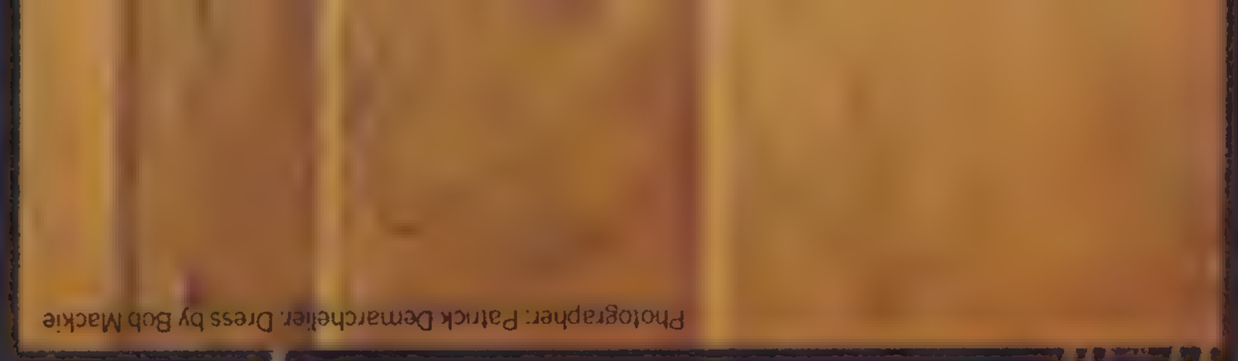

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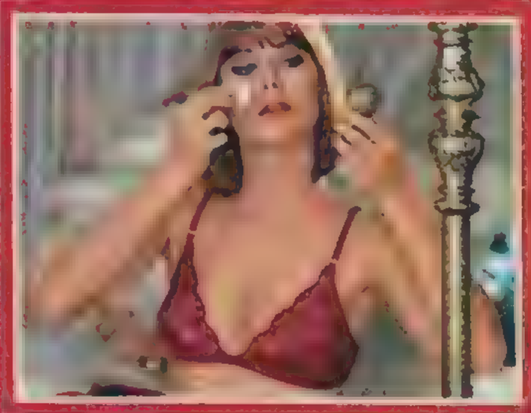

Dares to Dream.

(Continued from page 126)

pool that politically active women are hoping to tap into; clearly these numbers could make a difference.) 1980 is also the year "gender gap" was born—the political phenomenon that showed a distinct difference between women and men in their presidential vote: 54 percent of all male voters chose Reagan over Carter, while only 46 percent of women did. As it emerged, gender-gap differences centered around issues of war and peace, fairness, and economic equity.

In at least three gubernatorial races in 1982—Mario Cuomo's in New York, James Blanchard's in Michigan, and Mark White's in Texas—a "women's vote" was identified as decisive. Officials at NOW said that since Ferraro's nomination women had been calling in great numbers, offering to help register other women. And optimism remains high about registering record numbers this year. But for all the excitement over what some have called "the enthusiasm factor" and for all the potential of the gender gap, a few big questions remain.

Up to now, there has been very little concrete evidence to suggest that women were sufficiently motivated, organized, or monolithic in their concerns to constitute an effective bloc, a "Women's Vote." Eleanor Holmes Norton, who believes in the significance of the gender gap, nevertheless thinks that the potential there "will have to prove itself in several elections before it will be taken as seriously as it should be." But there are women who don't buy gender gap at all. Lynn Martin, Republican Congresswoman from Illinois, has said that while women applaud Ferraro's selection, they "will vote as men will, for whom they want to see lead the nation."

Linda Chavez, President Reagan's choice to run the United States Commission on Civil Rights, agrees. She thinks that class differences are more significant than sex in determining how a person votes.

"People vote what they perceive to be their own self-interest—especially economic self-interest," Chavez explained. "So it seems to me that if you're going to try to win the votes of women, you should talk about broader issues than women's issues."

Ms. Chavez believes that the Reagan Administration's success in "pulling the economy out of the doldrums" is far more significant for women than social welfare programs. But she thinks that the Administration "has not done very well," so far, in getting that message across.

Eleanor Holmes Norton disagrees with that assessment, particularly of the Reagan record.

"These people don't understand the gender gap," she asserted. "It's not a question of getting the message across. It's a matter of fact the Reagan administration put the economy into the doldrums in the first place. They like to tell you that 'a rising tide lifts all boats,' but the real reason women shouldn't buy that idea is that, even after the tides have risen, women will still make sixty cents for every dollar that a man makes. All the recovery does is leave them in the same proportionate place they always were. That's one of the gaps women are looking to close."

Kathy Wilson believes that having a woman in such a prominent spot on the ticket of a major party will insure that women's issues move to the front burners of national attention. Despite the fact that Ferraro was not considered a "bomb-throwing feminist" in Congress—her success there was attributed to her being a "team player" on an all-male team—she is credited with taking women's issues, particularly economic equity, and focusing them into a broader framework.

"She hasn't stood up and said, 'I'm for women's issues per se,' " explained Norman Ornstein, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. "She's tried . . . to make those issues work through the budget, to make them work through foreign policy, to take the major national issues and weave in the women's focus." An example of that approach is Ferraro's warning to her colleagues on the House Budget Committee: "Don't think you can vote against this budget and not pay a price with women voters. The budget is a woman's issue, and you're either for women or you're against them."

Women's political roles will never be the same—as voters or as candidates

No doubt women, particularly those considering running for office, as well as those already elected, will watch how Ferraro handles the so-called women's issues with more than passing interest. To be successful in the past, many women have felt they had to distance themselves from such issues. Colorado State Senator Martha Ezzard, for instance, chose as her big issues hazardous waste and criminal justice. "You've got to choose your battles carefully," she told a reporter. "If you run around screaming women's issues all the time, you lose effectiveness."

But many women both in Congress and in state legislatures have not shied away from women's concerns, and in a growing number of instances have found that when they have organized around those common issues, they have managed to make an imprint.

There are twenty-one women in the House of Representatives and more women than ever in the Senate—two. No woman chairs a committee, and few are regarded as major players in the Congressional power structure. Slowly, though, women are beginning to develop some seniority, and they are beginning to put their marks on legislation considered important to women. The IRA tax credit for homemakers was initiated by women in Congress; Patricia Schroeder, Democrat of Colorado and member of the House Armed Services Committee, has successfully pushed the issue of child care for women in the military.

With her revelation a few months ago that she had been molested as a child, Paula Hawkins, Republican Senator from Florida, almost singlehandedly put the issue of child abuse in the Congressional conscience. And women lawmakers designed, packaged, and are still pushing the Women's Economic Equity Acts—along with laws on pensions, taxes, and insurance—designed to help equalize women's economic power.

As women's numbers in state legislatures around the country have increased, women's caucuses are emerging as important entities. (During the 1984 legislative term, for example, 13.4 percent of the 7438 seats in the legislatures of the fifty states were women—a total of 993 women office holders—a fourfold increase since 1971.) One of the most successful caucuses has been the bipartisan Maryland Women's Legislative Caucus, organized initially in the 'seventies as a social group. According to past president Ida Ruben, a Democrat of Montgomery County, the Maryland lawmakers—four Republicans and thirty-two Democrats—have become a unified force that has pushed through legislation on such issues as equitable distribution of property after a divorce and more protection for victims of domestic violence. The women have approached male legislators seeking support for certain issues, and they have refused to give their vote when they weren't getting support in return. Says Ruben: "Our attitude is 'If you don't feel you can look at us on an equal basis, we will just have to show you.' "

Kathy Stanwick, assistant director of the Center for the American Woman and Politics at Rutgers University, believes that such caucuses will not only be bolstered by Ferraro's candidacy but that more and more women will be stimulated to run for office.

"It's still too early to tell how," she said, "but clearly this candidacy will open doors for many more women—women who had never even entertained the thought of getting involved, as well as women who had, but who needed something to make them act. How can someone tell a woman that she can't run for City Council now that a woman has run for vice president of the United States?"

Stanwick has only one caution, and that is against overly high expectations. "With their new-found political identity," she said, "women are now expected to change the whole system, or at least to defeat Ronald Reagan. The real truth of the matter is that we *can* make a difference. And I don't think that some women, especially the political leaders, should put an unfair burden on themselves by feeling that if we don't change the whole system overnight or defeat Ronald Reagan, we will have failed. The leaders might feel that way; they've been at this a long time. But they've got to be more concerned with this relatively new group of people coming into the political arena. Women have got to be encouraged to stay involved and to know that that alone is winning." ▽

Charlayne Hunter-Gault *is the national correspondent for "The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour."*

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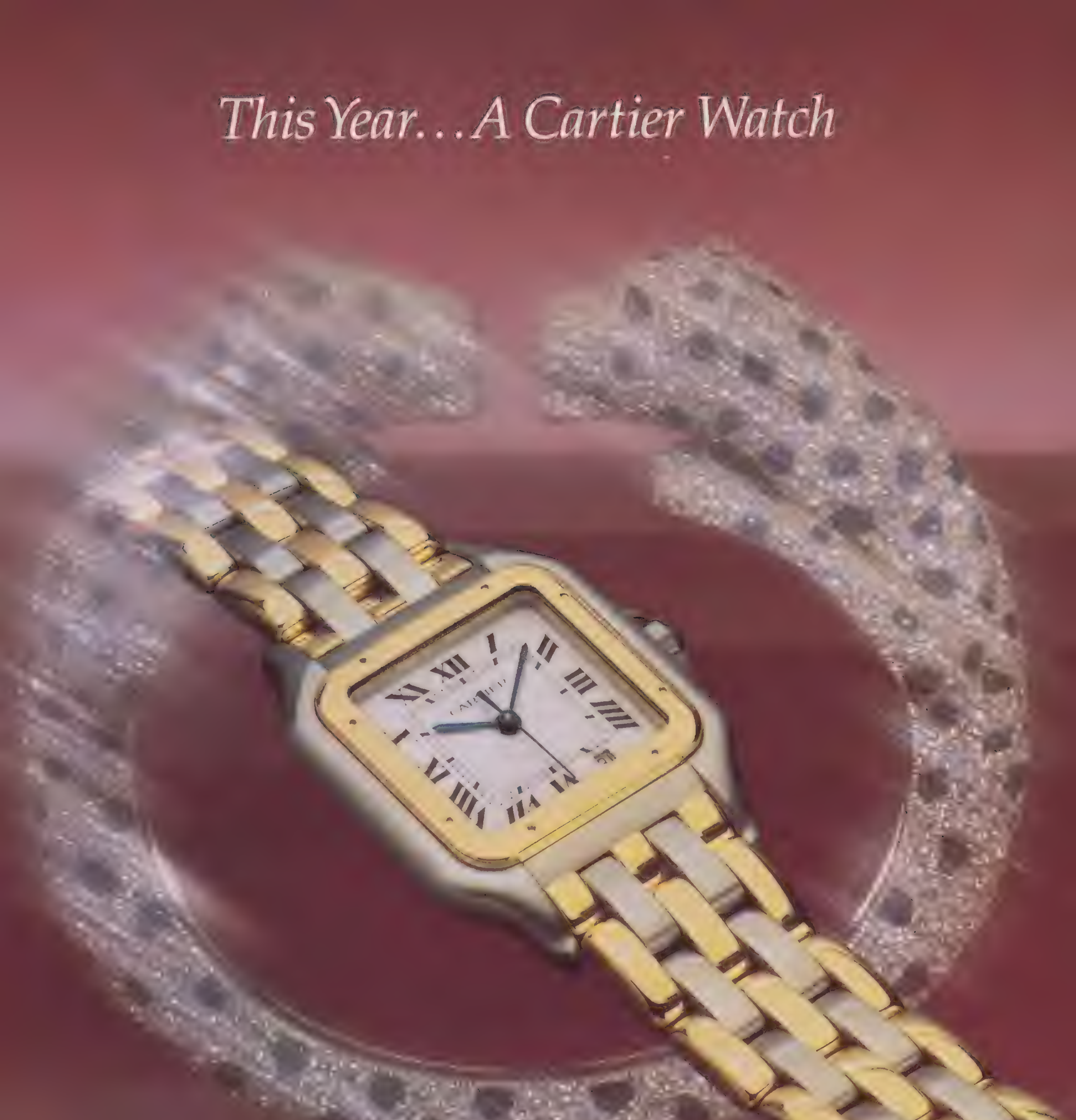

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Terrae Motus: art under the volcano

By Barbara Rose

Neapolitan artist Ernesto Tatafiore evokes the 1980 earthquake in his 1983 painting

On July 6, Neapolitan art dealer and collector Lucio Amelio inaugurated the Amelio Foundation Institute for Contemporary Art with the exhibition *Terrae Motus*—Latin for earthquake. All the works in the show belong to the foundation; all deal with the theme of the earthquake that devastated Naples on November 23, 1980.

Macabre metaphor: Nino Longobardi's swimmers and skulls, an untitled canvas of 1983

Appropriately enough, the show is housed in the magnificently rebuilt eighteenth-century Villa Campolieto, not far from the ruins of ancient Herculaneum. The terrible and unexpected earthquake, which left countless Campanian villagers and Neapolitans homeless, also wrecked the palatial villas and hills surrounding Mount Vesuvius. Now these splendid colonnaded buildings, with their richly frescoed rococo interiors, terraced gardens, and grand courtyards are being restored by the Association for the Preservation of Vesuvian Villas.

The city of Naples, digging out from the rubble of the earthquake, is determined to refurbish its image and reclaim its historical heritage as a great international center of art and culture. The restoration of the Vesuvian villas where the Neapolitan aristocracy spent their summers at the seaside resort of Herculaneum is part of a concerted program to upgrade the public's perception of Naples. As part of this effort, the archeological excavations of the ancient cities of Herculaneum and nearby Pompeii, destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, are being actively pursued. In addition, the great museum of Capodimonte, home of the world-famous collection of art, furniture, and porcelain, assembled when Naples was an independent powerful sea kingdom, is also being restored.

Some of the best-known Italian artists such as Mario Merz, Mimmo Paladino, and Michelangelo Pistoletto have contributed works to the collection. Two outstanding contemporary Neapolitan painters, Nino Longobardi and Ernesto Tatafiore, are represented by works intimately connected with the catastrophe they lived through. Longobardi's painting of skulls and swimmers is both a meditation on the fate of his native city and an existential *vanitas* image, invoking the feeling of the precariousness of survival. Tatafiore's fire-belching Vesuvius recalls the popular tradition of eighteenth-century paintings of the theme, fashionable around the time the ancient cities buried by lava were rediscovered.

German Neo-Expressionists Siegfried Anzinger, Amselm Kiefer, and A. R. Penck are represented by paintings of apocalyptic ominousness. As usual, Kiefer's raw, brutal, conceptually brilliant art stands out from the rest. Currently fashionable Americans such as Ronnie Cutrone, Keith Haring, and Julian Schnabel have their trademark examples of "bad painting" in the show, but the Americans who shine are photographer Robert Mapplethorpe and painter Cy Twombly. The latter lives in Italy, and has given the foundation several works, including a poignant poetic sculpture that deals with the theme of the fragility and ephemeral nature of human happiness.

All in all, *Terrae Motus* sums up a new existential spirit of fatalistic acceptance of uncontrollable catastrophe as part of life. The contrast between the delicate, illusionistic, classicizing rococo frescoes that decorate the walls and ceiling of the Villa Campolieto, where *Terrae Motus* is on display throughout this year, and the expressionistic style of the contemporary works is shocking and provocative. The restoration of the ruined villa together with the commitment of contemporary artists to make art, even in the shadow of the volcano that could erupt again at any moment, is an object lesson in the durability of civilization.

Perhaps the sense of the existential fragility of life is best exemplified in German artist Joseph Beuys's environment: balancing ravaged antique furniture on glass bottles in the midst of a rubble of broken glass, Beuys creates the perfect metaphor for living on the edge, which is in a sense the way we all live now. ▽

Both photos: Amelio Foundation, Institute for Contemporary Art, Naples

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Products will vary with your destinations, but two always to have on hand: new "flattened" cosmetic applicators from Q-tips; Revlon's mini-size disposable Porta-Boards Emery Boards.

Q Is there really any need to adjust my skin-care routine as we go from warm weather into cold?

A Definitely. "You should change your cosmetics wardrobe just as you would change your clothing wardrobe," says Earle W. Brauer, M.D., vice president of medical affairs, Revlon Research Center, Inc. As your tan fades, your skin will be imperceptively shedding the darker, tougher layer that formed in the summer as protection against the sun. New, less-protected skin cells will surface, forming skin that's even more vulnerable to winter-weather conditions, such as cold air, wind.

Compensate by being "kinder" to your skin. "Be less vigorous in washing, and use soap less often, no more than once a day," says Dr. Brauer. "After bathing, apply a moisturizer, preferably oil-based, that's heavier than one you would choose in summer. Also, this is a good time to start taking regular oil baths, once or twice a week, soaking in bath oil and water for about ten minutes so that the oil forms a slight film on your skin, preventing dryness."

Dr. Brauer points out that winter's lower humidity can cause dryness and cracking in lips, brittleness in nails. He suggests choosing a lipstick that's a little heavier than one you would use in summer, or applying moisturizer to lips and nails as you would to skin. Manicures in winter are especially valuable since nail enamel helps to seal in moisture and to protect nails from dry environments.

Q My skin breaks out occasionally. I'd like to use a blemish cream; but those made for teenagers seem too harsh and drying. Do I have options?

A Many adults suffer from lingering acne or once-a-month breakouts through their thirties and, in some cases, until menopause, according to Sergio Nacht, Ph.D., director of bio-medical research at Richardson-Vicks. Even so, most adult skin needs moisturizing since, as you age, sebum production decreases, leaving skin drier. Acne medications formulated for teenagers—especially those containing benzoyl peroxide—may irritate adult skin, as they're meant to be applied daily to *prevent* acne, not for the spot-treatment needed for occasional adult blemishes. Dr. Nacht suggests you try a cream that contains sulfur/resorcinol (which is less drying and irritating than benzoyl peroxide) in a non-drying cosmetic base (Clearasil Adult Care is one). Apply to blemishes, wait ten to fifteen minutes, then moisturize as usual. ▽

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By Carol Tavris

FEAR AND TREMBLING—WHEN DO DRUGS HELP?

Recently, antidepressant drugs have been hailed as a medical breakthrough in the treatment of panic disorders (unpredictable attacks of panic and anxiety) and agoraphobia (panic attacks outside the security of the home, such as on subways, elevators, or airplanes). The drugs helped and, lately, they have been touted as the best, even the essential, treatment.

"Such drugs as Xanax are selling like hotcakes," says Dianne L. Chambless, Ph.D., head of the Agoraphobia Clinic at the American University in Washington, DC. "But drug treatment is based on a fallacious conclusion: if drugs work, the disorder must be biochemical; so drugs must be the treatment of choice." This is a misleading and potentially harmful error, she argues, especially since we don't know the long-term risks to women of taking such medication. "The fact is," says Dr. Chambless, "behavioral therapies work just as well or better than drugs."

Dr. Chambless is not opposed to drugs per se; she is opposed to the indiscriminate use of drugs, without giving women the information to make choices among treatments. If a woman lives in a small town and good behavioral therapy is not available, drugs might be the best solution. "But if a woman doesn't want to take drugs," warns Dr. Chambless, "persuading her that she *needs* them is terribly wrong."

And even inaccurate. Most forms of fear, panic, and anxiety can be treated by a program in which the person is gradually exposed to the frightening item or event and allowed to conquer it. Dozens of studies show that in the act of taking control of your fear, you lose the fear of panic itself. Ironically, those who try to mask their anxiety by taking tranquilizers or drinking alcohol may be buying temporary relief at the cost of a long-lived cure.

ADVICE FOR COCKEYED OPTIMISTS

Women often worry that their behavior is "self-destructive," a catch-all phrase that seems to describe anything they enjoy doing but that ultimately has a negative result—such as falling in love with an "undesirable" man, or persisting in affairs with married men. In his new book, "Intimate Connections" (Morrow), David D. Burns, M.D., offers a new view of self-destructiveness and other problems (including shyness, sexual insecurity, loneliness). He holds what he calls a "forgiving model of human nature," in which "blindness" rather than "wrongness" is the source of problems.

Unlike depression, which makes us focus on our mistakes, self-destructive behavior may, ironically, result from optimism: looking only at the positive aspects of a situation and ignoring the aspects that hurt ourselves and others. His approach to ending negative behavior is both cognitive and behavioral. The cognitive part, Burns told Vogue—writing down the pros and cons of a situation so as to clarify it, for example—helps people to reformulate their distorted thinking and sky-high expectations. Burns emphasized that the behavioral approach—teaching people how to be happy alone, how to communicate more effectively—can keep them from feeling trapped and unhappy.

To develop the motivation for leaving a bad relationship or breaking a destructive pattern of relationships, Burns first suggested making a list of the costs and benefits of staying put. It's important to identify the pay-offs so as to know what keeps the attractions strong—and to identify the risks of changing.

Temptations to continue the relationship are very strong when you're lonely. At this stage, Burns recommended careful analysis of the automatic thoughts that justify giving in to inertia. It helps to distinguish emotional responses from rational responses.

Finally, Burns said, you can change the behavior that keeps you stuck: waiting for the phone to ring, refusing to meet other men, maintaining old habits. Burns offered clear instructions, and some tried-and-true methods.

REBELLION THERAPY

You may, of course, be resisting the advice you read here. That's fine—we all tend to disobey suggestions that might require us to change. But sometimes resisting advice goes against your own best interest—as in therapy, for instance. What the therapist can do, says Rachel T. Hare-Mustin, Ph.D., of Harvard University, is advise you to do just what you're doing—only more of it. Then your natural inclination to rebel will aid you—and you'll quit in protest. This method is called "paradoxical intervention," and it works wonderfully with everything from children's tantrums to adults' worries. For instance, Dr. Hare-Mustin has treated tantrum-prone children by requiring them to have their tantrums only in a special "tantrum place" in the house, and only at special "tantrum times" (say, from two to four in the afternoon). Children who start a tantrum at the store would be reminded to wait until they got home (by which time, of course, the impulse is usually gone). Dr. Hare-Mustin reports that in one case a boy's tantrums stopped so fast that within a week "the family could not remember if he had had any"! The same method works with adults. Suppose you find yourself worrying about money, or love, or the world all day long. The paradoxical solution is to *force* you to worry—but only in a particular setting (say, the dining room) and only at a specified time (say, from 8:00 to 8:15 A.M. every other day). Try it, and you'll see how effective this method is. I mean, *don't* try it.

SELF-CONSCIOUS? OR SELF-AWARE?

Some people are self-conscious; others are conscious of themselves. The difference, according to Raymond N. Wolfe, Ph.D., of the State University of New York, College at Geneseo, predicts how well and how comfortably people get along with each other, and how free they feel to express themselves.

At a party, for instance, some people are better at controlling the way they come across to others. They put up a "good front" when it is to their advantage, and they're sensitive to the emotions, facial expressions, and nonverbal language of others. Those who fit this description tend to be "self monitors": they have the ability to read the emotions of others with accuracy and to modify their presentation of themselves when necessary.

By contrast, some people feel they're not well represented by their social personality. They feel it's essential to "fit in," and their behavior depends on how they think others *wish* them to behave. A simple look of disapproval from the person they're talking to can change their opinion or approach. These socially anxious people often feel like chameleons,changing colors and hiding their "real" selves, and they worry about what everyone else is doing, saying, wearing.

Anxious individuals conform because they feel that they need to melt into a social context; they are terrified of attracting attention. High self-monitors, on the other hand, tend to fit in because they want to; yet, when their individuality is at stake, they are willing to stand out in a crowd. Social anxiety, and social monitoring—responses that seem to differ only in degree—are in reality opposite sides of the coin of self-awareness: one faces outward, and the other gazes within.

Travels with My Father

In an intimate, shocking memoir of author John Cheever, his novelist-daughter Susan (above, with her father in 1943) reveals Cheever's demons, but also his humor, imagination, and saving grace

By Susan Cheever

In the late 1940s, when I was a little girl, my family lived in a brick apartment building at 400 East 59th Street in New York City, about a block from Sutton Place and the East River, and just across the street from the sooty, noisy rumble of the Queensboro Bridge. Our living room windows looked right out into the iron fretwork of the bridge's ascending roadway. To the east we could see the lacy minarets at the top and the wrought iron supports, which turned into concrete columns as they went down into the bubbling, treacherous currents of the river. To the west there was a parking lot, and beyond it the trolley-car stop where we waited for the creaky blue cars with wicker seats when my father took me on trips downtown, or over to the Central Park Zoo.

There were two playgrounds near our apartment. The closest one was directly under the bridge, down the hill past the baseball field that's a tennis bubble now. From the swings, we looked right up into the innards of the bridge and saw the cars going by from underneath. That was where I went with my mother, and babysitters, and with Mildred, our maid. The other playground was a block farther away and in the other direction, on York Avenue at Sutton Place. Its manicured paths and immaculate sandbox grace a quiet brick terrace above the river. A large bronze statue of a boar gleams from being stroked by generations of tiny upper-class hands. The dirty growl of commerce and the bridge seem miles away. That was where my father took me to play.

In the afternoons when I got home from school, he and I used to walk across the bridge to where you could see the stairs winding down toward Welfare Island. The pedestrian walkway was a narrow construction of iron panels with a rickety guardrail. It shivered and clanked every time a car went by. From it we could look down and see the river, far, far below us, swirling and sucking between its narrow stone banks. One afternoon my tweed cap with the brim and chin strap blew off in a gust of wind, and Daddy couldn't catch it. We watched as it floated down, tumbling and spinning until it was a tiny speck lost in the eddying currents. It took a long time. After that, my father was afraid of bridges.

"He knew the symptoms," he wrote a decade later in the personal journal he kept almost every day. "As he approached the bridge [in the car], there would be an excruciating tightening of his scrotum, especially his left testicle and a painful shrinking of his male member. As he began to ascend the curve of the bridge it would become difficult for him to breathe. He could fill his lungs only by gasping. This struggle to breathe was followed by a sensation of weakness in his legs which would presently become so uncoordinated that he would legitimately worry about being able to apply the brakes. The full force of the attack came at the summit of the bridge when these various disturbances would seem to affect his blood pressure and his vision would begin to darken. Once he was over the summit there was some relief, but the seizure would leave him so weak and shaken that he had discovered he could not raise a cup or a glass to his mouth for an hour or two."

It was the noise and clatter of the bridge outside our windows that finally drove us out of the city in 1951, but to me those years at 400 East 59th Street were a golden time. The war was over and everything was ahead of us. I went to the Brearley School. I learned to do cartwheels. Over Christmas I was entrusted with the class white rat, and later I acquired an elderly hamster named Algernon Belasco. My father was becoming successful, and my mother loved him. Money didn't seem to matter as much then as it did later. In the summers, we went up to New Hampshire or stayed in country houses with old friends.

In the morning when I went to school, my father would put on his one good suit and his grey felt hat and ride down in the elevator with the other men on their way to the office. From the lobby he would walk down to the basement, to the windowless storage room that came with our apartment. That was where he worked. There, he hung up the suit and hat and wrote all morning in his boxer shorts, typing away on his portable Underwood set up on a folding table. At lunchtime, he would put the suit back on and ride up in the elevator.

In the afternoons after school, we took long walks—over the bridge or up the East River Drive or along Fifty-ninth Street toward Fifth Avenue. There was often a stop at the old Menemsha Bar on Fifty-seventh Street. I loved the imitation waterfall and the seafaring pictures on the walls. In the evenings, my father told me bedtime stories: stories about Faustina, the little girl who brought her parents breakfast in bed and who loved to clean up her room and comb her hair, and stories about a rabbit named Pauline and her deceitful cousin Cassius Rabbit and her adventures with the villainous Horace Walpole Rabbit. (My father had never forgiven Horace Walpole for his unkind reviews of Henry Fielding.) The Pauline Rabbit stories were usually cliff hangers, but the good and true rabbits, led by Pauline, always just managed to triumph over Cassius's self-serving lies and Horace Walpole Rabbit's wickedness—although you could never be sure what would happen next time. After bedtime, my parents often dressed up *(Continued on page 162)*

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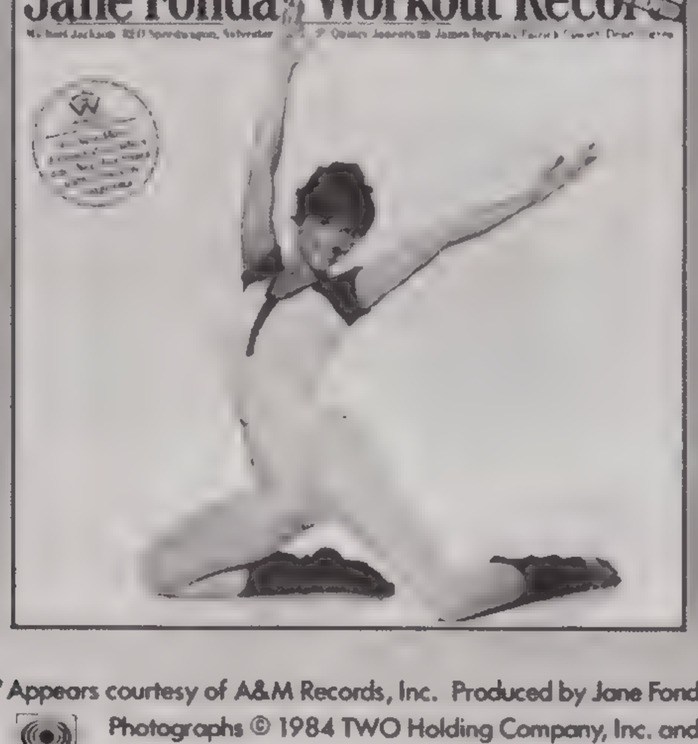

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SUSAN CHEEVER

(Continued from page 160)

and went out to parties. There were a lot of parties.

My father was drawn to strength; my mother is drawn to need and the sweetness of the needy. An injured animal, a waif, a person in trouble all elicit overwhelming concern from her. She has nursed countless animals back to health, feeding them with an eye-dropper, wrapping shivering bodies in soft covers; a blue jay, a squirrel, our own dogs all owed their lives to her. Later, when she became a teacher, it was the students who could not succeed in conventional ways who attracted her finest energies. My warmest memories of my mother are from when I was sick, or in pain, or in some kind of trouble.

My father, by the way, would have nothing to do with discussions of these kinds of emotions. He never spoke about feelings or allowed himself to speculate on the inner mechanics of the family. "I love you all equally," he would say, or "I adore your mother."

People remember my father's candor. "Although his manner was reticent, there was

He did not like to talk about emotions. He did talk, eloquently, about human behavior

nothing that John would not say about himself," Saul Bellow remembered in his eulogy at my father's funeral. In a way that was true. He would tell you exactly what he had done to this or that mistress in a room at the St. Regis or in a motel in Iowa, and he would tell you that *The New Yorker* paid him less than $1,000 for a story, and he would tell you that he took two Valiums and drank a pint of gin every day before noon. That was different though. He did not like to talk about how these things felt—he did not like to talk about emotions. He did talk, often eloquently, about human behavior. Are they really the same? I don't think so.

My father's intense concentration on what you can see and hear and smell and touch was at the core of his gift as a writer. He focused on the surface and the texture of life, not on the emotions and motives underneath. In creative-writing classes, teachers always say that it is important to "show" and not "tell." My father's work describes the way people live, and the way he lived. It never tells.

Life in New York City became more complicated when my brother Ben was born in 1948. The baby Ben had a series of traumatic operations to remove a mole on his eye. Then he burned his foot on the humidifier that had been set up to relieve my asthma. The asthma was getting *(Continued on page 167)*

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SUSAN CHEEVER

(Continued from page 162)

worse. I was promised a pet dog if I stopped sucking my thumb. When I did and the dog arrived, the asthma intensified. The pediatrician decreed that I was allergic to dogs, and the puppy was taken away. The asthma continued. I had mumps and then measles. At night, I woke up screaming from nightmares, terrible dreams in which the old yak from the Central Park Zoo appeared menacing and silent next to my bed.

While we lived in New York my father would sometimes take the train out to Westchester to visit Jack and Ginny Kahn, and they often drove up to Fahnstock together to ski, or across the river to the slopes at Belleayre. Jack—E.J. Kahn, Jr.—was a staff writer at *The New Yorker*, and the Kahns were close friends of my father's army friend Irwin Shaw, who was writing a novel about his and Jack's war experiences. The Kahns lived in a squat white house in Scarborough, New

"Talk to me," he said.

"About what?"

"Just talk"

York, which had been built as a workshop on Beechwood, the Frank A. Vanderlip estate. The house was small and close to the traffic on Route 9, but with it came the use of the estate with its great lawns and trees and even an elegant swimming pool.

In 1950, the Kahns decided to move—they built a contemporary house for themselves about a mile north on Scarborough Road—and the little white house at Beechwood was for rent. After the increasingly cramped rooms of our apartment, the house seemed quiet and spacious. There would be a room with windows where my father could work, a separate bedroom for me, gardens that my mother could transform into horticultural masterpieces, and lots of outdoors where healthy children could run and play. My parents were interviewed by the Vanderlip family members who owned the house and they decided to rent it; we moved there in the spring of 1951 after my second-grade year at Brearley, and I was enrolled in the Scarborough School, a small day school right on the Vanderlip estate.

During the ten years we lived in Scarborough, my father and I used to go visiting on weekend mornings. These visits to my parents' friends usually featured martinis and lots of laughter. I would sink into the sofa and bask in my inclusion in adult conversation. Sometimes I took a book along, or my guitar. Occasionally the grown-ups would politely ask me to play, and I would strum the major chords and warble songs of sudden death and careless love. After a few hours, we went home for lunch.

Once, when I was *(Continued on page 168)*

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SUSAN CHEEVER

(Continued from page 167)

about fourteen, as we were coming back across the Tappan Zee Bridge from a particularly jolly morning, I noticed that the car seemed to be stalling. As we approached the curving superstructure at the center of the bridge, the stalling seemed to get worse. I looked over at my father and saw that his foot was shaking against the accelerator. He was very pale.

"Talk to me," he said.

"About what?" I noticed that his hands were trembling too. The car bucked along, edging towards the guardrail at the side of the bridge.

"It doesn't matter, just talk."

"Well, I'm reading a novel that I like a lot," I said. We had passed under the superstructure by now and were on our way down the other side. The car veered back into the center of traffic and out again towards the guardrail.

"Go on," my father said.

"It's about a love affair. When he loves her she doesn't love him and when she loves him he doesn't love her. He writes her a lot of letters." I was reading *The Red and The Black*. Below us I could see the flat brown water of the Tappan Zee, and ahead of us the spires of Lyndhurst and Marymount College came into view. "He wins her back and then he doesn't want her, but she keeps on loving him anyway," I said. We had reached the tollbooth at the end of the bridge. My father's breathing relaxed and the car moved smoothly up the exit ramp. We stopped at the light and turned north up Route 9 toward home.

"It all came back—blue-sky courage . . . an ecstatic sereneness"

Years after that, my father wrote a story about his fear called "The Angel of the Bridge." "I felt that my terror of bridges was an expression of my clumsily concealed horror of what is becoming of the world," he wrote in the story. He was troubled by the unhappiness of his friends, appalled at the rows of new houses going up where meadows and trees had been, disgusted by the substitution of freeways for country roads and fast-food burgers for home cooking.

That was what he called "the dark side." But his worst depressions were often lightened by his vision of what life could be. "It all came back—blue-sky courage, the high spirits of lustiness, an ecstatic sereneness," he wrote in the story describing the way he felt after a harp-playing hitchhiker dispelled his fear by singing as they drove across the bridge. "I offered to take her wherever she wanted to go, but she shook her head and walked away, and I drove on . . . through a world that, having been restored to me, seemed marvelous and fair." ▽

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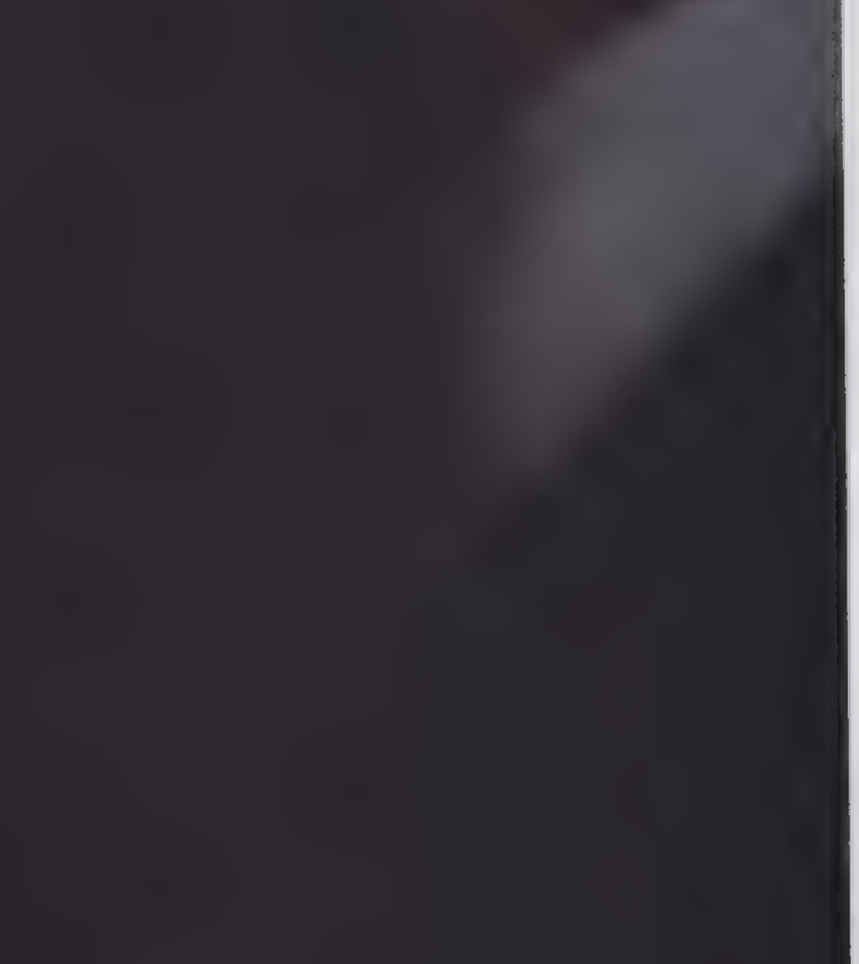

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Managing Your Money

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Gem wisdom—what to buy, when to sell... choicest C.D.s...taxes—scrutiny of the bounty

JEWELS—A FAIR APPRAISAL

More people buy fine jewelry for the pleasure of wearing it than for its investment possibilities, but if you follow a few rules, pleasure and profit can both be yours. From Fifth Avenue to Rodeo Drive, the undisputed best jewelry investment is a diamond, and the unanimous first choice is a round brilliant. But if you're buying with the hope of one day reselling for a profit, don't be in a hurry. The reason: You'll buy your stone at retail but sell it at wholesale. So the diamond bought for $1000 thirty years ago may now be worth almost $10,000, but a dealer may well offer only half that.

Now that gems cost so much, appraisals have become a critical step in any purchase. The appraisal should be done by someone other than the seller, and a solid credential to look for is the American Gem Society's "Certified Gemologist Appraiser." Appraisals typically cost $50 to $100 an hour.

Naturally, anyone about to part with $10,000 or more thinks first of heading for a discounter to get more baguettes for the buck. More often than not, though, the "wholesale" prices quoted turn out to be the same as retail prices at top-of-the-line stores.

Another common error: choosing a precious stone by size rather than quality. "For stones of one carat or less, size is the least important factor in determining value," says Laurie Hudson of the American Gem Society. "Cut, color, and clarity all count more."

If your wall safe is already full of the "classic" stones and you're looking for something new, you might consider garnets and pale spinels—stones that should have good investment potential, says William Underwood, a jeweler in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Laurie Hudson's list of best buys includes amethysts, tourmalines, off-round and slightly baroque pearls, and fresh-water pearls.

A free consumer kit on buying jewelry is available from the American Gem Society, Dept. V, 3460 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 914, Los Angeles CA 90010.

COLLECT NOW, COLLECT LATER

If last year you had bought a Rembrandt, or another Old Master painting, this year your treasure would probably be worth about 14.3 percent more, according to Salomon Brothers' latest annual survey of collectibles, commodities, and real estate. Among other collectibles, coins rose 7.4 percent, and U.S stamps fell 4 percent. Only coins and Old Masters beat out the Consumer Price Index (the most common measure of inflation) last year, which rose 4.6 percent.

What to buy this year? Probably not Old Masters, since the Salomon survey shows that the best performer of one year rarely does so well the next. Last year's star was silver (as a commodity, not in collectible forms). After soaring 109.5 percent, silver slipped 25.2 percent this year—placing last on Salomon's list.

John L. Marion, chairman of Sotheby's in North America, recommends antiquities (small Roman sculptures of first-rate quality can still be had for $5000 or less), Oriental rugs (selling for less than 75 percent of their value five years ago), and non-Impressionist nineteenth-century European paintings (their prices have not yet hit the Impressionist stratosphere).

As long as the U.S. dollar keeps its muscle, bargain-hunting collectors will gain an edge by buying abroad.

BEST OF TITHES, WORST . . .

New tax laws are usually good news/bad news affairs. The Deficit Reduction Act of 1984, alas, is mostly bad news. Those whose incomes seesaw from year to year will find it harder to qualify for income averaging. Anyone who files for the standard four-month extension of the April 15 tax-payment deadline will find this grace period no longer includes contributions to Individual Retirement Accounts (IRAs). A disappointment for women: defeat of the proposal to make non-working spouses eligible for a $2000 annual IRA contribution. The limit stays at $250, so a one-income couple still can put away only $2250 a year. Concerned about tax cheats, legislators mandated more scrutiny of the bounty. Participation in tax shelters deemed abusive will mean higher penalties. An independent appraiser must attest to the value of any non-monetary charitable contributions if the deduction claimed exceeds $5000. The brightest spot: six months instead of twelve for an investment to qualify for the long-term capital-gains tax rate (20 percent).

("Money" continued on page 182)

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MONEY

(Continued from page 178)

C.D.s—TERMS OF ENRICHMENT

Even the most casual reader of bank ads knows that all certificates of deposit are not created equal. But it takes a little digging to discover that "identical" interest rates can be more unequal still. Depending on how often the interest is compounded (or *whether* it's compounded), a five-year, 11 percent $5000 C.D. could actually yield anywhere from 9.16 percent to 11.8 percent. At maturity, its value could range from $7750 to $8732. The worst C.D.'s are often those with the most dazzling rates. They're a bad deal because they pay simple interest, which works like this: At 11 percent, a $5000 simple-interest C.D. pays interest of $550 every year, or $2750 over five years, says Joe Mintz, of NROCA Press, a retirement planning newsletter in Dallas. But with annual compounding a bank pays interest on your principal *and* on the interest you accumulate each year—$3425 on the same C.D. Quarterly, monthly, or daily compounding make money grow even faster.

A FINANCIAL PLANNER SCANNER

Although financial planners as a breed are no less ethical than other professionals, the newness of their discipline presents some unusual hazards to consumers. For starters, financial planners aren't licensed, as lawyers and CPAs are. Anyone can enter the field. Membership in either of the industry's two main groups, the International Association for Financial Planning or the Institute of Certified Financial Planners, is no guarantee of quality. But the absence of membership may signal a desire to avoid abiding by these groups' codes of ethics.

Knowing how a planner is paid will help you spot potential conflicts of interest. Some charge fees for giving advice but sell no financial products, others give free advice and make their money entirely on commissions, and most earn their livings by a combination of fees and commissions. An honest practitioner will write you a financial plan without obligating you to buy anything else.

Ethical planners are willing to tell you how much they stand to gain from the products they sell. Once you know that a planner will make 20 percent on one insurance policy but only 3 percent on another, sales pitches become easier to resist. It is neither illegal nor unethical for planners to profit from selling you a tax shelter, but they're supposed to disclose their financial interest in the deal.

Finally, good planners have strong working relationships with other financial professionals, from accountants and lawyers to insurance agents and stockbrokers. Find out as much as you can about their financial ties to these advisers. Ideally, there won't be any.

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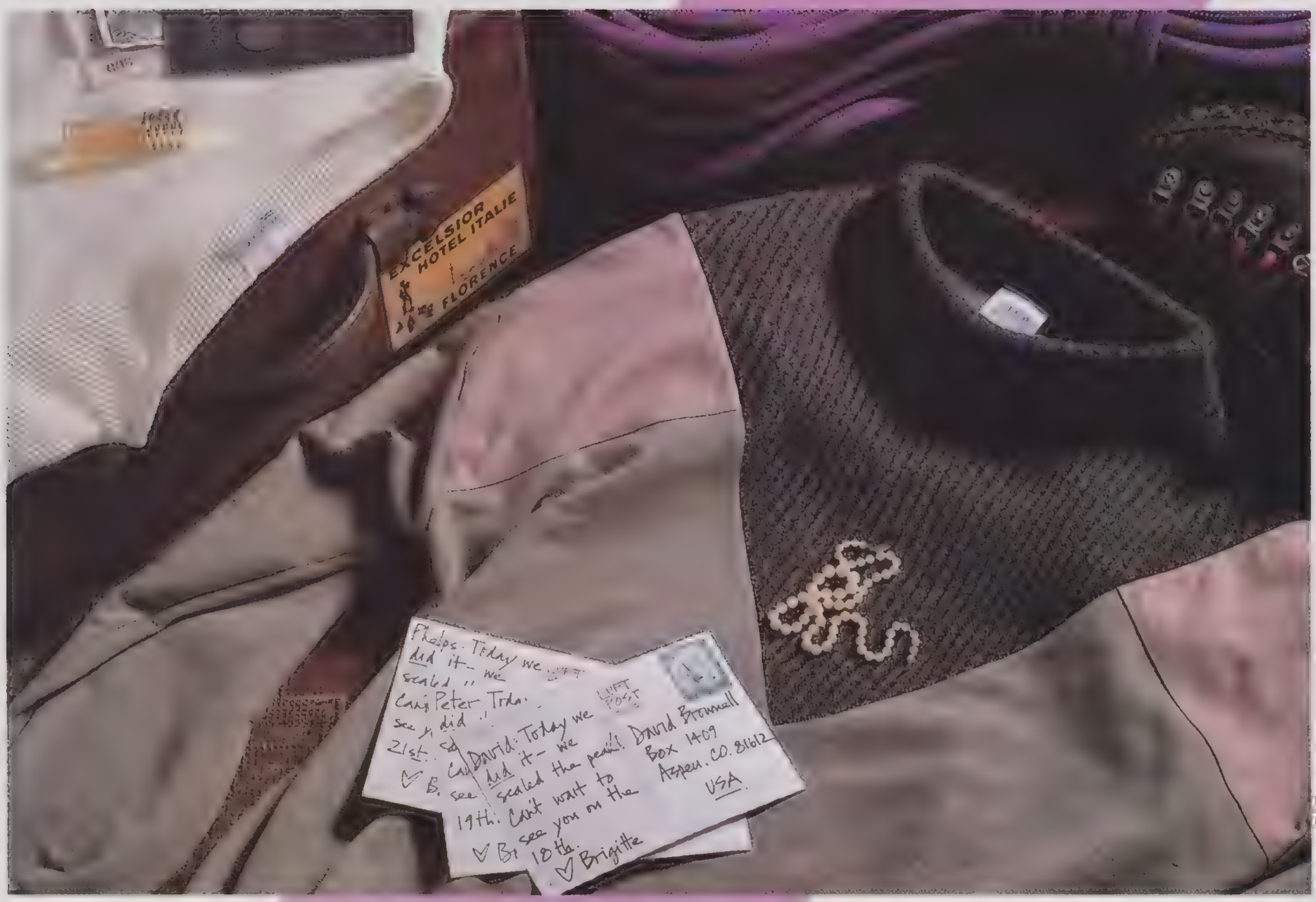

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a note of deference for all those fallen for the cause..."

Louis Féraud

There is a new wave of chic coming out of Paris and the man on the crest is Louis Féraud, who probably dresses more chic women than any other European designer.

Féraud loves fashion. He has a fearful respect for elegance. But *le chic* is what Louis Féraud is all about.

Chic, he points out, is something beyond fashion. Something other than elegance. Its cause is the concern of people well ahead in their own realms of endeavor. They're the people wary of making themselves the media for someone's fashion "statements," but at all the right places—whether the Brasserie Lipp or The Four Seasons—they get the right kind of notice.

Like everything else that is sensually important—like love—chic is hard to put into words, even for Féraud, who has two published novels to his credit as well as his $300 million-a-year designing business. "Fashion is a movement of the crowd," says Féraud, "Chic is a rapid stroke of reasoning by the eye...or a blow on the head."

Nuance, paradoxically, is what detonates that burst of admiration. Chic involves a harmony of details plus bold imagination...and nuance is the catalyst. All these and also comfort are the elements of Féraud's style, a style whose great guide has been the desires of chic women themselves. At the high end of the clothing world Louis Féraud is the bestselling luxury designer. His sales at the world's most select stores and boutiques add up to more than a million major items a year, mostly to women who buy several of his suits and dresses at a time—and not counting his successful menswear line.

chic

Féraud began his career with a boutique in Cannes which rapidly blossomed into a dozen shops on the French Riviera. From there it was a rapid step to Paris' fabulous rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. In his living room above his sales and work rooms on the Faubourg, Féraud can look across the street into the courtyard of the Elysée Palace, once the mansion of Madame de Pompadour and now the residence of the President of France. The proximity of such grandeur, though, hasn't altered the uncomplicated nature of a man born in the sunny city of Arles, with the Southern Frenchman's love of color, spice and earthy directness as his heritage.

Féraud's looks—a mixture of rough strength and sensitivity—recall Brando. He receives in the shirtsleeves he works in. During a break from preparing a collection, Féraud does paintings in a studio of his apartment and sometimes a member of his entourage will pick up a brush and start her own canvas. Féraud's entourage is no coterie but more like a family, one that includes his first wife, Alice, an important element in the design studio.

(Continued next page)

chic

"Louis Féraud loves Women" has been a slogan of the house, and Féraud makes clear that he considers women one of Nature's great achievements. But his love is sometimes complicated by a certain awe.

"An excessively elegant woman is fearsome," he explains. "Elegance to a studied height presupposes a coldly compartmentalized mind. A woman like that lives for her image and off her image.

"I sometimes dress that sort of woman out of perversity. If I can render a woman fearsome, I feel fearsome myself. That changes me a little. But mixing cold elegance and humor isn't easy, and humor, which means letting go a little, is part of chic."

"Seduction in a woman," Féraud continues, "is first of all a matter of mystery, and of a certain remove she appears to have in the face of anything that can happen to her." The tone Féraud sets as a designer is lively—he designs his own bright prints made exclusively for him in France—and is also active: women love the comfort of his suits for their career life. "You can't think right in stiff clothing," he says, "in that sense I'm anti-military." But, like Chanel, whom he deeply admired, Féraud feels the test of a designer is whether his clothes are truly seductive, and his main task is "to render the body more magnificent while keeping the mystery.

"Because modesty can detonate more emotion than arrogance."

"Seduction in a woman is first of all a matter of mystery, and of a certain remove she appears to have in the face of anything that can happen to her."

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Translated from Revillon's company correspondence in 1958.

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While there's life, can we still hope?

WOMEN'S SPECIAL ROLE IN THE STRUGGLE TO IMAGINE A HUMAN FUTURE

BY ROBERT JAY LIFTON

In human existence, we are now beginning to realize, has been radically altered by nuclear weapons. The threat they pose has become the context for our lives, a shadow that persistently intrudes upon our mental landscape. It is true that none of our actions, problems, or symptoms is caused by nuclear weapons alone. But it is also true that nothing we do or feel—in working, playing, and loving, and in our public, private, and family lives—is free of their influence. While we would hardly expect the influence to be a salutory one, we have been slow to come to terms with how malignant it is. The presence of these devices that can destroy the world creates staggering new problems for us, and at the same time distorts our thinking and blunts our feeling about precisely these problems. At the heart of the matter, then, is the way in which the bomb impairs our capacity to confront the bomb.

Imagery of human extinction is probably as old as human existence itself, as suggested by the Biblical image of Armageddon. But that Biblical image occurs within a structure of meaning: a punishment for human evil, and some kind of renewal in the form of "the kingdom of God." What is new about the present image is the idea of exterminating ourselves, possibly even as a species, by means of our own technology, by our own hand. And that creates a whole array of additional psychological associations, including dimensions of shame, guilt, and hopelessness.

These issues have begun to be explored in regard to people in general, and there has been some special attention concerning the effects on children. Little, however, has been said specifically about women. It is important to explore these effects on women and the ways in which they reflect particular elements of female existence.

In order to consider this, we need to look at imagery of extinction in a way that takes into account our larger human connections. In my work, I stress ways in which we symbolize the continuity of life in the face of death. I stress our need for psychological ties with those who have gone on before and those who will go on after what we know to be our limited life span.

The sense of immortality can be expressed in five general modes. The first is the biological mode, our sense of living on in our children and their children, an endless biological chain of being. A second expression is achieved through our "works," small or large, and in our influence upon others. Third is the theological mode, that of spiritual attainment in association with one of the world's great religions. Fourth is the sense of immortality by means of our ties to eternal nature, which all societies symbolize in some way. The fifth mode depends upon a direct experience of transcendence, the psychic state that Freud called the "oceanic feeling," one so intense that time and death disappear.

Perhaps the most fundamental impact of nuclear weapons on us, even without their use, is the threat they pose to the great chain of being, the doubt about our still being links in that chain. Who among us can be certain that with these weapons in the world we can live on in our children and their children? We are in doubt about the future of *any* social unit—our family, geographic or ethnic group, people or nation. The idea of any human future becomes a matter of profound doubt. In that image, we—or perhaps our children—are the last human beings. There is no one after us, no one to whom we can leave anything.

"Nothing we do or feel—in working, playing, and loving, and in our public, private, and family lives—is free of nuclear influence"

The fact is that we do not yet know how to evaluate the psychological consequences of this extraordinary image of biological extinction. But we must assume that every relationship along the great chain of being is in some degree affected. This specifically includes generational relationships, already existing and imagined, between parents and children and grandparents and grandchildren. But it also includes relationships between husbands and wives, lovers and friends. Consider the radical new situation between parent and child. Undermined now in that relationship is the fundamental parental responsibility—that of family "security," seeing the child safely into some form of functional adulthood. The parent must now doubt his or her capability of doing just that. And the child must also sense, early on, the parental doubt and associate it with the overall inability of the adult world to guarantee the safety of children.

The marital relationship itself may well be threatened in another way. The long-term, indeed virtually permanent, commitment traditionally associated with marriage becomes much harder to make in the face of uncertain biological continuity. The permanence of any relationship is thrown into question, and even more so the central function of marriage of providing a reliable institution for the rearing of children. As a result, there could be greater reluctance to marry, increasing ambivalence among married people about the institution and what one gives up in its name, or an increasing need to maintain love relationships outside of marriage.

Women, I believe, tend to feel the threat of loss within this mode very directly. They experience a profound threat to their childbearing function—either in the direct organic way, or in its value and desirability. The same is true of the often Herculean contributions women make to maintaining families, to keeping family life going. Doubts are cast over the value of these efforts, and of those aspects of women's identity associated with families.

As a result, their decisions about family and future may become excruciating. Some women may be very eager to have children, seeking a sense of affirmation, however uneasy it may be. Others may have the opposite reaction, postponing or rejecting childbearing because of anxiety, doubt or even feelings of futility. This added tension in regard to childbearing places greater pressure on the second mode—that of works—as a potential for fulfillment for women.

But our sense of immortality through works has become more and more dubious as our imagery of nuclear holocaust throws into question the enduring nature of every human enterprise, making us doubt that anything we do or make will last. Those doubts can surround one's writing, teaching, or general human influences, great or humble. These doubts about permanence and meaning are bound to have general repercussions upon work and working. Threatened as we are by the destruction of the entire edifice of human culture, each building block we contribute comes under question.

And those doubts intensify more traditional existential distress about the ephemeral nature of our work. Again, reactions can take seemingly opposite forms. One can become evermore frenetic a worker—a "workaholic"—as a means of *(Continued on page 215)*

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NUCLEAR THREAT

(Continued from page 210)

compensating for profound inner doubts about its meaning. Or those same doubts may cause one to slack off, to lose motivation for working. For women, these conflicts are compounded by a history of exclusion and discrimination in work areas. Any new impairment to motivation can, at least for some, increase the sense of discouragement to a point of no return. And even in the case of those who insist upon mobilizing their creative energies, work may take on an air of desperation. Economic necessity has great influence on decisions made. But with women so firmly established in the work force, they share more than ever all questions about the meaning of work, questions now clouded by nuclear threat.

Nuclear impact on the theological mode of immortality is undoubtedly profound and many-sided. The overall problem lies in the paradox, and perhaps contradiction, in promising spiritual continuity beyond individual

"Greater reluctance to marry . . . or an increasing need for love relationships outside of marriage"

death in an imagined world with none (or virtually none) among the biologically living. The general principle may well be that as death imagery comes to take the shape of total annihilation or extinction, religious symbolism and the idea of release from profane life to existence on a higher plane becomes both more sought after and more inadequate. For religion, then, nuclear weapons have created a crisis within a crisis. Religious symbolization has never recovered from the early impact of science and technology. Today, these weapons raise profound doubts about the spiritualized symbolization of immortality at the heart of religious practice.

This threat is felt by both men and women, but reflects the different roles they have traditionally played within religious life. While, for the most part, theologians have been men, women are often the bearers of religious custom and practice, and therefore of religious continuity.

Nature as the ultimate life source takes on special significance in the nuclear age. Among all animals, only humans remove themselves from nature in the way they live. But we draw upon nature for not only material needs but for fundamental psychological needs. We sense ourselves to be poisoning the source of our most profound imagery of vitality and rebirth, the mode of immortality which, so to speak, *(Continued on page 216)*

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Burdines

NUCLEAR THREAT

(Continued from page 215)

"houses" all of the others. The ideal of harmony gives way to what is surely the most painfully convoluted relationship to nature in human experience: our extraordinary new grasp of nature has led to the creation of atomic weapons. These weapons, along with other advanced industrial products and processes, threaten to poison nature absolutely and irrevocably.

Women, because of their capacity to create life, have always had a special symbolic relationship to nature. Woman is, in fact, perceived *as nature,* and many cultures have their own equivalent for our "mother earth" or "mother nature." Destruction of nature is, in our imagery, closely tied to destruction of women and the sources of human life. There is an old Irish toast that goes: "Good health to the men and may the women live forever."

There is added weight placed upon the fifth remaining mode of symbolic immortality, that of experiential transcendence. For, as a state of mind per se, even if everything else fails, one can still seek exquisitely intense feelings. When one achieves ecstasy or rapture, the restrictions of the senses no longer exist. Poetically and religiously, this has been described as "losing oneself."

This kind of experience can occur not only in mysticism and meditation, but also in song, dance, battle, sexual love, childbirth, athletic effort, or in contemplating works of artistic or intellectual creation. Today, we find a tremendous cultural hunger for such "high states" (including those induced by drugs) because there is a tendency to seek this mode with special intensity when, during times of crisis, the other modes are threatened. And this is especially true when the threat is so extreme.

Distinctions between exploratory quest for greater awareness and compulsive search for perpetual "highs" are important, since these quests have varying creative and intellectual merit. They have in common an experience of transcendence as an *alternative* to extinction.

The more genuine aspects of the "sexual revolution" associated with this quest have promoted greater freedom and awareness. This has been of value to both men and women, but perhaps even more so to women. Traditionally, women have been victims of the double standard that limited a kind of experimentation that is now more accessible. It is quite likely that the nuclear threat has intensified these aspects of the sexual revolution and also rendered them all the more desperate as a vehicle for transcendence.

People frequently ask me whether I think a nuclear war can be averted. My answer is always that the issue is undecided. It depends on what human beings do. At the heart of the matter is our struggle for awareness—awareness which involves the full work and play of our imagination. It means imagining danger that is real, but also imagining possibilities beyond that danger, *(Continued on page 227)*

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NUCLEAR THREAT

(Continued from page 216)

forms of thought and action beyond immediate assumptions.

Human beings are persistent symbolizers, which is a source of special possibility. It means we constantly create and re-create images and meanings and press toward new or modified interpretations of the world. We have reached the point of at least *fragmentary awareness*, based mainly upon increasing consciousness of the possibility of extinction.

Why has this beginning awareness taken so long? Why has it taken more than thirty-five years since the appearance of these weapons in the world for us to begin to develop a widely shared awareness of their danger, and of possibilities for doing something about them? Perhaps the answer has to do with the mind's eventual rebellion against distorting processes to which it has been subjected. As the weapons systems have proliferated and people sense that we are quickly approaching a "doomsday machine," our numbing and illusory mental structures no longer suffice to keep out the fearful truth.

Women have played a central role in the struggle to maintain and insist upon hope and imagine a human future. As Margaret Mead has written, "It has been women's task throughout history to go on believing in life, when there is almost no hope." Some women express their fear of a nuclear end more viscerally, more organically, than do men. Of course, many men feel it as well, and sometimes quite viscerally, but perhaps somewhat more amorphously, sometimes more detachedly. These differences, I think, may be related to male and female psychological styles, and here, as in all spheres of life, we very much need each other.

Within the anti-nuclear movement, many women—Helen Caldicott, Betty Bumpers, and Petra Kelly of the Green Party in Germany (and presently a member of German Parliament) to name a few—have been prominent in struggles for peace and against the arms race. Opinion polls have shown that women have given much thought to these issues and hold sensitive and strong opinions in these areas. They have been more critical of scenarios of nuclear war which are, for the most part, projected by men and which leave out human beings.

Of course, I am not suggesting that women are incapable of projecting such nuclear scenarios—it depends upon one's particular entrapment, and I think that anyone of either sex in certain government positions is more prone to becoming entrapped by the relationship. Still, in general, I feel it is more a male tendency (at least there is a psychological tendency that is greater in males), that has to do with a male version of technology. And there are indeed male elements in our entire nuclear-arms race, particularly the embrace and worship of weapons. This is a form of what I call "disembodied male play," play without persons, without bodies—like a chess game—just technological calculations. I think men are much more prone to that form of disembodied play than are women.

Women, then, have a very important task before them. They are crucial in the transformation that is before us now—extracting ourselves from nuclearism—because there is a fundamental female disbelief in this kind of worship of technology. Again, this does not mean that women are incapable of such worship, but there is a more basic skepticism they bring to it. There are certain qualities which I think have been developed more acutely in women that have to do with being grounded directly in bodies, in the person, in the being, that are an antidote to technism.

In recent work I have been trying to develop some ideas about the embodied self—the need we all have in becoming healthy human beings—a self that includes body and person. And unfortunately in most of the nuclear-weapons dialogue, or pseudo-dialogue, bodies and persons are absent. Of course, there is a lot of female anger at this, and who can say that it is not justified?

Perhaps some of this anger—and not only female anger, all of our anger—can be transformed into more nurturing and embodied modes of imagination, the kind that we require to renounce nuclear war.

If we address these problems seriously with reasoned thought and appropriate passion, we find ourselves recovering certain qualities we had very nearly lost. For while confronting massive death is obviously grim, we find ourselves more in touch with what we care about in life—with love, sensuality, creative realization, and the capacity for life projects that have meaning and satisfaction for us. We find ourselves in no way on a "death trip," but rather responding to a call for personal and professional actions and commitments on behalf of that wondrous and fragile entity we know as human life.

"People frequently ask me whether I think a nuclear war can be averted. My answer is always that the issue is undecided. It depends on what human beings do"

Robert Jay Lifton, M.D., *is professor of psychiatry at Yale University and author of several books including, with Richard Falk, "Indefensible Weapons" (Basic Books).*

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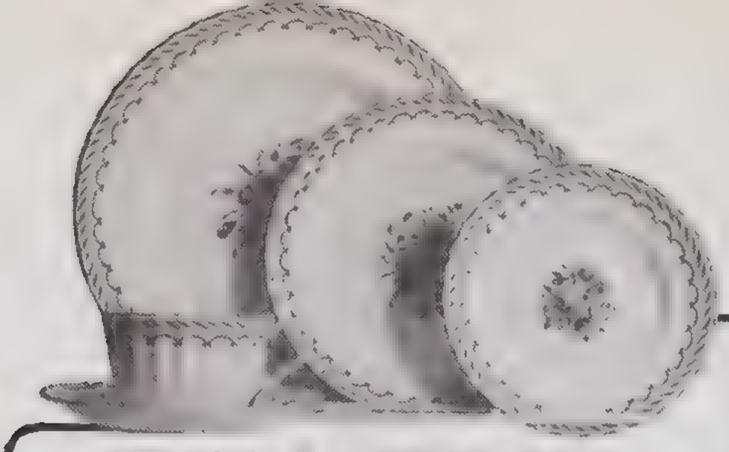

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Horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner

TIM SHEAFFER

October Outlook

Nobody wastes energy while Mars is in no-nonsense Capricorn—"perseverence furthers," as the *I Ching* says. The moon is full in aggressive Aries on the 9th. Communications are a bit vague until Mercury crosses into intellectually demanding Scorpio on the 17th. A strong sexual undercurrent prevails until the 19th while Venus is still in Scorpio. And the Libran quest for harmony ends on the 22nd when the Scorpio sun insists *you* take control. By the new moon on the 24th, all the planetary forces converge in Scorpio, Sagittarius, and Capricorn, so individual interests become more intense.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 Now that the weight of responsibility has lifted, you're free to ride the very merry-go-round of flirtation and superficial pleasure-seeking: those light delights can turn into your art form on the 7th and relieve a tedious financial problem. Any money-making proposition must wait until the 29th, when charming Venus combines with inventive Uranus to magnify your appeal. This is the time to ask for favors, no matter how outrageous they may sound.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 Even if you're certain that all the details have been worked out, wait until the 12th before officially committing yourself to the latest financial venture. Profit will come from patience, your ability to sit through the highs and lows of everyone else's enthusiasm. Artistic types will relish the attention their talent garners the week of the 7th. Make dramatic use of your personal power on the 24th to insure your intentions are properly understood.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21 Fun comes from friends and associates whose good intentions keep you hopping non-stop from the 3rd to the 13th—by then you'll be somewhat richer, semi-famous, and simply famished for time alone. Spend any money coming your way to improve your health and personal appearance. And on Halloween, the new look that goes on show won't be just a clever make-up trick but a revitalized, glowing inner you.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19 That bitch goddess Success demands total devotion and energy—this month, thankfully, you'll have plenty of both. The only distractions success will tolerate are social occasions which will enhance your reputation, so don't pass up any special events, particularly those planned for the 7th or the 28th. Just by staying true to your (and her) cause, you'll have things going the way you want—and will also have the time for less professional diversions.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 Opportunities to show that you've inherited the magic touch of Midas appear all month long as your successful management of someone else's money during the first week remarkably improves relations with the corporate elite. Friends can't do enough to get your advice the weekend of the 13th, and by the 29th, you're reveling in your reputation as a professional seer. At the moment, all that's missing is an engaging personal life.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 During the first week of the month, there will be a conflict between your old, familiar fantasies of success and an expanded awareness of what's really going on. Facing the facts will determine whether your talents are receiving the recognition they deserve. The incentive to turn the most mundane of efforts into an effective enterprise will be there around the 13th. Support from an unexpected source comes by the 30th. *(Continued on page 232)*

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 230)

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19 Doubts about what you're getting yourself into persist only until the 6th; then you become confident that your perceptions are accurate and your methods correct. Take advantage of generous offers during the Aries full moon on the 9th. By the 13th you can accomplish what you once thought was impossible. While partners are supportive, all of the credit for this success still belongs to you.

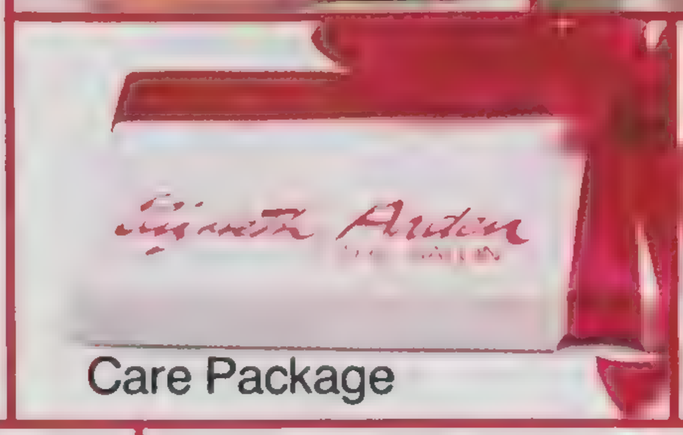
Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20 The artful use of your charms finally brings recognition for the groundwork you laid in August; keep working on the flashing smile, and you can easily slip through the barriers that seem to have limited your creativity. After the 19th, a more adventurous attitude about romance leads to an extraordinary encounter around the 29th: the soul-mate you seek may be hiding behind a Halloween mask.

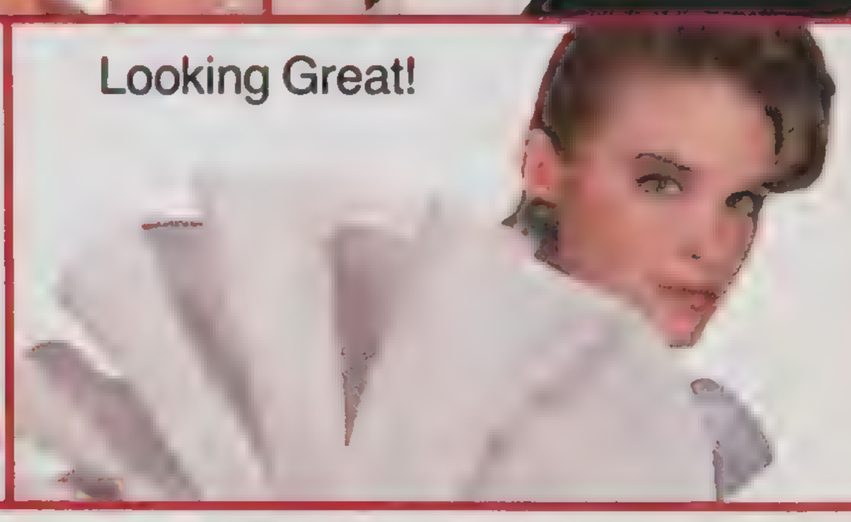
Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21 There's a lot of baby talk being bandied about during the first three weeks. While some Geminis are eagerly relating the highlights of their childhoods to their new romantic interests, others are preoccupied with the prospect of having children of their own so that life will seem more solid, more real. Although your own speculation ends when Scorpio begins and work demands your full attention, these feelings linger.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22 Since your vulnerability is so much a part of your appeal, why not use it now to guide people and events to serve your own ends? A more calculated approach will keep your emotionalism in check and make it easier to either warm up or chuck a tepid romance on the 7th, push through a project at work on the 13th, deal with family and real estate matters on the 24th, and graciously accept an unusual social invitation on the 29th.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22 Before the moon is full, your fiery good looks will have attracted the sympathetic ear you think you crave. Unfortunately, your passion for this person peaks in a week, and then you're stuck with yet another fan. A short trip around the 22nd should help you integrate the experience so that it continues to benefit you both, and be especially diligent about the details of money matters on the 10th—so that you can afford to play the rest of the month.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 It's a month for getting back to basics, re-evaluating the worth of your possessions and sorting through new ways to expand your effectiveness. After the 3rd, there's no anxiety aimed your way, just a steady stream of opportunities you can flow with. You're most persuasive on the 10th and 18th, and so on target during the last week that you can afford to let your social life slide: "significant others" will want to pick up any possible slack.





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BEAUTY NOW

changing

...constantly improving makeup/skin/hair: a black woman's point of view

New—and enchanting—face on the modeling scene, *right:* Mariama, twenty-three, Nigerois/French. She first cut her hair, which at the launch of her career was long and full, for an advertisement. Recently, stylist Louis Alonzo, of Nubest & Co., cut it again, even shorter—"tight" on the sides and shaped into a V in front. "What makes black hair look modern today," says Louis, "is to wear as little hair as the face can carry." Finishing touch: lanolin, rubbed on the palms and run through hair to shine it.

Design savvy: for black women, a new line of eyeglasses designed with a wider bridge for a better fit, greater comfort. From Avant-Garde Optics.

MAKEUP DIFFERENCES

Byron Barnes, a young black makeup artist, has developed a thoughtful new makeup line for black women, Byron Barnes Collectibles, that includes, for example, a concealer stick in a hard-to-find dark shade. "And, because I found that many women who could benefit most from maximum coverage had oily skin prone to breakouts, I formulated a cream foundation with less oil. A woman can use it on discolored areas and liquid base on problem-free areas. Because both are exactly the same shade, you get no differentiation in color between the two different consistencies.

"Black women tend to have much curlier eyelashes than the general market, so my mascara has a thinner consistency to keep lashes from clumping."

HAIR IDEAS

Hair extensions: *Now, so a woman can puff and spike her hair without cutting it. Also new this fall from André Douglas, a wig that's "a brim without a crown, so that your hair becomes the crown, giving a whole new flexibility in length."* ***Newest:*** *Wigs—just like hair in the most innovative salons—with "sectioning," i.e., areas of curl on otherwise straight hair.* ***Always:*** *"Hair that is touchable."*

skin upkeep

Because black skin looks healthy to the eye, women often aren't aware of their skin problems; they just aren't easy to see, according to one facialist, who recommends a facial every month to six weeks—"because skin sloughs off every twenty-eight days or so. I find that my clients who have regular facials don't have problem skin."

—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

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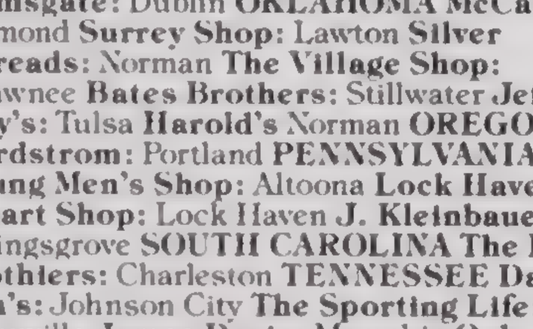

Q A Menstrual pain... active women's contraceptives, skin needs

Because more and more women are exercising, this year's meeting of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists included a seminar which focused on the special medical needs of physically active women and which was co-sponsored by The University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey at Rutgers Medical School, and Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation. The following questions and answers touch on some of the highlights of that conference.

Q Should the fact that a woman is physically active influence her choice of contraceptive? Does amenorrhea (nonmenstruation) affect her choice? Or does it indicate that a woman is no longer ovulating and therefore needn't use contraception?

A To date, there are no data that show any contraceptive method to be specifically preferable for the female athlete. John C. Jarrett II, M.D., assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology, Indiana University Medical Center, suggested that an active woman weigh three factors in making her choice: safety, effectiveness, and suitability.

In safety and effectiveness, oral and barrier methods (diaphragm and condom) are the best choices—"a conclusion drawn from studies of women runners between ages thirty and thirty-four," reported Dr. Jarrett. "But Pill safety applies to nonsmokers only. Obviously, the safety factor changes dramatically for women who smoke and take birth-control pills." Diaphragm effectiveness depends not only on its being used with contraceptive cream or jelly, but also on its being "locked" behind the pubic bone; if it is, it should be almost as reliable as the Pill. Neither aerobic activity nor water sports have been shown to jolt it out of place. And there is no evidence at present to indicate that swimming or other water sports reduces the efficacy of spermicides.

Suitability is the decisive factor. Although the largest number of American women under thirty-five years of age prefer oral contraceptives, the diaphragm is the method of choice for today's female athlete. Dr. Jarrett attributes its popularity to life style rather than to medical considerations. "Physically active women are very concerned about having control over their general state of well-being," he observed. "And the diaphragm is more suitable to this attitude."

The only caveat applies to the physically active woman who is experiencing amenorrhea. According to Dr. Jarrett, the menstrual cycle may be interrupted for a variety of reasons. Most commonly, a woman may have a history of irregular periods often due to rigorous training in early adolescence, which could interfere with hormonal development. Or the problem may lie in a woman's approach to fitness. "There have been studies which show that women who associate stress with their exercise patterns have a higher incidence of amenorrhea than those who exercise for pleasure," he said. (For more on the stress/exercise connection, see pages 616-621.)

In its most chronic form, athletic amenorrhea may be the result of weight loss. Research shows that a woman needs 22 percent body fat in order to maintain her menstrual cycle. As that percentage decreases, the amount of body water increases, ovulation ceases, and osteoporosis can set in.

"In order to regulate her cycle and prevent bone loss, estrogen replacement is usually necessary for a woman with chronic amenorrhea," Dr. Jarrett stressed. "By taking oral contraceptives, she will automatically get back on track. But if she opts for using any of the barrier methods, her doctor will probably suggest estrogen replacement."

One caution: A woman who is experiencing amenorrhea may continue to ovulate. Using birth control, even though menstruation has ceased, is essential for a woman who wants to avoid conception.

Q I'm confused. Does exercise relieve menstrual discomfort? I've read that it does. . .and doesn't.

A "Prior to the development of effective medical treatment for menstrual cramps, exercise was touted as a cure because there wasn't anything else that could be done," said Kathryn Schrotenboer, M.D., clinical instructor of obstetrics and gynecology, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, New York City. "Although exercise helps *some* women, it is by no means a universal cure. Studies seem to indicate that, in most cases, exercise has either no effect or a mild effect on diminishing menstrual discomfort."

Dr. Schrotenboer explained that cramps are caused by prostaglandins—derived from polyunsaturated fatty acids that are present in almost every cell of the body. Although how prostaglandins work is not yet fully understood, it is known that they are produced in the uterine lining and that they cause smooth muscle to contract.

There are a *(Continued on page 238)*

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FITNESS Q&A

(Continued from page 236)

variety of treatments to help relieve menstrual cramps that a woman can choose from, after first discussing it with her doctor: Aspirin or acetaminophen (an analgesic) are the most common over-the-counter remedies. As for prescription remedies, Dr. Schrotenboer named ibuprofen (recently approved by the FDA for sale over-the-counter at 200 mg strength), mefenamic acid, and naproxen. She added, "Another option is the Pill. Oral contraceptives are known to reduce cramps markedly in many cases."

Whether exercise really alleviates menstrual cramps and, if so, how have generated theories ranging from exercising as a distraction from pelvic pain to exercising as a way to trigger the flow of endorphins, the body's natural painkiller. "It also could be that the strain of working out on a regular basis helps to improve pain tolerance in general," she concluded.

Q Does the physically active woman have special dermatological needs?

A While physically fit women benefit from exercise, most of the improvements occur *beneath* the skin. Muscles become toned and strong; increased blood flow creates a "glow," giving skin the *appearance* of improvement. In fact, though, skin suffers the brunt of exposure to the elements.

"A tip I give all my patients who participate in outdoor sports—particularly skiers—is never to wash their faces before going outside," said Rodney S.W. Basler, M.D., president, American Dermatologic Health Association. "Normal body oils have a protective effect on the face and neck skin, which is exposed to cold and wind in winter or hot sun in summer. It is advisable to cream the face before going out to exercise with petroleum jelly in winter or to use a good moisturizer with sunscreen in warmer weather. Skiers must continue using sunscreen protection in winter, too."

To avoid other common skin problems, Dr. Basler also advised showering and drying off well after a workout—especially after swimming. Chlorine is a very irritating chemical. Too much time spent in a wet bathing suit often leads to what Dr. Basler called "bikini bottom": an irritation easily treated with a topical antibiotic solution, more easily avoided by not staying in a damp bathing suit more than a few hours.

The same principle applies to wearing leotards after exercise: the friction from and heat trapped in a leotard after an hour of calisthenics may create a variety of skin problems from superficial irritation or skin rash to a common condition clinically known as acne mechanica, caused by a combination of rubbing and perspiration.

"Women who carry golf bags may also develop acne mechanica," Dr. Basler said. "They can solve that problem by simply getting a cart. As for the leotard reaction, if she perspires a great deal, I recommend a woman wear a cotton T-shirt underneath a leotard as a protective measure." ▽

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new thinking

...on "transitional" makeup... fragrance pleasures...men's skin care

The day-into-evening face

Where some of the most appealing ideas in makeup begin now: in the photography studio, where top makeup artists "play with" the season's new colors on a model's face. A notion many of them are working with for fall—and that you'll see later in this issue: that of thinking of makeup as a color progression, beginning with an almost-bare face in the morning, adding subtle touches of color as the day goes on. Here, what three of the "hot" makeup artists are saying...

● Rick Gillette: "I call this concept beauty timing. It begins—as all use of color does now—with top-notch skin care. Skin that is in the best shape 'takes' color faster, with less preparation. A woman with smooth skin can begin her day wearing no more makeup than a sheer tinted moisturizer buffed with translucent loose powder plus a touch of moisturizer on lips. If you want a bit more impact for lunch, you can work in a bit of russet powder shadow, or a deep bronze or brick-toned blusher, around the eye; add a matte stain on your mouth. At night, if there's no time to start over, all that needs to be added is a touch of foundation on the high points of the face, blended out until it's sheer, plus a bit of colored mascara."

● Linda Cantello: "For evening, I love a matte, neutral face with just a smudge of pale chartreuse, mint, or lilac shadow on eyelids. For a finishing touch, I brush transluscent powder all over the face, using a big, fluffy brush." (*Note:* Clinique's Powdered Light Transparent Buffer adds light without sheen.) ● Lydia Snyder: "I like the look of more eyes at night, of lining upper and lower lids in charcoal or brown using a soft eye brush, then blending in a lighter, complementary shadow—dove grey over charcoal, mustard over brown—for a blurry, not hard-edged look. My favorite mouth color, day or night, is beige lipstick blended with a touch of grey or lime green in the palm of the hand, applied with a lip brush for a satiny, not flat, finish. The most modern makeup depends more on a woman's mood, on her clothes, than on the time of day."

Essential to the soft finish of makeup now: the proper blending tools. What experts recommend: thin, flexible sponges, blunt-edged—not tapered—brushes, or, easiest of all, a woman's fingertips.

FRAGRANCE: THE ULTIMATE ACCESSORY

While perfume may have had its origins as an intriguing attractant, today fragrance is something a woman buys very much for herself—for the "lift" it gives, the personal statement it makes. "Even a woman who wears clothes inspired by a man's does not forget that she is a woman. She expresses her confidence, her image not through ruffles and lace but in the energy of her walk... the distinctiveness of her fragrance," says GianFranco Ferre, known for the architectural sleekness of his fashion designs. His new fragrance—a beguilingly light but long-lasting blend of lily-of-the-valley, tuberose, Zanzibar carnation—is, says Ferre, "for women who understand the modern attractiveness of being feminine but strong"....

Paris has long been a key perfume source, but not until this year has the character of the city itself been credited with inspiring so many fragrances. First—and spectacularly—came "Paris" by Yves Saint Laurent. Now French designer Louis Féraud has expressed "the color, the energy" of his home city in a spicy floral fragrance for Avon called "Vivage," while Houbigant's "Lutèce"—a heady melange of Rose de Mai, peony, mandarin—is named for the ancient Roman settlement on the same site.

FITNESS FANS

THESE DAYS, EXERCISE INSTRUCTORS ARE DEVELOPING THEIR OWN "GROUPIES" WHOSE LOYALTY IS REFLECTED IN INCREASING SLIMNESS AND STRENGTH. A NAME OFTEN HEARD AMONG AVID EXERCISERS IN NYC: HIGH VOLTAGE. HER CLASSES AT THE VERTICAL CLUB (AND, FOR A SELECT FEW, ELAINE KAUFMAN OF ELAINE'S AMONG THEM—IN CLIENTS' HOMES) ARE KNOWN FOR AN ENERGY LEVEL AND ENTHUSIASM SAID TO BE HARD TO BEAT.

THE MEN'S BOOM

For years, women have been buying grooming supplies for men as gifts. Now, it seems, men are beginning to spend more money on—and express more interest in—skin care for themselves. The total men's grooming market accounted for over $1 billion in 1983, more than a 10 percent increase over the previous year according to one recent survey. Part of the reason: the introduction of products that are more than cosmetic, that offer men easy, effective skin care that is meant for a fast-paced life.

Take shaving creams, for example. The newest not only make for a closer shave but contain ingredients meant to soothe and protect skin as well. Oscar de la Renta Pour Lui Crème Shave Vitale is soapless, moisture- and protein-rich; Aramis Shave-Plexx contains benzocaine to decrease skin sensitivity, allantoin to aid healing of razor-irritated skin. Post-shave options provide more than fragrance. The After Shave Soother in the new Paco Rabanne Skin Maintenance line, for one, is formulated with collagen plus a sunscreen.

Men's fragrances, too, are reflecting an increasing focus on travel, on ease. Armani Man—a contrast of sweet orange, bergamot, lime—comes in a concentrated eau de toilette spray and quick-drying antiperspirant; the new Lacoste collection features long-lasting after-shave, eau de toilette, bar and liquid soaps.

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Between Us

Candidates: how to listen...party tip...one hundredths

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS...

"I'd like to work toward dissipating the myth that M.I.T. is a man's school. The first woman entered in 1871; this year, we have a freshman class with about 28 percent women. They don't want to be put in a special category: they're just students, working hard."—*Mary Frances Wagley, ninetieth president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology Alumni Association, the first woman*

"Men get together and talk about what they'd die for...I'm seeing women get together and talk about what they live for and how to make that better. We really are going to have to contribute money and be much more actively involved in politics. I think the next step is to have either a woman Secretary of Defense or a woman Secretary of State."—*Patricia Schroeder, Congresswoman from Colorado*

"The goal of my department is economic development—industrial, commercial, residential—of NYC's waterfront....Before I had children, I could never imagine how they'd fit into my life; but as soon as another thing enters your life, you suddenly make time for it. Life is a lot of compromises...there is a balance; you just have to let it work."—*Susan Frank, Commissioner of NYC Department of Ports and Terminals*

THE SOUND OF SPEECHES

As political oratory goes into its final phase before the '84 election, here are ways to identify those candidates who really have your best interests at heart:

"Although every politician says he is in favor of women's rights, the phony candidates usually add a '*but*.' They're for equal rights *but* not the amendment [ERA]. They are for equal pay *but* against having too many governmental regulations, or against creating too much paper work in enforcing the regulations. (Can you imagine them declaring they are against paper work in stopping crime?) They are for women's right to choose abortion *but* against Medicaid funding of abortions for poor women...

"Sexist language in a candidate's speeches ...and campaign literature can be a big clue to the phony....After nearly twenty years of the Women's Movement, if the candidate is still using all *he's* and no *she's, men* instead of *women and men,* you can bet he hasn't really absorbed much on the hard-core issues either....

"Beware of candidates who tell you they have an 'open mind' on issues that have been around for a long time. If they haven't yet formulated positions on the ERA, abortion, affirmative action, child care, etc., they shouldn't be running in the first place....

"Moreover, in politics, what is unsaid is often more important than what is said....If candidates speak about your issues only before audiences agreeable to your viewpoint, it's fairly safe to assume they are weak supporters....

"Voting records are one of the most reliable indications of candidates' real positions on issues and are an absolute essential for evaluating a candidate running for the same office again....

"The best way to spot a phony is to contact the organizations advocating a position of concern to you and ask about the candidate's record....Candidates can fool some of the people, but not those who, day in and day out, are watching over the issues of importance to you."—Condensed from *Why and How Women Will Elect the Next President* by Eleanor Smeal (Harper Colophon Books)

SMART TALK

Though the fashion and beauty tips won't do, and the book sounds at times like a parody of itself—especially a listing of "acceptable" dates for women executives for corporate events (and you just won't believe the chapter on "Executive Small Talk")—there *are* some nuggets to be mined from *No-Nonsense Management Tips for Women,* by Jeannette Reddish Scollard (Wallaby/Simon & Schuster). Sample maneuver for side-stepping wifely jealousy: "'If I need to discuss business with a male colleague at a cocktail party, for instance, I always ask his wife where he is and say I need to talk to him about a pressing business issue,' relates a broadcast executive. 'Five hundred people in the room, but his wife always knows where he is. She gets him and brings him to me. Then when she sees us talking intently she knows we're talking about business.'"

BIRTHDAY BASHING

One hundred years ago this month, great things were happening. On October 11, Eleanor Roosevelt was born. That remarkable woman's life will be celebrated by a conference at Vassar College, October 13-16; participants will also be able to visit Mrs. Roosevelt's home, Val-Kill in Hyde Park NY. (Sponsors are Vassar and the Eleanor Roosevelt Institute with the New York State Office of Special Projects. Details: John F. Sears, Box 186, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie NY 12601.)...On November 14, NYU's School of Continuing Education invites you to "The Eleanor Roosevelt I Remember," a conversation among Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Trude Lash, and Sherrye Henry. (Reserve before October 15; stamped self-addressed envelope to Eleanor Roosevelt Program, NYU School of Continuing Education, 332 Shimkin Hall, NYC 10003.)...Also born in 1884, Bryn Mawr College celebrates its centennial, October 18-21, including an address by alumna Hanna Holborn Gray, U. of Chicago president; symposia, lectures, music, theater—and a hockey tournament. More events in spring....In Baltimore, it's one hundred years for Goucher College, too, with festivities begun last month and plans for Marilyn Horne to sing on November 11, Ada Louise Huxtable to lecture November 13. Writers' workshop in the spring. (Info: Debbie Shriver; 202/466-7590.)...And, older than all of them, Wheaton College marks one hundred fifty years of educating women with scholars discussing "Women Imagined: The Myths, the Realities, the Future," in four symposia. On November 10, it's Margaret Atwood and Carolyn Heilbrun. (Details: Ann Hurd, Wheaton College, Norton MA 02766; 617/285-7722, ext.560.)

"OUR TIME IS NOW"

Premiered in May but hitting its stride as a monthly now: *Five Fifteen,* the first newspaper to look at the world from a black woman's viewpoint. Publisher/editor Ida Lewis (quoted above), an alumna of *Essence* and *Encore,* has produced a lively and literate tabloid with a full range of news stories and features, reflecting the changing interests of American women who are black and bringing fresh insights to those who are not. (*Five Fifteen,* 133 West Seventy-second Street, NYC 10023; 212/496-4410.)

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Hemphill-Wells, Lubbock
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Lester's, Bryan
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The Maddox Shop, Dallas/Ft. Worth
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Sakowitz, Houston
Sanger Harris, Dallas/Ft. Worth
Scarbroughs, Austin
The Popular, El Paso

UTAH
Juliettes, Salt Lake City
Weinstocks, Salt Lake City
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Woodward & Lothrop, most stores

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The Bon, all stores
Cupertino's, all stores
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Books in Brief

The right reading for a chill fall's night: Erica Jong on eroticism as women feel it . . . Studs Terkel, genius of listening . . . plus love, fear, and therapy in the family way—and more . . .

Boogy-woogying with the Andrews Sisters

THE LAST GOOD WAR

From the Andrews Sisters to the enemy: remembering WWII

BY JOE KLEIN

What can you make of Studs Terkel? The guy is a phenomenon. He produces bestseller after bestseller, and none of them has a plot. Not only that, his books don't tell you how to get rich, thin, sexy, or selfish. Indeed, they aren't even *written*, but compiled; Studs (to call him anything else seems insufferably formal) is the king of oral history, that rather raggedy populist art of turning on a tape recorder and allowing average folks to speak their minds. In lesser hands, this usually results in a massive waste of tape; Terkel, though, plays his instrument with the skill and subtlety of a fine jazz musician, nudging his subjects toward introspection. In **"The Good War"** (Pantheon), he unleashes his machine on a topic that is worthy of his talents: World War II. The result is classic Studs, an unending parade of just plain folks—Americans, Russians, Japanese, Germans—almost all of whom have something moving or insightful to say.

None of which should be confused with reality, though. Oh, it seems real enough: these *are* average folks talking, the inflections are just right, their insights come with a spontaneity that could only be real. But the sample is skewed: Where are the SOB's? Terkel never seems to come upon people who are cowardly, selfish, or mean-spirited; his little people inevitably suffer the hard times with dignity. They never whine. Even his "big" people seem decent sorts: the industrialists, the supermarket owner who made a fortune during the war, the guy who ran the PX—none of them would ever cheat. This is a dream vision of what people are like—a warm, attractive, humane vision, but a dream all the same.

On the other hand, Terkel refuses to romanticize the war itself. The title of the book is ironic; this is not an exercise in gauzy nostalgia. The most powerful recurring image is "bodies stacked like cordwood." The carnage is ecumenical: German bodies stacked "neatly" at Stalingrad, American bodies in the South Pacific, Jewish bodies in the death camps, Japanese bodies at Hiroshima.

The World War II veterans Terkel interviews seem, contrary to popular myth, not all that different from their sons who fought in Vietnam: haunted by memories, tortured by guilt and, sometimes still, forty years later, by nightmares. Elliot Johnson, a surpassingly gentle soul who takes part in the D-Day invasion, constantly refers to the "wonderful boys" and "dear friends" lost, including "one young boy who was so badly hurt he was gray, like a piece of flannel." And then there is Joe Hanley of Chicago, whose best friend in the service is killed in the Battle of the Bulge. When Joe returns home, he visits the friend's wife and falls in love. They marry, but Joe remains consumed by guilt: "December 15. That date comes back many times over. You don't really want it to come back because you feel so helpless over it. It was so ridiculous for him to die and me to live."

Even Maxine Andrews of the Andrews Sisters, that most benign and cheerful of trios, remembers the horrors of the war with greater intensity than the good times: "It was a very long ward. There were beds in front of us, beds behind us. We finally looked. The sight was terrible. We saw boys with no arms or legs, with half-faces. The three of us held on to each other, because we were afraid we were going to faint. The terrible thing is to hold back the tears."

The most memorable of Terkel's people tend to be those who fought the war at the margin: the gay Marine who lands in the first wave at Iwo Jima, the black tank commander who convinces General Patton of his unit's worth, the Spanish Civil War vet who works in Intelligence for Wild Bill Donovan. They are *all* wonderful people. . . the kind of folks you'd invite over for dinner. But by the time a German submariner and the American sailor who sank him sit down for a friendly beer in Chicago, the reader can't help but wonder: if everybody involved in World War II was so darn nice, why was it fought in the first place?

The answer, inevitably, is that the big shots caused it. "There is something in some men that will seek power and the rest of us will follow," says Elliot Johnson.

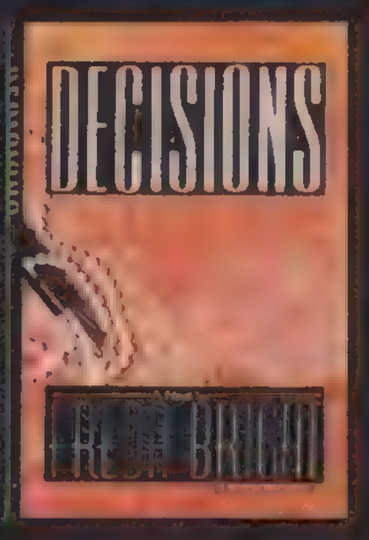
But one doesn't read Studs Terkel for political analysis. I am haunted by Nora Watson, the daughter of a fundamentalist preacher in Appalachia, who happens upon pictures of the Holocaust in her town library and is forever transformed. "In those grainy photographs, you first think it's cords of wood piled up. You look again, it shows you human beings. You never get the picture out of your eye. . . . It takes the bottom out of the world, especially in *(Continued on page 266)*

Joe Klein *is the author of "Payback: Five Marines After Vietnam," published this month.*

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Relate

a



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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) combination with the bomb. . . . The bomb was in the sky. They were on the ground. I had the impression of no bottom, no base to the world. The unpredictability. The no-bottom world is unmanageable.''

The reason why Studs Terkel may be our best-loved journalist is that he has the sense to look for the legacy of a ''good'' war in the mind of a young girl, sitting in a public library in Appalachia.

PLEASURES: AN EROTICA OF ONE'S OWN

Women's fantasies and visions tell a different story of ''Ohs''

BY ERICA JONG

A couple of years ago, when I was asked to contribute to this book, I turned the offer down because I thought that a collection of erotica by women was too easily misunderstood and too vulnerable to exploitation. I felt I had been so typecast as a guru of sexual freedom for women that I was hesitant to compound that typecasting. I also feared that the book would contain sleazy and exploitive material, amateur gut-spillings—and I knew that my own reputation was far too imperiled for me to risk such an association. I didn't think the book could possibly be a revelation. In that particular, I was wrong.

Although it is true that many of the stories collected by Lonnie Barbach in **Pleasures: Women Write Erotica** (Doubleday) are not of the highest professional caliber, nonetheless the book *is* a revelation. What is revealing about it is that women, asked to express their frankest sexual experiences in print, create erotic visions that are neither violent nor exploitive nor mayhem-ridden: all the common fare of male erotica. Instead, they express a longing for harmony, for ecstatic release, for sex and love joined to become cosmic enlightenment.

This sounds like a simple distinction between male and female erotica—so simple that one is likely to miss the point. It is not. Looking back at my own introduction to pornography at fourteen or fifteen (De Sade's *Justine* and *Juliet*), I remember being appalled by the physical cruelty in both books. I didn't understand what was sexy about physical cruelty, nor was I aroused by it.

As I grew more sophisticated (*i.e.*, more corrupted by male culture), I came to ''understand'' the violent component in pornography, or at least to accept it as inevitable. *Pleasures* made me question that inevitability. Obviously violence is part of sexuality for many men (and for some women), but *Pleasures* suggests that it is far less of a turn-on to women than to men. In our culture this distinction has often been blurred by the tendency of male writers (like De Sade) to choose female protagonists for their erotic books. Since women have rarely written their *own* erotic books (since indeed the censuring of women who write honestly about sexuality is unrelenting even in our supposedly ''liberated'' age), the male concept of what constitutes eroticism has seldom been challenged.

Even women psychotherapists such as Helene Deutsch, writing about female sexuality, have often assumed that masochism is an inevitable part of female sexuality, not an aberration. Our view of the sexuality of women has ever been skewed (as the Wife of Bath knew, as Simone de Beauvoir wrote, as Doris Lessing wrote, as Anaïs Nin wrote) by the fact that men have been the arbiters of literary culture and have unthinkingly assumed their concerns to be the world's concerns. *Pleasures* comes along and tells us quite another story.

Although the pieces in this book tell of a variety of experiences—first sexual experiences recollected years later, experiences with forbidden partners (much younger, much older), experiences with the same sex, with the opposite sex, with groups, with two lovers at once—one thing remains constant: the lack of physical cruelty. If this book is representative of what women long for in sexuality, no wonder they are so often disappointed and frustrated in our society. They long for romance and harmony in a culture that idealizes their opposites.

Of course, any anthology reflects its editor's taste and is not necessarily to be taken as a sociological sample. But even if we allow for Lonnie Barbach's own penchant for stressing the sweetness of sensuality, we must find our ideas of female sexuality utterly revamped by this book. *(Continued on page 268)*

Erica Jong *is a poet and novelist and the author of eleven books. Her most recent, ''Parachutes and Kisses,'' is a novel being published this month.*

PATTY DRYDEN

COINTREAU LIQUEUR, 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE BY COINTREAU AMERICA, INC., N.Y.C. © 1984.

Books in VOGUE

(Continued) There are no leather masks, no handcuffs chained to walls, no knives or razor blades. There is no blood, no terror, no excitement in submission. "Normal Female Masochism" (as the Freudians used to call it) is wholly absent here! If Helene Deutsch could have read this book, what on earth would she have written? Or Freud for that matter? Was what he assumed to be women's "normal" masochism an adaptation by women (that eternally flexible sex) to the sadistic social conditions that prevail in patriarchy? *Pleasures* certainly makes it seem that way.

The stories in *Pleasures* are of widely varying literary quality. Some are beautifully written by real writers—Susan Griffin's piece particularly comes to mind. Others are inspired amateur efforts. Still others are obviously written by non-writers. The most glaringly consistent "fault" of the writers and non-writers alike is an inability to decide how to name names, sexually speaking. In an ecstatic passage, suddenly along comes a clinical word like "vulva"—or else a purple metaphor for some sexual organ—far more embarrassing than its vernacular equivalent. The English language imposes this ambiguity on us, but an inventive writer would solve it differently. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Joyce, Lawrence all wrote explicity about sex, but their choice of words neither reeks of disinfectant nor glows purple with neon passion. Many of the writers in *Pleasures* cannot talk about sex without wallowing in clichés.

Still, the book is a revelation and Lonnie Barbach's sane preface and introductions to individual sections are useful and enlightening. Unfortunately, she seems to need to justify sex as a healthful pursuit—good for one's mental hygiene. To an anti-puritan, this is an unwittingly puritanical stance. Nonetheless, the book is fascinating for what it says about female fantasy. Lonnie Barbach, a California therapist who specializes in women and women's sexual problems, has made another important contribution to our understanding of women's sexuality.

THE FAMILY SHRINK

A therapist says that treating the individual alone is not enough

BY NINA PELIKAN

There is a quiet revolution going on in psychology. Family therapy, which focuses on family interaction rather than on analysis of the lone patient, is in the vanguard. Salvador Minuchin, a family therapist well known in Europe as well as America, insists that "we live our lives like chips in a kaleidoscope," connected in such a way that each motion moves all others. For him, "rugged individualism" is a dangerous delusion in a world needing global as well as family connectedness.

In his new book, **Family Kaleidoscope** (Harvard University Press), Minuchin moves us at a whirlwind pace through family therapy scenarios, courtroom trials, and dialogues between Reader and Author that anticipate our reactions to (and criticisms of) his method. With the talent of a playwright and the vision of a social historian, he vivifies the experiences of families in trouble: Minuchin does not just write about therapy, he dramatizes it. He directs, shows off, cajoles, cracks jokes, and makes now one, now another of the family members his co-therapist. His metaphor is cinematic. He searches for new "frames," new "patterns" for families that have become "frozen" in interlocking miseries. Since families are forever in psychic and historical motion, he believes that they need not be broken by change, which is inevitable, or by divorce, which is now so common. Rather, the family can transform itself into a new extended network, which might include members of a commune, or divorced mothers' boyfriends. This "extended family" is the moving rock upon which Minuchin builds his hope.

Minuchin catches the sound of living voices: an overprotective Italian mother whose daughter is anorectic; two teenaged sisters struggling for their divorced mother's love; an African woman transplanted into a London courtroom, accused of beating her child with a stick and suffering from the removal of her child from her home. Minuchin's own voice is intimate, but his viewpoint is radical. He quarrels with a system that "observes, studies, and intervenes in families and labels and punishes deviancy according to particular visions of appropriateness." He makes claims for a larger vision and for experimentation. The "norm" offered by traditional therapies and judicial systems is too tight to initiate family growth. For him, analyzing the whole family instead of one troubled individual "is as if one glanced into a store window, and flashed the universe."

In his radicalism, Minuchin sees abnormal behavior as a "request" for a transformed family. The anorectic's self-starvation is a request that she be allowed to treat her body (her life) as her own within a family habituated to mutual control and dependency. The heterosexual woman who experiments with lesbian intercourse is responding to the breakdown of the commune she treats as her family. Since Minuchin never reduces his patients' symptoms to psycho-sexual pathology—and Freud's dark world of subconscious motivation is absent here—we are willing to consider the notion that we *do* live in a more open world and need only to recognize it.

Yet, when Minuchin takes on the family court system and argues that the abusing parent needs as much care as the battered child, we may pause. The issue of sexual deviance—the eruption *(Continued on page 270)*

PATTY DRYDEN

Nina Pelikan *teaches literature at the State University of New York, Purchase.*

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COINTREAU LIQUEUR 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE BY COINTREAU AMERICA, INC. N.Y.C. © 1984

Books in VOGUE

(Continued) of repressed and destructive instincts— rears its old ugly head. Can we believe that by changing the system, we can change man's inner nature? Minuchin insists that the control-surveillance-removal solution puts children in more, not less, danger. His cure involves a "shift in orientation away from rescuing children towards the concept of helping families." Can society afford such extended therapy? And is there enough time for experiment if we are also chancing a child's possible murder? The therapist's kaleidoscope moves fast, but do we?

However we answer these hard questions, Minuchin's idea that mere judgment and punishment help nobody is well taken. In his dramatization of the case of suicidal Ellen West and her family (a play in two acts), he makes us aware of the impotence, even the comedy, of much psychoanalytic terminology and diagnosis: three doctors arrive at three diagnoses for Ellen's problem—schizophrenia, melancholia, and a "struggle between an authentic and an ersatz form of Being." Minuchin's response is to state simply, "I agree with Ellen."

After reading *Family Kaleidoscope,* we may become convinced that the tribe as a whole needs a new orientation. Minuchin is approaching a therapy in which the differences between patient and doctor, the sick and the sane, dissolve. In the last sentence of his book, the patient has the final word, and we listen to her with compassion. Family members—perhaps all of us—"are a circle, with no sides."

A VISION SOFTLY CREEPING

What does Josephine Baker have to do with a preacher's girl?

BY MARGO JEFFERSON

When Andrea Lee's *Russian Journal* was published, critics praised her admirably modest, discerning vision of "life in another dimension, in a country on the other side of the looking glass." Only the fact of their not being told Lee was black until more than halfway through the book, and then in passing, caused dissent. Some saw it as an act of cunning subversion, as if she had tricked them for their own good into freer responses than might otherwise have been possible. Others felt deceived, as if she had withheld vital information and addressed them under false pretenses.

What Lee had done was really quite simple—she had treated being black, like being a woman, a student, and an American, as one of many filters for her experience in Russia. Race can be a fact, a discipline, a cause, a mythology, or a mode of perception, but visible or submerged, it is only part of the alchemical process by which writers and sensibilities are formed.

Sarah Phillips (Random House), Lee's first book of fiction, is a further step in that interesting process. It guides us through the sentimental, moral, and social education of a girl determined to be both heroine (infinitely alluring, a shade tragic) and hero (valiant and honorably bold). When we first meet her she is twenty-one and living in Paris, eager, like scores of other Americans, "to cast off kin and convention in a foreign tongue. . . ." A Philadelphia suburb, private schools, Harvard; life as the daughter of a well-known civil rights minister in "the hermetic world of the old-fashioned black bourgeoisie": all have imposed rituals and constraints Sarah is determined to exorcise through a persona modeled on Josephine Baker in banana skins and Jeanne Moreau in *Jules and Jim.*

She is thrilled by her French lover's pedigree as an illegitimate son adopted by a rich homosexual uncle; he is equally stirred by her light skin and kinky hair, which seem sacred and profane emblems of miscegenation. "Throughout our short romance we remained incomprehensible to each other, each of us clutching a private exotic vision in the various beds where we made love." Such an arrangement, both a truce and a battle, can't last. When the chapter ends, Sarah has ruefully acknowledged "the hopeless presumption of trying to discard my portion of America," and the reader is being led back there, through her childhood and adolescence, to discover just what that portion is.

It is, first of all, Philadelphia's New African Baptist Church, where the congregation sits "in a near-visible miasma of emotion and cologne," listening to Sarah's father preach. He has two styles—one "the delicate, sonorous idiom of formal oratory, with which he must have won the prizes he held from his seminary days," the other "a hectoring, insinuating, incantatory tone, full of the rhythms of the South he had never lived in, linking him to generations of thunderous Baptist preachers."

At the age of ten Sarah is deeply stirred by it all; nevertheless, she is taking her first step outside this magic circle with her resistance to being baptized. Each time she hears her father utter the words, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well-pleased!" she feels sad and envious of her brother, "for whom life seemed to be a sedate and ordered affair; he, not I, was a child in whom a father could be well pleased." *(Continued on page 272)*

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Books in VOGUE

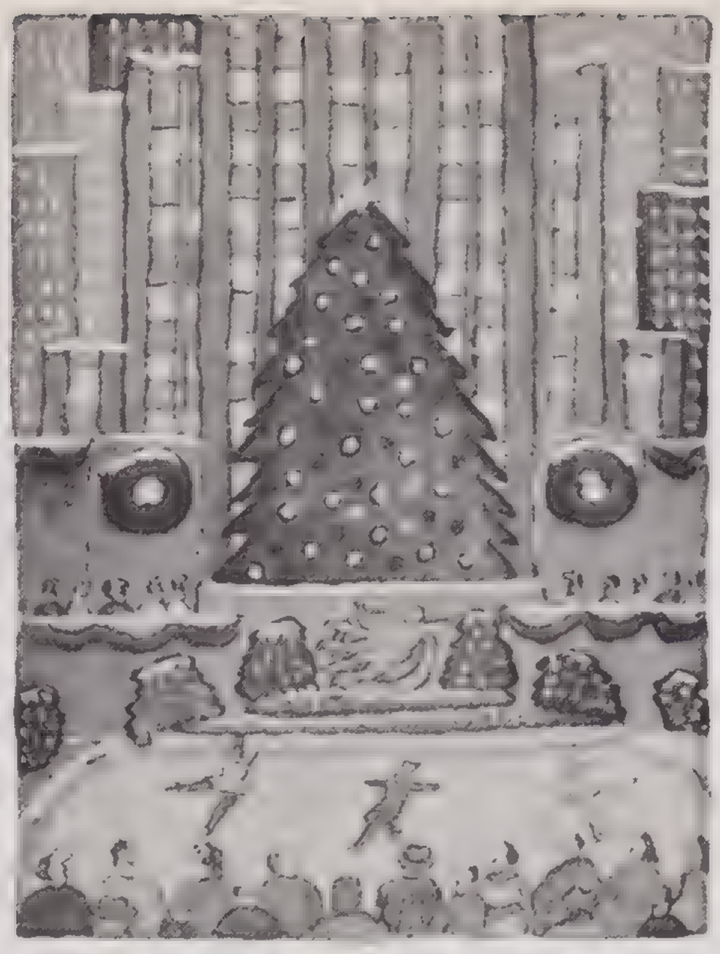
(Continued) Sarah's mother is a teacher and a housekeeper "in the grand old style that disdains convenience, worships thrift, and condones extravagance only in the form of massive Sunday dinners, which, like acts of God, leave family members stunned and reeling." A childhood of genteel accomplishments leavened by Communist party meetings and Quaker work camps has given her "the endearing air of a provincial maiden striving for sophistication."

Sarah's mother reminds her daughter of Madame Bovary, and she reminds me of the magisterial Sido portrayed by Colette in *My Mother's House:* surely that book, with its fluid, story-like chapters and langorous elegiac tone, has cast a benign influence upon Andrea Lee's *Sarah Phillips*.

As a child, Sarah struggles to understand the dizzying range of emotions grown-ups bring to the race issue: a force that gives the words Civil Rights "such gigantic significance that they seemed to be about to emerge from the clouds of cigarette smoke like the title of a Cecil B. De Mille movie"; a curt, despairing anger that slices inward and outward; a humor at once sly, satiric, and vaudevillian. Adolescence is spent shuffling the portions of her identity about, torn between conformity and originality. She is shocked to witness her parents' liberal integrationist views crumble when her brother fails to bring a nice Negro girl home to dinner; that is offset by the pleasure of feeling her own loyalties shift when the summer camp that welcomes children of all races so long as their fathers are professors, clergymen, and such, sponsors a visit from a black teenage gang.

The chapters of *Sarah Phillips* are linked loosely by chronology, closely by sensory detail and social perception. Each centers on a revelation, a moment when facts and feelings join to disclose a truth about the private self and the public world.

Temperamentally, Andrea Lee is a paradox—wry and sharp, but also romantic. When this balance falters, fine points assume too grave a significance; ironies and images in *Sarah Phillips* are laid out with excessive symmetry. But then it rights itself, and we are back in a world where meanings shift and resonate, where light and shadow change places and the atmosphere is wonderfully "twilit, full of tricky nuance."



ANTI-NUKE KITSCH: A small picture book sweetly brings up the prospect of global destruction with a variety of international favorites—ice cream, Mozart, Friday afternoons, cheeseburgers—that for author Marty Asher and illustrator Lonni Sue Johnson are **Fifty-Seven Reasons Not To Have A Nuclear War** (Warner Books).

The topic and tone contrast oddly—like a Hallmark card about VD—because nuclear war isn't cute; the thin, kitschy treatment threatens to turn the Final Blast into an impulse buy or stocking-stuffer. But don't ignore the appeal to the heart of these reasons to stick around.

—CYNTHIA TOUGAS

BACHELOR PURGATORY: These are stories of the Playboy Generation—men, middle-aged now, who back in the 'fifties and 'sixties bought into Hugh Hefner's martini-fueled, tiger-skin-lined jazzbo vision of American manhood unchained. But was it a good investment?

Here in humorist Bruce Jay Friedman's **Let's Hear It for a Beautiful Guy** (Donald I. Fine), the guys are still putting mirrors on the ceiling and looking for the blond with the perfect ass, but somewhere along the way the rules got changed, the beer bellies rolled on in, and some of the dividends turned sour.

Try these bleak opening sentences from two of the stories: "Shot down twice in marriage, loser after a multitude of affairs, Pellegrino, in his forties, was about to pack it in romantically when a fresh and delightful young woman suddenly bobbed up before him at a party like an apple in a barrel."

And, "Alone, frightened, pounded on the head by alimony, the I.R.S. circling closer, Abrahamowitz almost considered going back to the synagogue."

At his best, Friedman (who's been a frequent contributor to *Playboy* and to a number of recent screenplays) is an entertaining raconteur, a yarn-spinner for the boys down at the local watering hole. At his worst, he forgets his punch lines and rambles on until everyone's down at the other end of the bar watching *The Game of the Week*. Yet throughout this entire collection lurks that numbing, middle-aged fear that if success hasn't come by now, it won't. Neither Hef nor anyone else ever told these guys that they might be losers.

—BRUCE HANDY

("Books" continued on page 274)

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Books in VOGUE

DIPPING INTO EVIL: "When I see other people suffer I actually feel a whole lot better . . . you have to be half full of evil in order to go on living," gloats one character in Paul Theroux's latest pair of novellas, **Half Moon Street** (Houghton Mifflin). You'd think after sixteen works of fiction Theroux would have vented enough spleen. Not so. With his usual lulling charm he spins out characters to shudder at—unquiet lives dipping at the murky edges of evil.

The first story, "Doctor Slaughter," presents Lauren Slaughter, née Mopsy Fairlight, an insufferably intelligent economist by day; at night, naked under her prized mink-lined Burberry, a female "escort." A self-proclaimed castrator of men, she relishes her after-hours. Entranced by her amatory prowess, she makes a perfect unwitting human "bug" for an international banking intrigue. With all the thrills of high espionage, Lauren's night life begins to catch up with her.

In "Doctor Demarr" we peer into the misbegotten half-lives of twins, George and Gerald, who hate each other. George dies horribly and inexplicably in Gerald's house while his twin is away. Gerald, enraged by the mess with which his brother has left him, disposes of the body at the town dump and proceeds to take over his brother's life. When Gerald's and George/Gerald's habits overlap, expect macabre results. With gleeful vindictiveness, Theroux-on-high bestows unholy punishments to fit their crimes. I must admit, I was silently goading him on. —**SUZANNE HART**

DADDY DEAREST

A surprising and violent first novel about fathers and sons

BY GEOFFREY STOKES

Even when wrestling with the most serious of topics, *The New Yorker* keeps a civil tongue in its head. One can intuit passions bubbling behind certain pieces, but the texts themselves are restrained, cool. And even when one tries thinking of exceptions, Michael J. Arlen is unlikely to come to mind. His Vietnam/television reporting, collected in his first book, 1969's *Living-Room War*, is indeed a model of "typical" *New Yorker* writing: the eye for detail, the accretion of facts gradually mounting to an indictment that is unpronounced, but inescapable. Thus Arlen's eighth book and first novel, **Say Goodbye To Sam** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), comes as a considerable—and violent—surprise.

DUDLEY REED

The book begins with a spring wind, "a real wind too, like in the country, bending the spindly little trees and making the old windows rattle. And then it stopped. For a while it seemed as if there was no weather." Narrator Tom Avery—a journalist on the edge of forty, two years married to his second wife, Catherine—goes through a spell of dawn-waking. He sits at the kitchen table and contemplates the abrupt silence: "There was such stillness everywhere, like a great peace, like death too." Though Avery doesn't appear to know it, his identification of peace with death is something he learned from his famous father.

The two have long been estranged, and little wonder. Sam Avery, still directing films at seventy-two, first came to Hollywood prominence in the 'forties. He is at least good, and perhaps better than that. But he'd passed through his son's life "like a night rider, a highwayman, and . . . the sum-total of his regard for me, and eventually of mine for him, was zero." The outlaw metaphors are telling, for Sam Avery does indeed seem to live by the cruelest of codes.

A memory, from Tom's eleventh winter: he and his mother, who was not yet divorced, are in Rome where Sam is filming a costume epic. "One day she told me that he and I were going to 'do something together.' . . . I was instructed to get properly dressed. And to be waiting in my room. And not to be late."

The appointed hour comes, then passes. Two hours later, Tom finds his father sitting with two men and a woman in the hotel bar: "I could hear my father's voice breaking in—low, harsh, *(Continued on page 276)*

Geoffrey Stokes *is a staff writer for "The Village Voice" in NYC.*

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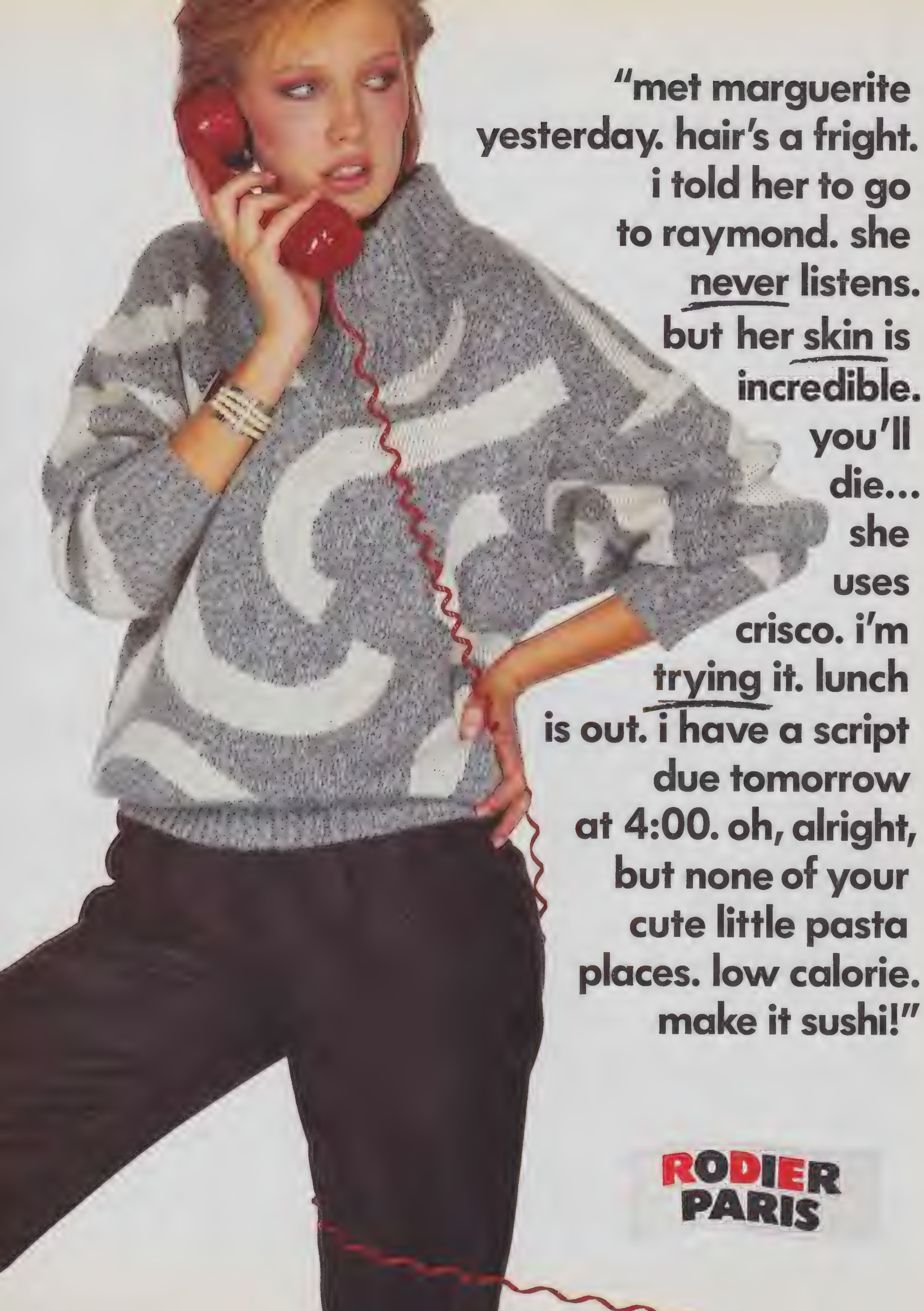

"met marguerite yesterday. hair's a fright. i told her to go to raymond. she never listens. but her skin is incredible. you'll die... she uses crisco. i'm trying it. lunch is out. i have a script due tomorrow at 4:00. oh, alright, but none of your cute little pasta places. low calorie. make it sushi!"

RODIER PARIS

Books in VOGUE

(Continued) jocular. He was making a joke of some kind. The others were laughing. And then he saw me. His eyes staring at me across the floor. His face suddenly like stone. I thought: I turn his face to stone.'' Beckoned to the table, served a Coke, the boy endures a lengthy meeting: ''I don't know if he said anything at all to me or not, or if he even looked at me, but I know how strangely safe it felt to be in that chair, in that harsh dangerous place, with him nearby. And then he looked at his watch and stood up. 'Christ, I've got to go,' he said. For a moment I thought he was about to take me out to watch the movie being filmed, but then he looked down at us, the other men and me, the papers on the table, and said, 'I'll see you guys.' And turned and left the room, the woman following behind him.''

Similar rejections scarred the intervening decades, yet in that peaceful, weatherless, deadly spring when he is about to turn forty, Tom Avery decides to visit his father with Catherine, thus to give her ''that final part of me, the only part I had left to give: the ranch at Santa Ana.''

Sam Avery, it appears, hasn't much changed. Still monstrously selfish and unpredictably charming, he alternately humiliates and ignores his son—and his son cooperates, isolating and infantilizing himself. At first, the visit is awful in predictable ways, but the screw soon turns further. Tom becomes convinced that his father is trying to seduce Catherine. The novel's prose becomes claustrophobic, as fevered as Tom's jealousy; indeed, the intensity simmers in ways that recall Robbe-Grillet's *Jalousie*, but that is heightened by Arlen's Oedipal spin. Tom is, one thinks, at the precipice of madness. He becomes stripped-down, a rage machine; pitiable.

But not, it turns out, crazy. His estimation of his father's evil is not off the mark. Unfortunately, when the claustrophobia cracks, the book turns weirdly, even anarchically, melodramatic. Arlen's tone, brilliantly sustained through the novel's first three-quarters, falters, and we are lost in a welter of steamy, sensual coincidence.

The disappointment, a measure of *Say Goodby to Sam*'s strengths, is real, but it would be too harsh to judge this novel by the standards Arlen has set in his distinguished non-fiction. It is, after all, a first novel—and considerably more than merely ''promising.''

FRENZIED INNOCENCE: David Plante's **The Foreigner** (Atheneum) displays a timid and sometimes delicate hand—especially when compared with his controversial nonfiction book, *Difficult Women*. In *The Foreigner*, Plante sticks with a character who is familiar from his trilogy *The Francoeur Novels*, and from his own frequently raided-for-fiction life. Resuscitating Hemingway's prose style and James's idea of a loss of innocence, Plante plots an escape from childhood.

Our nameless narrator leaves Rhode Island to cultivate a foreigner's freedom and a criminal's possibilities. Picking America off him like a tick, deliberately choosing to do the ''wrong'' thing, he takes up with Vincent, who is a crook, and Angela, who is black—this apparently, in 1959, made many people stare. At an imperceptible moment, the narrator masters the art of being a stranger. He seems hardly conscious of his dirty clothes and lack of cash, of the fighting and gambling, the hanging out and lying low of people trapped in flight.

Plante's subtle slow-motion prose brings us brilliantly to this transformation, but falls apart toward the end. The conclusion is a blatant frenzy with gunshots and running, lawlessness carried out needlessly to its extreme.

—DANA COWIN

THEMES LIKE OLD TIMES

Lisa Alther's latest: women and nightmares and shrinks, oh my!

BY LESLIE GARIS

Loss, fear of abandonment, unfocused identity, bisexuality, a childhood steeped in morbidity—these are Lisa Alther's themes, and it is becoming clear that the more apparent they are to her, the less successful is her writing. In *Kinflicks*, her highly praised first novel, these themes began to emerge, quite innocently, as if surprised to be there at all in such a breathless, active, hilarious narrative. By her second novel, *Original Sins*, the themes had a death grip on the action. Set in the South like *Kinflicks*, it read like a sociological study whose every scene was a function of the author's conclusion about it. One hoped that Alther would reclaim her great gifts: comic style and exceptional ability to create character.

Now **Other Women** (Knopf) occupies the uneasy territory between the first two books. In its heroine, Caroline Kelly, we have a slightly older version of *Kinflick*'s likeable heroine Ginny Babcock. She has two children by a failed marriage and is no longer bisexual, but resoundingly lesbian. We are glad to have her back. Unfortunately, she is once again at the service of the familiar obsessions, but this time Alther's method is undisguised: one by one her themes are trotted out and discussed with Caroline's psychiatrist. *Other Women* occupies the same place in Alther's oeuvre that *Memoirs of a Survivor* occupies in Doris Lessing's: readers who are interested in charting the consciousness of these writers can turn to these works for *(Continued on page 278)*

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) study. Otherwise, the books hold little interest for the general public.

The problem here is that the foray into psychiatry is not sufficiently compelling intellectually, particularly since readers have been treated to such a flood of literature, both fiction and non-fiction, about psychoanalysis in recent years. Books like D. M. Thomas's *The White Hotel,* Janet Malcolm's *In the Freud Archives,* and Aldo Carotenuto's *A Secret Symmetry: Sabina Spielrein between Jung and Freud* obliterate *Other Women* by comparison. Perhaps these comparisons are unfair, but these books and many more loom in our consciousness. They have taken us into graduate school, while *Other Women* plops us back into remedial reading.

Caroline is driven into therapy by depression. An emergency-room nurse, she has visions of severed limbs and bashed-in heads strewn over the New Hampshire landscape. Hannah, the psychiatrist, also suffers from nightmarish thoughts, but she can deal with her demons; Caroline can't.

Although Caroline is clearly the protagonist, the point of view fluctuates between her and Hannah. This scheme pays off when we see the patient through the psychiatrist's eyes; but on balance it leads to much confusion and murky writing, especially when we are trying to comprehend the histories of these two women. The line-up of marriages, dead children, schoolteachers, parents, mentors of all sorts, lovers of all sorts is a dizzying array. The past is served up for the purpose of psychoanalytic scrutiny, but the writing isn't subtle enough to convey the fullness of life. The scenes are too pat, the action too skeletal.

The book soars in episodes from Caroline's daily life as she deals with her children, her work, and her lover. In one masterfully comic scene Caroline has a date with a man on New Year's Eve, can't remember how to act heterosexual, and imagines that the hostess is flirting with her.

The therapy sessions, however, are embarrassing. We are so far ahead of the doctor that it's like doing a crossword puzzle with hints like Name a Famous Hun. Mercifully, the book is free of jargon, free of pretension, and the therapist is not involved in "curing" her patient of homosexuality. Finally Hannah's technique turns from neo-Freudian to the modish transactional therapy, and thus she tells Caroline that if she chooses to feel better she will.

Lisa Alther is a truly gifted writer who has been temporarily (one hopes) derailed by some inferior ideas and a limiting, but touching, earnestness. Perhaps in her next book she will return to the narration of events and suppress the desire to express what they "mean."

Leslie Garis *is a cultural journalist.*

THE DEVIL MADE HER DO IT: Candace Flynt's **Sins of Omission** (Random House) is about the devil in Suzanne Cox, a twenty-year-old villainous sociopath who willy-nilly fans chaos in other people's lives. Idly going through the want ads of the Greensboro, N.C., paper one day, looking for "some excitement," Suzanne sees an ad for guitar lessons being offered by Robert Carter, a young music student. She calls him up, fixes on him as a passion, and then wantonly storms through his life and marriage with harrassing telephone calls, anonymous letters, blackmail threats, spying, possible pregnancies, and more. Molly Carter, Robert's wife and the novel's heroine, rightfully feels her life being pulled apart.

There is genuine suspense and surprise as the plot twists and turns, but at the end the tension abruptly evaporates. Flynt suggests a clear future for Molly, but I was more interested in Suzanne's next search-and-destroy mission. Though wickedly entertaining as fiction, *Sins of Omission* is a novel that would end better in a movie fade-out. **—EDEN ROSS LIPSON**

AN ENDEARING SMALLNESS: The carrots and tomatoes in the basket in the picture *(above)* are as big as a fly's wing. These are not sci-fi trompe l'oeil vegetables but exquisite reproductions made for a perfect world. Every proportion is harmonious and historically correct. Each room in Kate Doordan Klavan's **American Period Interiors in Miniature** (Scribner's) is decorated with period furniture—from the Plymouth Colony fireplace to a Victorian hobnail glass decanter.

The disbelieving eye scans for a mistake in the miniaturization, but instead is confronted by rooms so lusciously detailed that you would never guess they aren't the real thing. There is something tenderly perverse about the tininess of these things, something pleasurable about a petite piano replicated down to individual ivories.

For people who collect miniatures, this earnest book will be indispensable. For collectors of full-size antiques, it's great for specific information and cocktail conversation: did you know that in early American homes cut-outs of people were sometimes placed in the window to scare away robbers? **—D.B.C.**

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t night, now, hair that's as simple, as free as in the daytime. Just as a woman can wear simple evening clothes—a cashmere sweater and silk trousers, for example—so, too, the change she makes in her hair can be as easy as adding a bit more volume, still with the help of styling gel or mousse. In Paris, at the couture shows, what looked best—even with dramatic evening clothes—was hair that kept a certain looseness of shape and line, with the plus of a bit more wave or curl (as at Chanel, *left*). The most striking evening hair, at Ungaro: chin length, brushed back, opening up the face, sprayed—ever so subtly—with glitter-flecked hairspray that gave hair shimmer as it moved. At YSL, some of the prettiest evening hair: with slim black dinner suits, eye-catching oversize Art Deco barrettes, combs, at the side or back of the head.

A NEW OUTLOOK

''A woman's hair must be believable,'' said John Jay, president of Intercoiffure America–Canada. ''Haircolor should be used not so much for change as for a brightening effect. Even perms are softer, more diffuse, more realistic than ever'' (see page 295).

The wrong hair, like the wrong makeup, can instantly age a woman, "date" even the most modern clothes. What to avoid now—day or night: hair that's too "done," too coiffed, too long . . .

The details of a cut are what count now. The interest can be at the nape, in a shingled V that gives swing to short hair, as above, by Alexandre, president, Intercoiffure Mondial . . . or in the contrast of textures achieved using fingers—rather than a comb—as a cutting guide (the style, below, by Avram for Vidal Sassoon). Where most stylists start cutting now: underneath (see far left) building volume—and shape—from the inside out.

Photo top: PIERRE SHERMAN; above: ROXANNE LOWIT

CARE NEWS

Responding to the needs of active women who wash their hair more often, want hair care choices as precise and hard-working as the best skin care: new shampoos that cleanse in a single lathering, are formulated for specific needs. Vidal Sassoon's Clear Body Shampoo, for example, gives "lift" to fine hair without stickiness or build-up, while The Finals Sports Shampoo cleanses away chlorine, helps prevent future damage. A new—more practical—take on deep-conditioning: VO5 Hot-Oil Treatment to be used *before* shampooing, new from Alberto-Culver.

VOGUE, October, 1984

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CATHY TODD

Relaxation: Exercise

A five-step stretch-breathing "break," to use preventively during the day. Do each exercise for 1 minute; breathe deeply, slowly, says Barbara Pearlman, national director of exercise, Elizabeth Arden, who put this program together. Inhale through your nose; exhale through your mouth. ***1.*** *Lie on your back, knees to chest. Gently rock knees toward you and back—releases lower back tension.* ***2.*** *Sitting as shown, concentrate on breathing, relaxing.* ***3.*** *Sitting as shown, roll torso around slowly, first over one leg, then down in center, and up over other leg. Breathe in as you lift, exhale as you roll down.* ***4.*** *For upper-body tension: lace hands behind head, round back, bringing elbows together and down; gently bounce, with head as close as possible to floor.* ***5.*** *Sitting in a comfortable position, rotate each shoulder, then both. . . End with exercises for relaxing, breathing (not shown):* ***To stretch out—*** *lie on floor, arms overhead. Contract every muscle in the body, then slowly release. Bring arms to sides, concentrate on staying relaxed.* ***To breathe—*** *close eyes, breathe deeply for several counts; breathe out as if to blow out a candle; visualize a calm scene.*

Overexercise: new body stress

In pursuit of fitness, it is becoming increasingly difficult not to go for the "ultra workout." Whether to increase stamina, redefine muscle, or control weight, some exercisers believe the cliché that if a little is good, more must be better; but there's an important difference between working hard and working too much.

Compulsion to exercise describes a serious and stressful condition. And, while it seems incongruous to be obsessed about exercise—an activity that's meant to help, not hurt, the body—many people, especially women, feel compelled to work out.

To examine your relationship to exercise, it helps to analyze goals. According to Dorothy Harris, Ph.D., sports psychologist at Penn State University and a member of the board of trustees of the Women's Sports Foundation, twenty to thirty minutes of exercise three times a week is sufficient for maintaining physical fitness, reducing anxiety, and promoting relaxation.

This does not mean anything beyond this amount is harmful; it *does* mean that your goals may extend beyond fitness.

It is important to realize that the basic benefits of exercise do not extend indefinitely along with the amount of time and energy invested in physical activity. With exercise, there *is* a point of diminishing fitness return.

The tendency to overdo is largely associated with the major reason most women exercise: weight loss. Statistics show that 95 percent of American women have dieted at one time or another, and weight loss and body image are undeniable motivations to exercise—and overdo it. Yet exercise is not a cure for poor eating habits. The harmful effects of a high-cholesterol diet are not always mitigated by exercise.

How, then, can an enthusiastic athlete avoid becoming an obsessed one?

If you're in shape, you *are* disciplined about exercise. For the overzealous, it helps to remember the motto, "train, don't strain," and what most top coaches believe: "If in doubt, *underdo* it." Five more tips . . .

- Most illness or injury from exercise comes from overdoing it—especially from *too rapid an increase in training.* If you want to increase your training, set a limit, reach it gradually. A general rule of thumb, for example, is to *add no more than 10 percent per week* to your existing program. You can use this guideline for the time, amount, or intensity of any type of workout.
- Always be on the lookout for stress signs of overtraining, which include psychological and physical symptoms: insomnia or irregular sleep, lack of appetite, irritability, apathy toward continued training, as well as chronic muscle stiffness or soreness.
- To avoid injury or burnout, experienced athletes employ the hard/easy system of workouts, which is important for everyone who exercises. The body adapts and improves by alternating hard workouts with easy ones, with stressing, then resting the body. While you're disciplining yourself to work harder and longer, *equivalent rest is an integral part of any exercise program.*
- To avoid stress, injury, and to maintain interest, you might want to vary your sports. Alternate running or weight work with swimming or biking, or a less rigorous activity like walking. Such problems as stress fractures and muscle strains have been attributed to the relatively sudden entry of women into intense athletics. Alternate sports can give your muscles and bones a chance to adapt and strengthen and to catch up with your cardiovascular fitness. It's common advice to listen to your body; but if you're not sure how, do it scientifically by monitoring your resting heartbeat. Get in the habit of checking your resting pulse before getting up in the morning. If it's ten or more beats above normal, take a rest day.

—GLORIA AVERBUCH

Real news on stress control, pages 616-621

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Health

Flu-season flash…telephone rings: alarm for ears?…improving pelvic exams…new "views" on recuperation

By Melva Weber

GUARD AGAINST FLU

October through mid-November is the time to get your flu shots advises the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). Influenza vaccination and use of the effective antiviral drug amantadine hydrochloride must be greatly extended in order to reduce illness and death from flu outbreaks and to avert the danger of devastating flu epidemics.

The CDC identified "high-priority target groups" for immunization, as well as the customary high-risk populations. On the list: elderly people, those of any age who have certain chronic illnesses or medical conditions that increase flu risks, and people such as health workers—including doctors—who might spread flu among the high-risk people.

As Stephen C. Schoenbaum, M.D., of the Harvard Community Health Plan, Boston, pointed out in "The Journal of the American Medical Association," treating flu patients in his office increased the chances that he might carry flu to high-risk patients in a hospital or nursing home. And other doctors pointed out the importance of immunizing medical workers who are in contact with child patients, and particularly newborns in intensive-care units and hospital nurseries.

The official recommendations also suggest that doctors should give flu vaccine to any of their patients who want to reduce their chances of getting flu.

Another new dimension to the flu recommendations: emphasis on using amantadine hydrochloride for both preventing and treating influenza. The antiviral medication works against type A flu infections but not type B. Because it's immediately effective, it can be useful as a safeguard against infection until vaccination takes effect, about two weeks after the shot is given.

This year's flu vaccine has been changed. Two new virus strains emerging as variants, ready to cause new outbreaks of flu are labeled A/Chile/83, and B/USSR/83, and are included in the vaccine. A/Philippines/82, used in previous vaccines and still circulating this year, will remain.

IMPROVING PELVIC EXAMS

The very necessary but sometimes anxiety-fraught pelvic examination amounts to a fine art in gynecologic practice. How do physicians in training learn to conduct this sensitive procedure? At the University of Texas Health Science Center at Houston, Patti Ross, M.D., associate professor of obstetrics, gynecology, and reproductive sciences, supervises paid women volunteers who serve as instructors and models for pelvic examinations. They are trained, through film and mannequin sessions, to perform pelvic exams on each other. In class, they do most of the teaching, working with medical students, alternately demonstrating the technique and being demonstrated upon.

A WINDOW TO HEALING

When you're recovering from surgery, does what you see from your hospital window affect your convalescence? Roger S. Ulrich, Ph.D., of the University of Delaware Department of Geography, says your view can have a measurable influence on post-operative complications, the pain medicines required, and the length of the hospital stay. Dr. Ulrich reports in *Science* a study of records at a suburban Pennsylvania hospital, where he compared clinical/medical factors in patients recovering from gallbladder surgery, a fairly standardized procedure with a predictable post-operative course. Half of the patients occupied rooms overlooking a natural outdoor scene, the other half looked at a brick wall; otherwise, rooms were nearly identical. Patients who had the view of trees required shorter hospital stays, took fewer doses of pain relievers, had slightly lower minor surgical complications, and in nurses' notes had less than one-third as many "negative" evaluations such as "upset and crying" as the other patients. It's possible, says Dr. Ulrich, that a view of a lively city street would be as therapeutic as trees and grass. Designers of new hospitals may take note.

PHONE CALLS THAT HURT HEARING

The new cordless telephones may be hazardous to your hearing, says the American Academy of Otolaryngology-Head and Neck Surgery. George T. Singleton, M.D., ear specialist and professor at the University of Florida in Gainsville, reported to the American Otological Society on twenty-eight documented cases of deafening caused by the telephones' noises. The patients all suffered immediate pain, loss of hearing, and tinnitus, or ringing in the ears.

Various cordless telephone models were tested at the university laboratories, said Dr. Singleton, and the sound intensity of their rings ranged from 137 to 141 decibels—a level likely to damage hearing; hearing loss is possible at 120 decibels. In many of these phones, the bell is in the earpiece. These phones have a switch that must be moved to "talk" position; if the user picks up the phone, but forgets to flip the switch, it can continue ringing directly into the ear. An occasional loud crack or pop is believed to be radio interference.

If you receive a painful blast of sound from a cordless phone and have pain, hearing loss, or ringing in the ears as a result, see an otolaryngologist. Ask your doctor to document your case and send the complete history to the American Academy of Otolaryngology-Head and Neck Surgery in Washington, DC. The Academy is collecting the data for review by the Food and Drug Administration.

DOCTORS' CATCH 22

For an elderly terminally ill patient, medical care can come in several forms: the patient can remain in the hospital, covered by Medicare for a limited period of time that depends on the diagnosis, can return home to be cared for by a private health expert (a service usually not covered by Medicare), or can be admitted to a Medicare-paid hospice where generally the patient will be more comfortable than in a hospital. To be admitted to a Medicare-paid hospice, a physician must certify that the patient has six months or less to live. Medicare reimbursement will last 210 days, after which the cost of caring for the patient will fall on the hospice. The hospice cannot discharge the patient; but it could, in turn, sue the doctor for falsely claiming that the patient had only six months to live. Hence, the doctors' dilemma: They have no scientifically valid basis on which to make an exact judgment on when a patient will die; do they deny the patient an opportunity for hospice care by refusing to sign the form, or do they take a risk and "guess" the patient won't live beyond six months?

Howard Brody, M.D., Ph.D., of Michigan State University, East Lansing, and Joanne Lynn, M.D., of George Washington University in Washington, DC, point out in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that the doctor's concern for the best care of his or her patient should be uppermost; they hope the federal bureaucracy and the insurance industry who manage hospice reimbursement will rethink the prognostic requirement.

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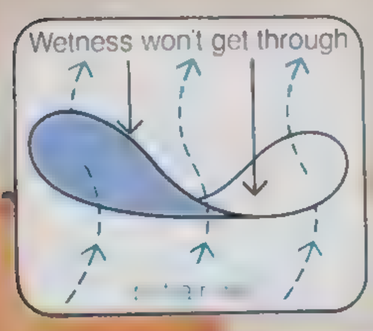

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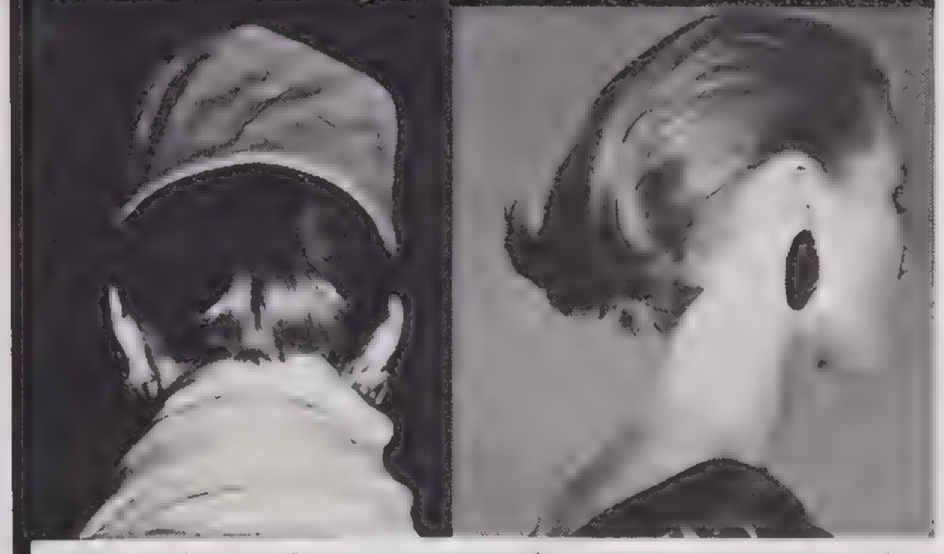
Now, a new way to control hair: use hairspray *before* styling, as Suga does, *above*, for hold without stiffness. A plastic mask protects eyes, makeup (more Suga tips, page 492)... Fast ponytail, *below left:* Christiaan "pins" hair into a tail, uses gel, mousse, or hairspray for hold... *below right*, sleek, neat with pins removed.



HAIR NOW

options

New tools, products ...perms that free up time spent on styling hair

better perms

As women desire more and more to present a well-groomed business image, they often turn first to the look of their hair—now neater, straighter, virtually maintenance-free. Though perms helped to achieve this last objective, they often produced too much curl. As the chemicals and the process have improved, perms are increasingly less curly, less time-consuming, less damaging. Jean Louis David (NYC, L.A., Paris) has a fast twelve-roller perm... Redken's Inner Secret (at NYC's Bruno Le Salon) allows for safer perm-over-haircolor; Redken's AACT Conditioner (salons only) "shuts off" perm chemicals; Pro Perm shampoo maintains curl... At home: A fast "spot" perm from Rave... For black women: Revlon's lye-free Creme of Nature.

Today's products, tools, techniques help you to style hair more easily, to use your hands for faster "shaping." Bend, crimp, or scrunch hair for wave, lift it for volume

New technology means tools that are faster, lighter, more compact. One example, Sunbeam Perfect Deluxe Curler/ Styler Ensemble, *at right:* everything you need—two curling barrels, brush, rollers, clips—yet as portable as can be...Geared for power and speed: a new top-notch appliance collection from Fabergé...Which blow-dryers were among those given a top rating by a recent *Consumer Reports* study? Clairol's Salon Power 1500 and Rapide 1250.

Photos by ROXANNE LOWIT Sketch by TERRY FISHER

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VOGUE

Special Report— Seven American Cities

their new style, excitement, pleasures

Miami

New York

Dallas

Los

Details, last pages

SEVEN AMERICAN CITIES–

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quickening pulse
of our cities—
their new vigor
and sophistication,
their heightened
cultural awareness,
their celebration
of great food,
their appreciation
of terrific shopping.
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a look at what's
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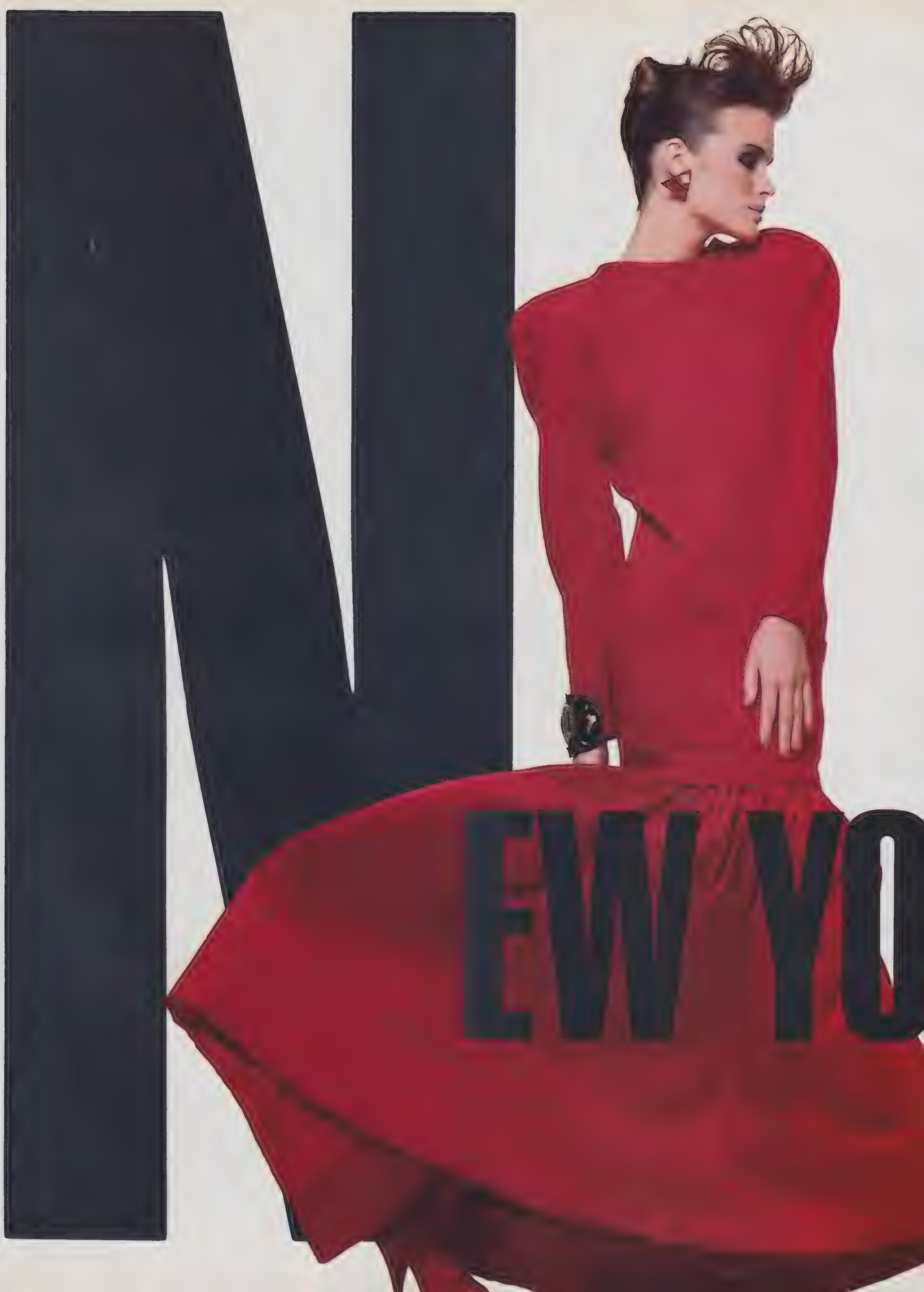

EMMY

Ah, to bound to lunch over the Brooklyn Bridge on a fine bright New York morning! I say bound, rather than just walk, because on such a day everything seems bouncy. The worn old walkway feels bouncy beneath your feet. The sky above looks hard and reboundable, like the walls of a celestial squash court. The joggers and bikers all but levitate by, and even the traffic reverberating across the bridge's lower deck seems to move in bursts of joyous release to be up there in the air above the East River.

Sometimes sunshine flashes on the upperworks of a ship lying out in the Narrows; sometimes a jet lazes silently over; gulls flap about, a tugboat foams its passage underneath; and when, sweating rather, you leave the bridge at the Brooklyn end and turn back to the water's edge, there Mr. Haroldo Mauro is already playing Gershwin for you on the piano hidden among the festive flower arrangements of the River Café. As you sit down for your victuals, with the skyscrapers resplendent over the water before you, you may notice that infallible sign of a good restaurant, an exquisitely executed darn in the white linen tablecloth.

Such are the peculiar, inexhaustible pleasures of New York; delights that are partly sophisticated but partly innocent, partly plain but partly most decidedly fancy.

Of all the world's great cities, New York is the most accessible, and one of its exceptionally individual pleasures—and not the least urbane—is free to all. I do not mean the splendor of skyscrapers against crimson New York sunsets, or the thrilling lights and shades of the celebrated canyons, or even that fresh sea-tingle of the Brooklyn Bridge. I mean a sense of proud, sometimes arrogant, public welcome that is New York's most particular contribution to the delights of travel. Lordly but gracious, for instance, like a duke in a stately home, stands the security guard in the dim-lit Art Deco magnificence of the Chrysler Building lobby, which is like all the Roxy cinemas ever built congealed stupendously into one. Awestruck but detectably possessive stroll the evening crowds through the Trump Tower atrium, one of the *plaisances* innumerable that, for reasons I gather more of zoning convenience than civic generosity, provide palatial resting place for all comers up and down the sidewalks of New York.

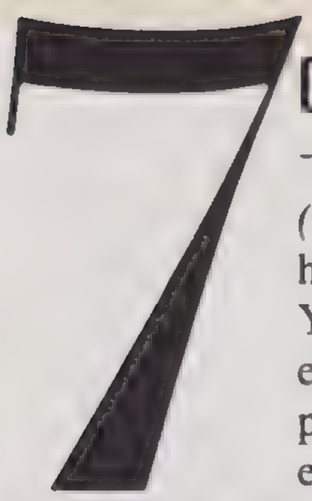
It pays, they say, to be rich in Manhattan, but it is not essential for this highly distinctive, almost club-like form of enjoyment. You need not a cent, if you can resist the Danish pastries of the attendant cafés, to spend half an hour on the cheerful street floor of the CitiCorp building, where a jazz combo is very likely playing among the locust trees, and almost anybody in sight will be only too happy to entertain you with stories of rapacious landlords, Central Park melodrama, or the problems of *menage à trois*. Better still, it costs nothing but shoe leather to accept the advice that E.M. Forster offered visitors to Alexandria and spend a warm fall evening wandering aimlessly about the city—among the jugglers and the storytellers, the coppersmiths, the carpet sellers and the caliphs incognito of this ultimate bazaar. . . .

On the other *(Continued on page 302)*

On its jam-packed island home, Manhattan rears up, the center of internationalism in America. It offers a ceaseless scramble, an endless exaltation of life, an ever-changing parade of inexhaustible pleasures. . . .partly innocent, mostly sophisticated, always New York. By Jan Morris

Jan Morris *is the author of the recently published "Journeys" (Oxford)*

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *With a new season just ahead—a season of parties, openings, city-night excitement, a different way of dressing for the "occasion"—dressing based on simple shapes, on a relaxed "separates" feeling . . . transformed by fabric—and color! At its best, at Bill Blass, in his marvelous new sweater-and-skirt dressing for evening: an elongated red cashmere cardigan—strong-shouldered, very narrow—over a long red satin skirt. About $1875. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; Swansons on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus; I Magnin. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; makeup, François Nars. Details, more stores, see next to last pages of this issue.*



CITIES/NEW YORK

(Continued from page 301)

hand, another kind of New York pleasure is exaggeratedly intimate. Think of the piano players in their cavernous retreats, from Mr. Bobby Short, who has been elegantly lightening the darkness of the Café Carlyle since pianos began, to all the laid-back, way-out, new-wave practitioners variously blasting and hazing their listeners in black holes of the East Village. In a city of tremendous bookshops, the best are those that manage to make themselves feel like family libraries—Books & Co. on Madison Avenue, say, which even has a sofa conveniently disposed for customers seized by vapors. In a city of virtuoso concerts, I like best the string-quartet recitals that are played apparently for the pure pleasure of it, or perhaps for practice, every Sunday brunchtime in the little restaurant called The Library on upper Broadway.

This involves a willing suspension of disbelief. Manhattan has a taste for sham exclusivity, making you feel you have somehow got in on merit, or by special invitation, when you are really paying a check like everyone else. There are no maîtres d' so comically snooty as those of New York, who always seem to me to be playing a part in a time-honored mutual joke, customers and restaurateurs seeing through each others' follies with equal clarity, but tacitly agreeing to collude.

And what could be more guilelessly entertaining than afternoon tea at the Mayfair Regent on Park Avenue, that temple of teaness, that fulcrum of sconery? No matter that the tea itself is nothing to sing about (they warm the pot "only on request," and I have doubts too about the boiling of the water): sufficient joy it is to see those seven varieties, Earl Grey to Darjeeling, lined up in their tins upon the trolley. Sufficient comfort to be served, as by favorite nieces, by the waitresses in their decorous blouses and long skirts. And what beguilement to watch the scones go down, laden with strawberry jam, beneath those glorious hats, through that haze of perfumes on squashy corner sofas.

Food is a New York delight, no doubt about that, and for myself, when it comes to eating out in Manhattan, I prefer the effect spectacular. Not for me those discreet small hideaways, beloved of subtler gourmets, where Taste is All. I like that kind of thing in France or China, but in New York I want, if not as my main course, at least as a running apéritif, a dash of the native flair.

I like to be invited to breakfast in the breathtaking upstairs dining room of the University Club whose corn flakes are corn flakes like any others, but whose terrific gilded ceiling, noble windows over Fifth Avenue, and general air of millionaire complacency make even shaking the sugar substitute out of its packet feel a stylish gesture.

Or what about, in the right season, one of the great American specialties—shad roe or soft-shelled crab—amid the famous plush of La Grenouille, as grand and as venerable a restaurant after a couple of decades in New York as a Prince of Ruritania could demand or an Edwardian courtesan could prefer to be noticed at? A bottle—well, a couple of bottles—of Mondavi Sauvignon, a friend or two to share it, the delicate crunch of those poor young crustaceans between your teeth ("only another week," urgently cries the waiter, "only a few days and that crab'll be too tough for eating!"), a prince or two to stare at, a star's bracelet to envy, and lunch at La Grenouille seems to be as agreeable a treat on an idle day as a couple of hundred bucks can buy.

Written even larger, in a yet more gorgeous idiom, is the message of the Four Seasons, behind its vast curtained windows in Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson's lovely Seagram Building. Farewell reality, this sumptuous establishment seems to be saying: join us in the shimmer of magnificent illusion. Great artists have conspired to create this other, happier world. Gentle restaurateurs stand, like indulgent Saint Peters, all-knowing at its desk. A hundred faces look up not quite casually at your entrance, in case you are somebody famous. And as you take your seat beside the cool pale pool that is the center of the place, accept your kir, and await your fettuccine with wild mushrooms, lo! the illusion works; and you feel yourself truly to have attained—helped along by Pablo Picasso, Johnson, and old Mies—some other plane of sensibility.

Only for an hour or two, of course. We may as well admit that half of the delights of New York are based *au fond* upon undelightful abstractions like greed, envy, and even criminality. Best not to think, for instance, about the means by which this city's inconceivable treasures all too often found their way here in the first place, the grab and shove behind those masterpieces of religious art, the brutal opportunism that acquired those fragile porcelains. It was ever thus, in every society. Best just to do what New Yorkers have, with their easy impartiality toward the transitive and the intransitive, taught us to do: *Enjoy!*

I am unreliable on vast museums and art galleries, preferring my uplift in delicate doses, but it would take a more resolute Philistine than I to resist the intoxicating range and variety *(Continued on page 308)*

Eugene Mihaesco

The Chrysler Building is
like all the Roxy cinemas ever built
congealed stupendously into one

ADVERTISEMENT

TRUMP TOWER
SPIRIT OF PLACE

BY MEREDITH ETHERINGTON SMITH

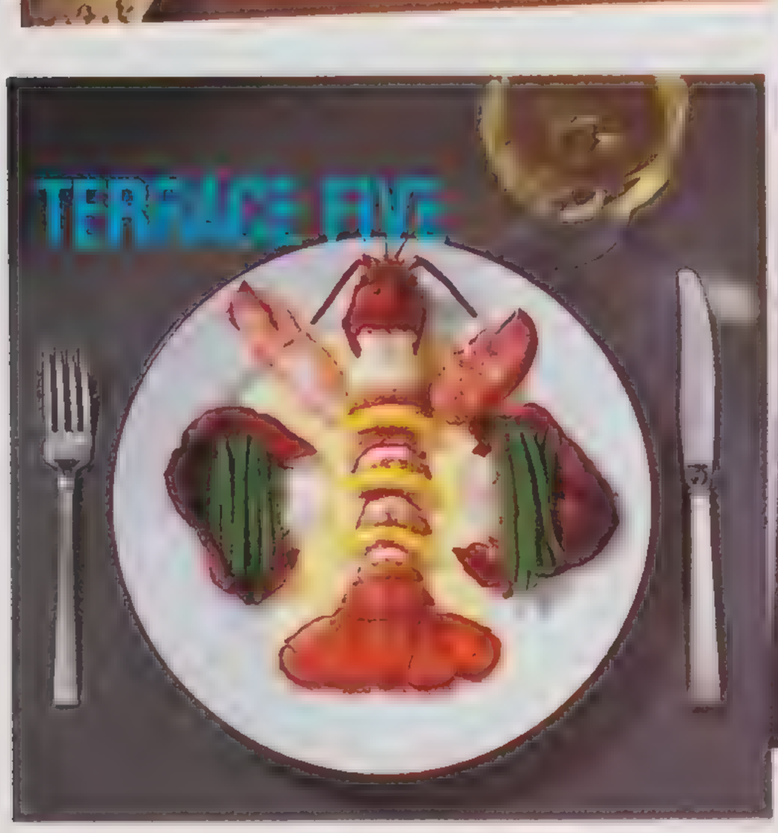
Geniumque loci ... precatur
He prays to the spirit of the place
Virgil: Aeneid, vii, 136

What is this elusive 'spirit of place'; how does one set about finding it? Every major city has a neighborhood, a building or a street which possesses this spirit of place; a distillation of the past and present, hopes and dreams, madness and sanity of that city's inhabitants.

Paris, that supremely feminine city, can be sensed in all its fantasies and frivolities, its art and style, as you walk down the rue de la Paix, past all the glowing vitrines full of feminine perfections, a rainbow's end of glamour.

In London, that city of the pampered aristocratic male, the spirit of place creeps wraithlike through all those little eighteenth-century streets and shopping arcades in St. James – a tiny area of exclusive male clubs, chemists who sell the same hangover cures as they did a hundred years ago, and a host of bootmakers and shirtmakers. Rome, too, has its spirit; just walk down the vertiginous social cliff that is the Spanish steps and into Greco's.

(continued on next page)



■ BOTTICELLINO A classic wool jacket, $150, plaid skirt with its own blouse, $150, patent leather shoes in blue, $105 ■ MARTHA A white chiffon dress embroidered with a galaxy of silver vermicelli beads, with a beaded pearl shoulder yoke, $1,100 ■ BUCCELLATI A fabulous 18 karat white gold bird set with 302 diamonds, 42 rubies, 18 emeralds, with a sapphire eye, holding a Biwa pearl, $22,800 ■ OPTICA Frame your eyes in a genuine python-skin covered frame made exclusively for Optica with the bonus of a bracelet to match ■ AMAZONI The Quimbaya culture – 200 B.C. to 1600 A.D. – produced this Pre-Columbian anthropomorphic figure with gold nose rings, $1,700 ■ MCM A shoulder bag that means she's businesslike, has various leather compartments and a mirror, $495. The MCM signature silk square scarf, $85 ■ A Lobster Plate at TERRACE FIVE, the classic French restaurant in the nouvelle cuisine style, on the fifth level ■ ASPREY Two pairs of 18 karat yellow gold cufflinks, wafer-thin, with Asprey hidden double-hinge, $1,850 each pair.

TRUMP TOWER

And what of New York? Or rather, the island of Manhattan? What sort of spirit must one try and capture that would encapsulate this city of rapid change, of energy and elegance, of a love affair with the new and wistfulness for the old? A city that is in essence American, yet reverberates with the foreign polysyllabics of French, Italian, Japanese, Spanish? A city that has chosen to live a vertical life, abandoning the horizontal ideal of the Old World.

The corner of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street is not an entirely unexpected location in which to search for the spirit of Manhattan. And on this corner, suspended ribbon-like from the changeable Manhattan sky is Trump Tower. Surely this monument to one man's energy and vision of what Manhattan could be, should be and now is, must contain within its five-floor atrium, its story upon story of apartments, that essential feeling of being at a global crossroads that is the spirit of New York.

The very story of the conception and construction of Trump Tower must lead one to investigate further.

■ **HARRY WINSTON PETIT SALON** 18 karat yellow gold and diamond passementerie center motif with a crystal bead necklace, has matching ring and earclips. ■ **NAPOLEON** And so to bed . . . under this lavish blue fox bedspread, $18,000. The calf suede jacket has a detachable collar and a detachable Blackglama mink lining, $8,500 ■ **SAITY** From India and Tibet, two ivory one-of-a-kind bracelets, $490 each ■ **LINA LEE** Dashing, private label raccoon and tweed jacket, trimmed in suede, $2,200, and an elegant two-piece knit from Italy's Laura Biagiotti, $1,375 ■ **CHOCOLATERIE CORNE TOISON D'OR** Deliciously seductive Belgian chocolate, $22 a pound if it is prepacked; if you want to select your own assortment, $24 a pound ■ **ANDREA CARRANO** Streamlined red medium pumps, $135. The flat approach? Charming red leather flats, $110. The tone-on-tone leather bag, $120 ■ **GALERIA CANO** Pre-Columbian art jewelry. Earrings, $3,400; the choker pendant, $1,500 ■ **LOEWE** Silky suede shirt in prettiest lavender, $850, the rust and fuchsia wool scarf, $185, and the brown leather hunting bag, $165.

Donald Trump, 38-year-old blond American visionary, a graduate of the Wharton School and scion of a Long Island property dynasty, dreams that Manhattan needs a uniquely splendid building in the skyscraper idiom. And as this is a Manhattan story, having decided ... he goes ahead and does it.

There it stands, this frozen bronze ribbon, containing within its 68 stories a vertical slice of the spirit that makes Manhattan, *Manhattan*. As you enter the Atrium, you are faced with an example of the defiance of nature that has always been an element of life in this city. An indoor waterfall cascades in crystalline streams down five stories of terraces to splash so quietly into its containing pool that it doesn't drown the plangent notes of the man who is playing the grand piano in counterpoint to the flow of the water. Trump has provided space enough here to gossip, to sit and dream, to watch, or to have a breakfast meeting. Lush green plants climb down bluffs of rose peach Breccia Perniche marble toward terra firma. Here, in the heart of the city you are in an indoor garden.

(continued on next page)

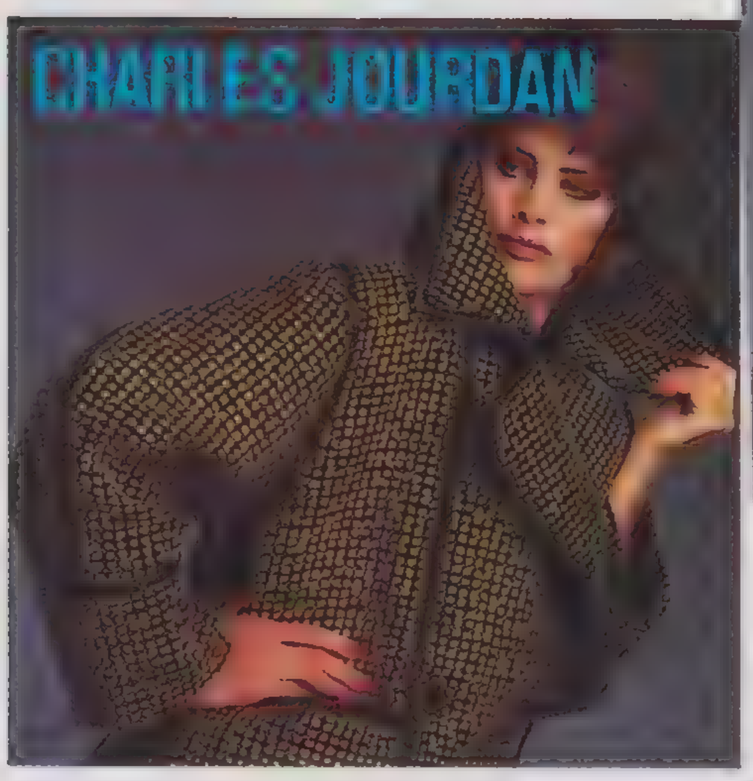
■ BONWIT TELLER Iridescent, a seductively charmeuse draped toga in midnight black, $1,150 ■ CARTIER Modern classics, ladies' gold Santos watch, $8,000; rolling ... $300 ... Mail ... 2-tone gold ... $245 ■ LA LINGERIE ... ■ NORMAN CRIDER ANTIQUES ... $750 ■ ELAN HOME FASHION The artist Dorothy Hafner designed this 100% cotton napkin ... to Elan, $20. The four patterns coordinate with a porcelain dinner set entitled Art for Dining; cup and saucer shown $140 ■ PASCAL MORABITO ... bound in brass hardware, lined with leather ... $820; shown ... lace with a ruby ... dent, set in gold, surrounded by diamonds and ... ribbon, $5,550 ■ LUDWIG BECK The classic ... into a coat with a hood, lined in hamster, just add a luxurious burgundy cashmere shawl ■ LINA LEE FOR MEN Hand ... multicolor scarf by ... $84. Charcoal grey leather and cotton quilted La Mama jacket, $525, and a banana-colored check shirt in cotton flannel by Punch ...

TRUMP TOWER

Is it here that one may sense the spirit of place, or does the feeling get stronger as you ascend the elevators or take the escalators up past fronded greenery to the five levels of international shops and restaurants set side by side in glittering arcades?

Consider. If Manhattan is the crossroads of the world these days, it is also a city that likes to go shopping. And when it goes shopping it likes to feel that it is in Florence . . . or Munich . . . or Bond Street or in the rue de la Paix. For the essence of Manhattan these days is a certain insouciant internationalism. Pepper is not . . . simply, pepper. It is Mexican pepper, or French pepper or Italian pepper. Jewelry is modern, it is ancient, it is from the Navajo Indian culture or from Renaissance Florence.

The glittering assemblage of shops and international restaurants on the five atrium levels is a perfect microcosm of this love of all things international, all things excellent which is part of the contemporary Manhattan spirit.

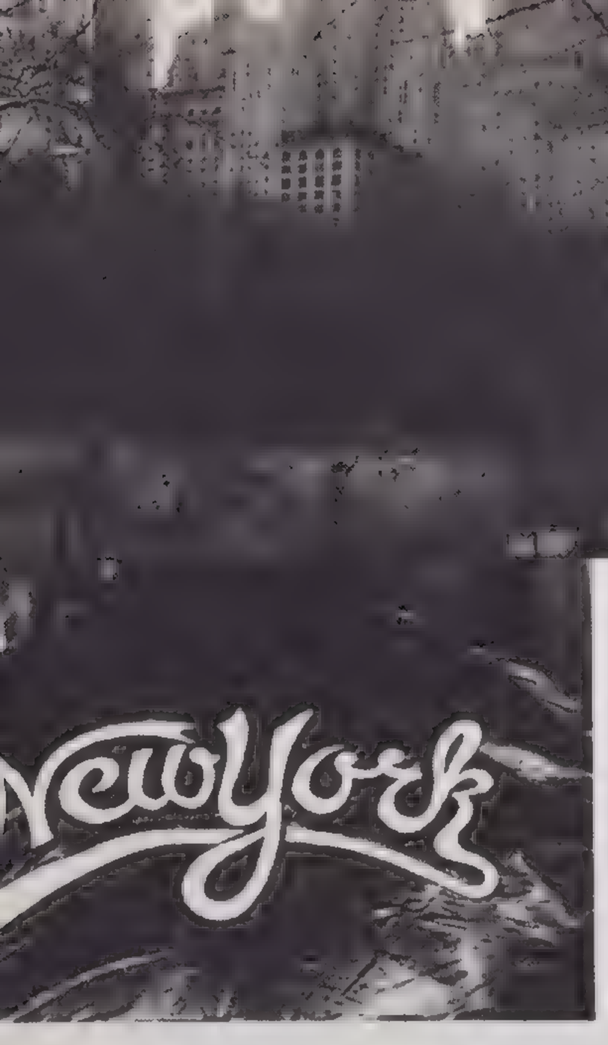


■ **BRECY** The ruby line bracelet, $3,700; the sapphire line bracelet, $3,430; the diamond line bracelet, $9,800 and the emerald line bracelet, $8,775 ■ **FILA BOUTIQUE** Sportive two-tone velour zip-front jacket, $257. The shirt, $61 ■ **BOEHM** The subtle, transient beauty of the hibiscus flower, portrayed here in porcelain and bronze, $195 ■ **CHARLES JOURDAN** Bold and brilliant . . . 'Socrates' yellow and black jacket, $520. The 'Boa' scarf, $145 ■ **BOTTEGA DEL VINO** The rich harvest of red Italian wines of rare vintage ■ **STEFAN MANN** Black alligator attache case, $1,850 ■ **ARRAS 2 GALLERY** Intricate inlay construction by Ugo Nespolo, entitled 'Alteration & Tailoring,' $4,800 ■ **ADDISON ON MADISON** His for her: a man tailored button-down shirt for her, $52 ■ **KENNETH JAY LANE** Necklace of gold metal rhinestones, hatchy-dot and half simulated hematite, $250. Earrings, one of crystal, one of hematite, $55 ■ **DDL FOODSHOW** Delicacies, from crepes to carpaccio, $7-$17 ■ **FRED LEIGHTON** Pendant earrings of 18 karat gold set with Burmese rubies, diamonds and natural pearls, $20,000 ■ **GIORGIOS PAPPAS** Silver fox coat by Mary McFadden, $15,000 ■ **MONDI** Taupe and white, elegantly combined in a coat, cardigan and pullover, accessorized with a white scarf ■ **PINEIDER** Elegant burgundy crocodile briefcase and card case ■ **ELAN FLOWERS** A sampling of the world's most exotic flowers, fresh daily ■ **SAITY JEWELRY** One-of-a-kind American Navajo Indian art, a cuffed sterling silver and turquoise bracelet, $925 ■ **BRUESTLE** The sweater of many colors, $385. Cotton shirt, $175, shawls, each, $50.

Perhaps the true spirit of place is contained within this atrium complex, but it is also to be found in the apartments that Donald Trump has built within the frozen ribbon of his skyscraper to the sky. Such huge views of Manhattan through such lucid sheets of glass have attracted a cross section of the truly international. These apartments belong to people who own palazzi in the Brenta, hôtels particuliers in the rue de Varenne, Moorish palaces in the Kasbah of Marrakesh.

They perch in these aeries, birds of passage borne in on the trade winds of the world, content in their vast apartments floored in marble and parquet, burnished with bronze. They look out at the vast verticality that is Manhattan. Perhaps here is the true spirit of place, suspended between heaven and earth at twilight, as the lights come on, and far, far below the traffic streams along the ruler-straight avenues through canyons of light. You can almost hear the first chords of Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' start their ascent.

Trump Tower, spirit of a place called Manhattan.



Juxtaposition of time: (above) skyline over Central Park; proud urbanite's jacket (left); skating in Central Park, 1894 (below)

7 CITIES/NEW YORK

(Continued from page 302)

of the New York collections. The mammoth Metropolitan Museum of Art is too much for me (I like its billowing flags best); the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, with its ziggurat spiral by Frank Lloyd Wright, so distracts me by its structure that I tend to disregard its exhibits. But two museums in particular, out of Manhattan's almost infinite choice, seem to me to offer pleasures you cannot easily duplicate anywhere else.

The recently revamped Museum of Modern Art feels, when you are inside it, rather like the interior of an empty toothpaste tube, but brilliantly against the scrubbed enamel its matchless possessions display themselves. No museum is more fun. There is the shameful entertainment of watching people trying to make up their minds whether they are stepping over a temporary repair job on the floor or a piece of contemporary sculpture. But there is also the sheer dazzle of the art produced in the past century or so, surely the most exhilarating of all artistic periods, whether it be an Art Deco reading lamp, a helicopter hanging from the ceiling, a gem-lady from *fin-de-siècle* Vienna, a red Italian automobile, a splodge of Jackson Pollock, or, best of all, the marvelous Monet water lilies, which, occupying as they do all sides of a chamber not unlike a diving-bell, make you feel you are deep in a lily pond yourself.

At another pole of delight is my other favorite New York museum, the Frick Collection, in its awful old mansion on Fifth Avenue. Entering this place is hardly like entering an art gallery at all; it's more like turning up, unannounced and perhaps a trifle nervously, at the townhouse of some unconscionably rich, but fortunately absent, relative. Enormously grand and condescending servants direct you to the drawing room, or suggest you might like to view the garden first, but just as you are expecting to find upon the wall some brownish painting of your own great-great-grandmother by a lesser-known practitioner of the early Grand Rapids School, dear God, it's Goya's "St. Jerome" up there instead, or Renoir's "Mother and Children," or some landscape masterpiece you have known all your life from Christmas cards and table mats (though as it happens, all the same, Frick or no Frick, I myself do not accept the authenticity of the Constable "Salisbury Cathedral" in the library).

It was Paris, I think, that Bismarck described as a great place to loot. What would he have thought of Manhattan, a century later? This island is a treasure chest, and not all its riches are locked in the gilded caskets of the supreme museums. Close your eyes! Sit still! Just around the corner, a masterpiece awaits you!

It is a jam-packed island, and for many people its characteristic pleasures are essentially crowded and relentless pleasures, the stimulations of parties and theaters, of discos and café life, or even the macabre *frisson* of the subways, scrawled all over, like vehicles out of hell, with unintelligible black graffiti.

Not for me. For me, the profoundest satisfaction of Manhattan is something paradoxically simple and organic—something elemental in a metropolis of contrivance. I find it in the ready responses of passersby, so heart-on-sleeve, so ready to laugh or swear. I find it in the gaunt presences of the buildings all around, hardly like human artifacts at all, more like gigantic growths out of the island substance. And most of all I sense this raw presence, this still at the heart, on top of the highest of all those buildings, the World Trade Center in downtown Manhattan.

This mighty pair of obelisks are remarkable enough in themselves, with their ineffable Hitlerian lobbies, their looming forms unsoftened by any effete Grecian devices of perspective; but at the top of Tower Two there is an *(Continued on page 316)*

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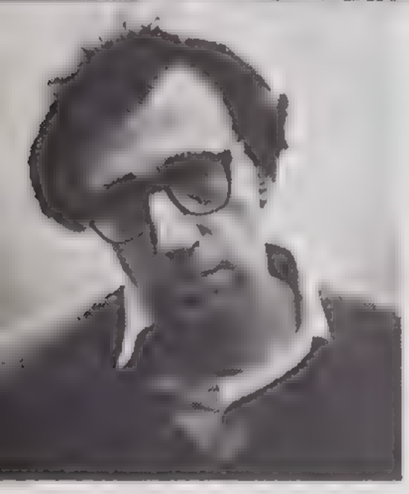
Two worlds of New York art: Ruth Orkin captures the ineffable feeling of the city's streets, 1952 (left); while (below) David Salle's paintings flirt with outrageousness. "I Like Intransitive Verbs," 1981



The quintessential over-achieving New Yorker: Woody Allen—filmmaker, actor, writer, jazz clarinetist

7 CITIES/NEW YORK

(Continued from page 308)

open-air observation deck, the highest on earth, and it is up there, especially on a gusty night, that the New York pleasures are consummated for me. All around, of course, like a sea of lights, the great city lies, its waterways in dark circumference, all the ceaseless jostle, scramble, and exaltation of its life below; but immediately alongside your aerie, so close it seems you could almost jump the gap, is the utterly deserted windswept platform of the other tower, a quarter of a mile above the ground.

It looks as though it has been there always, and as though nobody has ever set foot upon it. It is like an unclimbed mountain summit above Manhattan—a rock, bare, defiant, and forever alone, like one of those hefty truths of kindness, laughter, or enlightenment that lie for my money at the heart of all the best delights.

Shopping Pleasures: New York
By Allison Kyle Leopold

What can you say about New York? That it's got everything a city could possibly offer and then some, from hand-dipped chocolate truffles to handwoven Chinese cashmeres, from handmade lambskin trousers to hand-pressed Florentine paper. That it's got more fashion within the city limits than any other place in the world. Where else could you find silk suede opera gloves from Jean Paul Gaultier, made-to-measure hunt boots, or a multipocketed calendar/address book combo in emerald-green snakeskin, all in the course of an afternoon? Or original Miriam Haskell jewelry from the 1950s nudging up against real alligator bags at an open-air flea market? Any way you look at it, New York always offers just a little bit more.

Perhaps the most efficient way to shop New York is to go by neighborhood—each one, from SoHo to the Upper West Side, has its own character, its own distinct fashion message. The statement of upper Madison Avenue, for example, beginning in the mid-'fifties, continuing through the 'seventies, is that of luxury, pure and simple. It almost feels, well, like Paris, with its rarified atmosphere of cool, slick shops like, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche and Emanuel Ungaro mingled with sidewalk cafés. In the last year, the area has expanded its international outlook with even more European boutiques: in the East Sixties alone are Sonia Rykiel; the new Missoni shop for men and women; the big, cool, hushed-as-an-art-gallery Gianni Versace store. All seem variations on a theme, in minimal, monochromatic silver, grey, black, and white, as if they'd worked out a coordinated design guaranteed to soothe one into indulgent purchases.

Two more newcomers—both SoHo-based—to this Upper East Side boutique row are Joseph Tricot, a small, nicely spare, no-clutter store for trendy knits of all kinds, and Agnes B. (Look for her beautiful French sportswear—consistent shapes that change seasonally in color, fabric.) Dianne B., also a downtown store, has retained its easy feeling, too; uptown it's a duplex for owner Dianne Benson's elegant mix of French/Japanese sportswear from designers such as Dorothée Bis, Issey Miyake, and Castalbajac.

Bottega Veneta, Lancel, and La Bagagerie (for bags, *(Continued on page 320)*

Details, last pages

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(Continued from page 316)
portfolios, luggage, small leather goods) and North Beach Leather for butter-soft leather jackets, pants, skirts, are other stopovers filled with a variety of irresistible temptations, as is Boris-Le Beau for custom-made jewelry (anything from strands of black pearls to chunky, sculptural gold rings) and The English Way, a second-floor discovery for antique linens, laces, beautiful dressing-table accessories. More and more, it's a good idea to look *up* for stores; in this high-rent district, they're rapidly being stacked one above the other. The area, too, is becoming home to more and more salons—first- and second-story locations: La Coupe; Pipino-Buccheri; Richard Stein and Bruno Dessange practically back to back; Gil Ferrer, to name just a few. You can make an appointment in advance or just try your luck for a chance cancellation and have your hair cut by some of the top stylists in town. Book well in advance, though, for master makeup expert Pablo Manzoni's $250 "private lesson."

Woods is an attractive place to stop for lunch; a well-turned-out crowd enjoys the famous garden salad topped with goat cheese and Champagne vinaigrette. Thus fortified, you can check out the recently opened Itokin Plaza, representing over twenty designers under one roof. In addition to exclusively highlighting several designers new to the United States, this international shopping stop offers evening wear from Carolina Herrera, browsing in the Hiroko Koshino boutique, accessories from Fabrice.

Moving into the East Seventies, there's Matsuda for Japanese "no color" sportswear; Le Chocolatier Manon for confectionaries packed in bandboxes, china jars, ribboned baskets; Pierre Deux, for their French Provençal fabrics and accessories. And of course this area is gallery country. You can easily spend a free hour leafing through folios, poking around auction rooms, taking in the newest exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art. For a break of another sort—a fitness break—try joining the professionals at Martha Graham's School of Dance, signing up for an individual ballet class at the Harkness Center for Contemporary Dance, or making your own exercise tape at Margerie Thompson's Videonastics.

Another shopping haven, Fifty-seventh Street is where you'll find a dizzying array of famous names, from Tiffany & Co. and Burberry's to Andre Oliver and Baccarat. Hermès is new *(Continued on page 323)*

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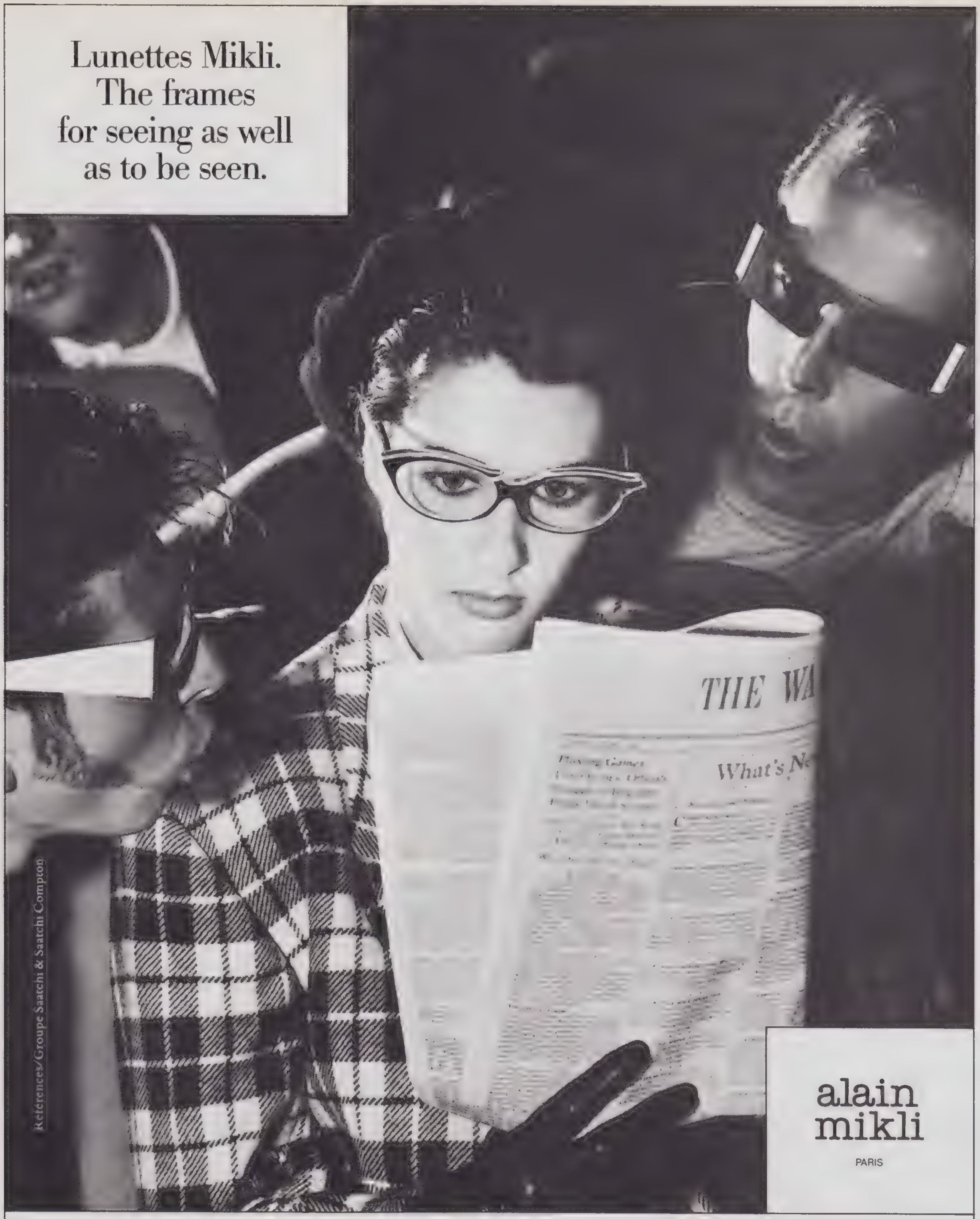

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(Continued from page 320)

to one block; so is the Giorgio Fragrance Boutique—opened just this August—for perfumes, colognes, lavish gift baskets.

While chic furs, swaggering coats, sweaters and pants have replaced bustles and hoop skirts, Fifth Avenue remains the shoppers' paradise; it was one hundred years ago when it was known as the "Ladies Mile." Today, New York's broad central avenue boasts its near-legendary department stores: though the reputation of solid, classic B. Altman's at Thirty-fourth Street dates back to the genteel carriage trade at the turn of the century, twentieth-century designers are the stock-in-trade now, and the third floor boasts a particularly good selection from the Italian designers. On the fifth: charming French country finds to liven up kitchens everywhere. In

It costs nothing but shoe leather to experience this ultimate bazaar

keeping with the spirit of that earlier era: lunch—better yet, tea—at the Charleston Gardens, where several generations of mothers and daughters have shared many a finger sandwich.

A few blocks farther uptown: Lord & Taylor, vigorous promoter of classic American fashion with the well-stocked designer boutiques you'd expect. The unexpected—always—in Fantasia, the special-finds boutique on the third floor.

Up near the Plaza Hotel, there's Bergdorf Goodman, ever-in-love with Italian designers, known for their exclusives (furs from Fendi, and the only Turnbull & Asser men's shop in New York). Behind the brand-new façade, you'll find their charming Guerlain fragrance bar (a replica of the Paris Guerlain on the Champs-Élysées with its marble columns, domed ceiling), plus an in-the-works seventh floor devoted to home furnishings and decorative accessories. And look for boutiques for Ferrer, for Alan Flusser and Charvet, and a joint men/women's Issey *(Continued on page 326)*

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Photograph: Lange Collection, Oakland Museum

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(Continued from page 323)

Miyake collection. Worth a special stop is Obiko on the fourth floor—a San Francisco collection of one-of-a-kind evening pieces, hand-beaded, handwoven, from forty different artisan/designers.

Around the corner from Bergdorf's, Henri Bendel remains a consistently tempting place to explore—from their street of shops, to their renovated fourth floor, to exclusive bridal wear from Fendi (Karl Lagerfeld-designed) and from Perry Ellis. Right next door is the newest—the sixth—Charivari store, not yet six months old, a cantilevered enclave where you'll find an interesting selection of forward-looking

Manhattan makes you feel you've got in by merit, or by special invitation

pieces from Basile, Montana, Max Mara, Byblos, Complice, Kenzo. And next door again, adjoining Charivari: the new Yohji Yamamoto boutique, the designer's first in New York.

Past the Gothic spires of Saint Patrick's, there's Saks Fifth Avenue for the best fashion from leading New York/European designers, the latest accessories, without the hyperactivity that so often plagues big department stores. On the first floor, there are beautiful leathers from Carlos Falchi and Ferragamo, jewelry piled on the counters like ripe fruit; on the second floor, the best of American sportswear displayed along a brick-roaded arcade; on the third, boutiques for Geoffrey Beene, Oscar de la Renta, Yves Saint Laurent, Karl Lagerfeld, and Valentino.

A few blocks from Saks stands the lofty Trump Tower. Big and brassy, with gleaming pink breche perniche marble stretching from its ceilings to its floor, it houses a DDL Foodshow on its garden level for take-out gourmet samplings; above, there are tiers of stores: Bonwit Teller, Martha's, Botticellino for children's shoes, Charles Jourdan, Pineider for stationery and for leathers. The Kenneth Jay Lane boutique is one flight up— *(Continued on page 328)*

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The historic Astor Place subway station (top), near New York University; art and money mix (center) in world's financial heart, Wall Street; the latest in luxurious urban living, shopping, architecture (left), The Trump Tower

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(Continued from page 326)

worth a stop for his tank watches, faux jewels. But the Trump Tower is more than ambitious: it's a major tourist attraction.

Fifth Avenue also hosts the world's great jewelry stores, from Cartier and Van Cleef & Arpels to Mikimoto's, for exquisite pearls of all kinds, to Fred, the very newest addition to this glittering lineup. Here, you can easily imagine you're on the Rue Royale in Paris—site of the parent store—as you choose from a rather spectacular collection of diamonds, emeralds, and the like...or from smaller, equally provocative "treasures." Through the red doors of Elizabeth Arden nearby, you'll find one of the best beauty breaks in town, with a plus: you can sign up for a personalized exercise lesson with fitness expert Barbara Pearlman. Back on Fifth, it's worth pausing to admire the façade of Scribner Book Store, grandly gilded and vaguely Belle Epoque. The store's bookish atmosphere and Old World wraparound wrought-iron gallery make the purchase of even the latest best seller seem like a glamorous acquisition. And up the avenue there's Rizzoli's for art books, foreign editions, and esoterica.

From Fifth Avenue, one can head east to Bloomingdale's or west to Macy's—or, for those with stamina above and beyond, to both. Bloomingdale's is still a retailing phenomenon—exhausting, disturbing, occasionally overwhelming in its sheer plenitude of goods, its trendiness, its circus-like goings-on. But it's also the quintessential New York department store, mirroring all the excitement of the city itself. The current attraction is their Japan promotion, filling every floor with a special assortment of modern—and traditional—Oriental splendor: clothes, shoes, cosmetics, accessories of every kind, stationery, food. And it wouldn't be a Bloomie's "event" without the home furnishings, including their justly famous "decorator" rooms. In addition—this is Japan, after all—there's a mind-boggling array of the latest in electronics.

Over on the West Side, the Herald Square area is undergoing a renaissance. There's Macy's, rivaling Bloomingdale's in scope and imagination, from their Cellar (brimming with stoneware, coffee-makers, copper kettles, fresh-packed caviar, whole sides of smoked salmon, baked-on-the-premises croissants and baguettes)—on up. Nearby, opening in the spring, there's the Herald Center, the one hundred forty-store complex for such retailers as Ann Taylor, Lancel for luggage, Boyd's for makeup, Il Papiro for handmade Florentine stationery, Yves St. Tropez, Xavier Danaud, One Shubert Alley for one-of-a-kind Broadway theater memorabilia, and more.

Moving along the West Side, there's a different type of shopping experience altogether: a robust mix of old-time neighborhood greengrocers, trendy fashion and novelty shops at every turn; a street life of cafés, bars, and restaurants—starting late in the afternoon and continuing well into the evening, with most of the stores staying open late as well. What started out quaint has grown increasingly slick and sophisticated.

The five original Charivari shops are here, having long staked out the Upper West Side. But new stores seem to be opening every minute. A walk on Columbus Avenue or up Broadway, from the West Sixties through the Eighties, turns up literally dozens: a Betsey Johnson boutique; Acrobat for trendy sportswear and sweatsuits; Forza, a worthwhile stop for well-designed, Italian-made unisex clothing; Ecco and Kenneth Cole, both for wonderful shoes; R.G. Crumbsnatcher for the kind of beautiful, imported children's wear and accessories that you won't see all over. The Westside Zoo is the counterpart of the SoHo Zoo—a good place to browse for clothes from young English/French/Japanese designers; *(Continued on page 330)*

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(Continued from page 328)

eight-month-old La Furla is the place for good-looking bags, lightweight luggage.

Columbus Avenue can be a tiring stretch. A refreshing stop along the way (and there are many in the Seventies) is Caffe della Palma—a big, ultra-clean filled-with-flowers gelateria—for raspberry fruit gelato or their sampling cups.

On the West Side downtown, in Chelsea, a unique ethnic mix (Chinese/Cuban/Puerto Rican) and some exceptional historic architecture (nineteenth-century Federal and Victorian townhouses) now blend in with up-to-the-minute clothing shops and tiny antiques stores. The area's shopping, though, centers on Barneys New York. Their skylit women's duplex is the perfect place for carefully edited selections from Ralph Lauren, Armani, Chloé, Miyake. It's easy to shop here, too—not a few paces away are shoes (Maud Frizon, Manolo Blahnik), plus belts, bags, finishing touches.

Just a few blocks away and moving into Greenwich Village you'll find two of the city's newest see-and-be-seen restaurants created out of industrial spaces: La Colonna (with Greek columns, frescoed walls, Italian food), and a little farther downtown, Gotham Bar & Grill, Post-Modern in design, with a surprisingly varied menu.

Perhaps the newest of the reclaimed neighborhoods—and so, the newest shopping outpost—is the East Village. In between abandoned shells of buildings and remnants of 1960s counterculture, shoppers are beginning to find smart little boutiques, and even smarter, often smaller art galleries. While this is still an area in transition, do look around St. Marks Place, check out Einstein on East Seventh Street for avant-garde "East Village" couture (like custom-made, hand-painted fashions), and Phenomena, for its own surprisingly sophisticated designs.

Amid industrial warehouses, amid walking tours taking in the cast-iron architecture, amid sidewalks three-deep in crowds, lies SoHo (South of Houston). Once a no-man's-land homesteaded by artists and galleries (still present in abundance), the area has become solidly residential—and solidly commercial, buoyed by boutiques, restaurants, more galleries, bars.

West Broadway and its adjacent side streets bring you into the mainstream of SoHo shopping (To note: *most* of the stores don't open until noon.) Unusual and not to be missed: The Gallery of Wearable Art, opened just last year, now representing over seven hundred artisan/designers, and carrying everything from hand-knit sweaters and unique baby clothes to fantasy evening wear; Bill Schiffer's second-floor gallery/store with his signed, handmade jewelry (plastic forms encrusted with rhinestones debut here before they hit the department stores); Artwear, one of New York's first avant-garde galleries for the works of Robert Lee Morris and others. You'll also find immaculate, imaginative vintage clothing at Harriet Love, nostalgically glamorous "party clothes" and evening accessories at Le Grand Hotel of SoHo. Connections is a popular new place for good fashion at affordable prices: mostly the European-designed French Connection sportswear line. Other boutiques run the gamut from the loose, unstructured layers, all Swedish, from Gunilla Ponten, to Commes des Garçons (for the complete line of Rei Kawakubo) with its unrelentingly spare, monotone environment where the clothes—and the people—are the only softening touches.

All around SoHo, in fact, you'll find the unusual, from D.F. Sanders for everything for the home—dishes, furniture—to Think Big, which goes to new lengths to expand humdrum items (toothbrushes, tools, clothes hangers) *(Continued on page 334)*

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7 CITIES/NEW YORK

(Continued from page 330)
to giant size. A four-foot potato masher or an oversized whisk would be a perfect gift for an amateur chef.

Shopping in the city doesn't stop here. Down near the southern tip of Manhattan are the cobblestoned streets—and shops—of the South Street Seaport. Next summer, Barneys New York is opening a women's store. Canal Street looms—a veteran bargain hunter's paradise. What's always true is New York shopping is a volatile thing. It keeps changing...expanding...just when you think it's reached the limit. ▽

WHERE-TO-GO

SHOPS

Acrobat, *265 Columbus Ave., 10023*
Agnes B., *1063 Madison Ave., 10028; 116 Prince St., 10012*
Artwear, *409 W. Broadway, 10012*
B. Altman's, *361 Fifth Ave., 10016*
Baccarat, *55 E. 57th St., 10019*
Barneys New York, *106 Seventh Ave., 10011*
Bergdorf Goodman, *754 Fifth Ave., 10019*
Betsey Johnson, *248 Columbus Ave., 10023*
Bill Schiffer, *448 W. Broadway, 10012*
Bloomingdale's, *1000 Third Ave., 10022*
Bonwit Teller, *4 E. 57th St., 10019*
Boris-Le Beau, *721 Madison Ave., 10021*
Bottega Veneta, *635 Madison Ave., 10021*
Burberry's, *9 E. 57th St., 10019*
Cartier, *653 Fifth Ave., 10022*
Charivari, *18 W. 57th St., 10019*
Charivari for Men, *2339 Broadway, 10024*
Charivari for Women, *2307 Broadway, 10024*
Charivari 72, *257 Columbus Ave., 10023*
Charivari Sport, *2345 Broadway, 10024*
Charivari Workshop, *441 Columbus Ave., 10024*
Commes des Garcons, *116 Wooster St., 10012*
Connections, *435 W. Broadway, 10012*
D.F. Sanders & Co., *386 W. Broadway, 10012; 952 Madison Ave., 10021*
Ecco Shoes, *324 Columbus Ave., 10023; 111 Thompson St., 10012*
Einstein's, *34 E. 7th St., 10003*
The English Way, *116 E. 60th St., 10022*
Forza, *269 Columbus Ave., 10023*
Fred, *703 Fifth Ave., 10022*
Furla, *A-159 Columbus Ave., 10023*
The Gallery of Wearable Art, *480 W. Broadway, 10012*
Galo Shoes, *692 Madison Ave., 10021*
Gianni Versace, *816 Madison Ave., 10021*
Giorgio Fragrance Boutique, *47 E. 57 St., 10019*
Giovanna Shoes, *202 E. 60th St., 10022*
Givenchy Boutique, *954 Madison Ave., 10021*
Gunilla Ponten, *482 W. Broadway, 10012*
Henri Bendel, *10 W. 57th St., 10019*
Hermes, *11 E. 57th St., 10019*
Itokin Plaza, *520 Madison Ave., 10022*
Joseph Tricot, *804 Madison Ave., 10021; 322 Columbus Ave., 10023*
Kenneth Cole, *353 Columbus Ave., 10024*
La Bagagerie, *727 Madison Ave., 10021*
La Lingerie, *792 Madison Ave., 10021*
Le Chocolatier Manon, *872 Madison Ave., 10021*
Le Grand Hotel of Soho, *471 W. Broadway, 10012*
Lord & Taylor, *424 Fifth Ave., 10018*
Macy's, *151 W. 34th St., 10001*
Margot Johnson Antiques, *40 W. 40th St., 10018*
Matsuda, *854 Madison Ave., 10021*
Mikimoto, *608 Fifth Ave., 10020*
Missoni, *836 Madison Ave., 10021*
Monique, *811 Madison Ave., 10021*
North Beach Leather, *772 Madison Ave., 10021*
OMO Norma Kamali, *11 W. 56th St., 10019*
Parachute, *121 Wooster St., 10012*
Phenomena, *48 St. Mark's Place, 10003*
Pierre Deux, *870 Madison Ave., 10021*
R.G. Crumbsnatcher, *254 Columbus Ave., 10023*
Rizzoli, *712 Fifth Ave., 10019*
Rossetti, *601 Madison Ave., 10022*
Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, *855 Madison Ave., 10021*
Saks Fifth Avenue, *611 Fifth Ave., 10022*
The SoHo Zoo, *176 Spring St., 10012*
Sonia Rykiel, *792 Madison Ave., 10021*
Sotheby Parke Bernet, *1334 York Ave., 10021*
Swee Lo, *498 Seventh Ave., 10018*
Tano, *at all Bamberger's Stores, 21 E. 33rd St., 10016*
Think Big, *390 W. Broadway, 10012*
Tiffany & Co., *727 Fifth Ave., 10022*
Trump Tower, *725 Fifth Ave., 10022*
Van Cleef & Arpels, *744 Fifth Ave., 10019*
The Westside Zoo, *267 Columbus Ave., 10023*
The Whitney Museum, *945 Madison Ave., 10021*

RESTAURANTS

Cafe della Palma/Gelateria de Roma, *327 Columbus Ave., 10023; 496-2727*
The Four Seasons, *99 E. 52nd St., 10022; 754-9494*
Gotham Bar & Grill, *12 E. 12th St., 10011; 620-4020*
La Colonna, *17 W. 19th St., 10011; 206-8660*
La Grenouille, *3 E. 52nd St., 10022; 752-1495*
The Library, *2475 Broadway, 10025; 799-4860*
The Mayfair Regent, *610 Park Ave., 10021; 288-0800*
The River Cafe, *1 Water St., Brooklyn, 11201; 522-5200*
Woods, *718 Madison Ave., 10021; 688-1126*

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Anushka Institute for Cellulite & Complete Beauty Care, *241 E. 60th St., 10012*
The Benjamin Salon, *104 Washington Pl., 10014*
Bruno Dessange, *760 Madison Ave., 10021*
Bumble & Bumble, *56 W. 57th St., 10019*
Elizabeth Arden, *691 Fifth Ave., 10022*
Elizabeth Drabinski, *315 W. 57th St., 10019*
Fran Lehan, *23 W. 73rd St., 10023*
Georgette Klinger, *501 Madison Ave., 10022*
Gil Ferrer, *21 E. 74th St., 10021*
The Harkness Center for Contemporary Dance, *1 E. 75th St., 10021*
Jean Louis David at Henri Bendel, *10 W. 57th St., 10019*
Kenneth, *19 E. 54th St., 10022*
La Coupe, *694 Madison Ave., 10021*
Le Salon, *16 W. 57th St., 10019*
Lotte Berk Method, *23 E. 67th St., 10021*
Marjorie Thompson Videonastics, *204 E. 60th St., 10022*
Martha Graham School, *316 E. 63rd St., 10021*
Nails by Valerie, *129 E. 90th St., 10028*
Nickolaus Exercise, *238 E. 75th St., 10021*
Pipino Buccheri, *14 E. 55th St., 10022*
Richard Stein, *768 Madison Ave., 10021*
The Rose Reti Salon, *673 Madison Ave., 10021*
Suga, *115 E. 57th St., 10022*
Trish McAvoy, *800-A Fifth Ave., 10021*

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A.D.: David Bradescu Photo: Keith Trumbo

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GUNSLANG

ELES

Movie moguls and pricey real estate tell only part of the story: America's new Second City is an increasingly urban and sophisticated place—Angelenos play out trends before other people hear of them. L.A.'s motto? Don't look back!

By Kathleen Madden

Oh, to be in L.A. now that the Olympics are no longer here. Athletes and ABC camera crews have decamped, but so, too, have the Winnebagos. The new buildings, the spiffed-up hotel rooms, the excitement remain: Los Angeles, clearly, is still flexing its Olympic-year muscles.

Models of strength: Malibu's J. Paul Getty Museum currently is acquiring pictures: $9.2 million's worth of drawings at one Christie's London auction this year. The Joffrey Ballet has taken up residence in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion; LACMA (the Los Angeles County Museum of Art) is adding on a separate museum-size building for contemporary and modern works. "In California now," says Richard Koshalek, director of L.A.'s new and burgeoning Museum of Contemporary Art, "the important question is: what's happening next? The 'eighties are going to be a very interesting time here, because artists are really thinking about what's next. *Next*. And I'm not sure that's happening elsewhere."

Koshalek's blue button-down shirt is that of a traditional Madison Avenue man; his enormously (at times less-than) enviable job is the making of an innovative 'eighties museum from scratch: to be housed in a red sandstone building in the new downtown California Plaza, a building that's Arata Isozaki designed. Steel is just rising on the Contemporary Museum . . . but, at least until the new structure is finished in the spring of '86, the Temporary Contemporary should pull off headlines. Meant as a stop-gap measure, the Temporary Contemporary opened last fall in a city-owned Little Tokyo warehouse/garage. The idea: to get something going, do it quickly, test new ideas, see what sort of contemporary-art audience exists in town. A dollar-a-year rental to the city—and one-and-one-half million dollars in renovation ("You can't buy a house in Beverly Hills," says Koshalek, "for a million five")—created the Temporary Contemporary. Architect Frank Gehry cleaned off thirty years of L.A. soot, kept thirty-five-foot ceilings and skylights, turned a loading dock into a lobby, sort of.

"A lot of people opposed the Temporary Contemporary; they said, 'Nobody goes downtown.' Well, that's changing; the new focus is on downtown, and we're riding that wave." And downtown L.A. is changing.

"Gentrification" may be a bit of an overstatement . . . but, clearly, new moves are taking place: artists, architects, and designers are converting downtown warehouse floors to livable (affordable) loft space, opening studios and new galleries. Among banks and corporate towers, some of L.A.'s loveliest restaurants bloom, now, in landmark buildings.

At Rex Il Ristorante—an extraordinary ocean-liner-like beauty built of Art Deco marble, oak woodwork, upholstered chairs, Lalique glass—there's Italiante nouvelle cuisine: pheasant and black truffle salad, fettuccine with porcini. Bernard's—in the wonderfully remade (once 'twenties tea-dance) Biltmore Hotel—offers up some of the subtlest (some of Gault Millau's favorite) French cooking in town.

Bankers and lawyers are stealing the stools (and solid good food) out from under truck drivers and artists at down-scale, downtown Gorky's Café . . . and in a former ground-floor bank now sits the pastel, Post-Modern Seventh Street Bistro: home to a new chef—Lawrence Quenioux—and the best sort of evolving nouvelle-based cuisine. Other floors in its housing—the historic Fine Arts Building—have just been taken over by firms of architects.

At architect *(Continued on page 352)*

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *A total way of dressing for cool city days, for city-to-city traveling. From Perry Ellis, and based on a unique approach to sweater dressing—unique in its scale, proportion, its play of color and pattern. His long-line, big-scale cardigan in black with cobalt—zig-zagged inside and out—over a long-line cashmere crewneck tunic in dark navy with grey diamonds, and a long, narrow harlequin-patterned skirt in dark navy and cobalt—all, cashmere. About $1650. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; makeup, François Nars. Accessories, see next to last pages of this issue.*

7 CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 351)

Arthur Erickson's L.A. office, the cardboard models that now constitute California Plaza are being repositioned, refined. By 1990, this billion-dollar complex will fill the now-empty Bunker Hill swathe between the Biltmore and Music Center with office buildings, apartment towers, a hotel, thousand-seat Bella Lewitzky "dance gallery" theater (all Erickson-designed) plus the Isozaki Contemporary Museum. California Plaza, people say, will provide downtown's final—needed—boost.

But until then, well, the *Automobile and Culture* show is on at the Temporary Contemporary, and the newly purchased (eighty-work, $11 million) Panza collection ships from Zurich this month: to fill walls of the new museum, seven Rothkos, twelve Franz Klines, eleven Rauschenbergs, pieces by Oldenburg, Rosenquist, Lichtenstein. "The art world has had a shot of adrenalin," says Koshalek. "It's ready to go, the creative people are here. What needs to be done now is for the community to support that for longer than a day." Unless dead, drunk, or utterly ossified, it's a bit difficult not to notice: Something's happening these days at MOCA. Something's happening in L.A., downtown.

The greatest change in Beverly Hills, it sometimes seems, is the currently favored color for cars: this season, that of clotted cream—equally effective for a Rodeo Drive Rolls or Mercedes. On Rodeo Drive, one actively hopes for no change. Rodeo Drive: the street, anchored appropriately at one end by the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and Tiffany; the street where, in three blocks, shoppers reportedly spend $500 million annually. Where Hermès sits next to Wally Findlay Galleries, and Gucci comes department-store size. At Optica, "couture eyewear" is presented like precious sculpture: specs in art-gallery guise.

L.A. air may smell sweeter on Rodeo Drive simply because of the Indian laurel fig trees; it may be, too, because of the merchandise. For the most glamorous—glittering—baubles, there's Fred Joaillier from Paris; one can jaywalk to Cartier to get aviator glasses in 14K gold. Should spirits flag, Georgette Klinger is there to smooth over wrinkles, Elizabeth Arden to smooth mussed hair. On Rodeo, one expects to see Saint Laurent Rive Gauche: grand style suits Rodeo Drive.

From behind Giorgio's yellow-striped canopies, the store's sweet scent wafts out into the street; here, one finds more evening things than most women imagine in a lifetime: slithery sequin dresses, rhinestone necklaces on a colossal scale . . . or for evenings home, something easier going: a sweatshirt with "Giorgio" spelled out in rhinestones or sequin studs. Behind the cappuccino bar, a photo rogue's gallery—of friends and shoppers—gives great browsing while that sweatshirt's wrapped: Lyndon and Lady Bird, Jimmy Carter, Elizabeth Taylor and Sammy Davis, Elizabeth Taylor and John Warner. Liza, of course. The clear message: when one goes to Rodeo Drive, one goes to Giorgio.

One also goes to the Rodeo Collection—even if it's simply for the pleasure of driving into Beverly Hills' notion of a shopping mall. In the red-brick underground parking garage, a white-gloved valet opens car door, frees one to a world of palms, vines, fountains, flower shop. Piano sounds accompany the escalator to the first floor of shops: to Cerruti's tailoring, Roland Pierre shoes, Miriam Rubins' big chunky necklaces. At Pastel, lunches are served outdoors under courtyard umbrellas.

Upstairs, blond wood racks hold Pratesi's white batiste gowns and printed linens . . . and the rest of the best of European names are also Rodeo Collection found. Ungaro, Nina Ricci, Vuitton, Versace, Fendi, Trussardi: the names glide smoothly, gracefully off the tongue (or in equal fashion off your American Express card).

In the land of make-believe, one wants to believe… but then, that explains L.A.'s particular appeal

What's new on Rodeo Drive? Alaïa Chez Gallay—the first full-scale Azzedine Alaïa boutique in the world, a richness of the French designer's body-hugging knits and leathers. Hédiard, opened last November, offers up the best of Place de la Madeleine candied fruits, chocolates, gift baskets, rare Bordeaux wines. Torie Steele—with six new bleached-pastel-front shops—is changing the face of Rodeo. A grey marble in-store walkway connects the first U.S. Ferre boutique . . . to Valentino couture, skiwear, activewear . . . to a Torie Steele shop of sportswear, and that means Kenzo, Tarlazzi, Chloé, Mugler. There's a store for the most ethereal of Italian silk lingerie pieces, Missoni swimsuits . . . also one for the total designer baby: to be outfitted by Krizia, Coveri, YSL. Armani's here for little boys: proper Rodeo Drive wear.

Bigger boys (and women preps) head to Carroll & Company for pale polo shirts and classic cords, the ultimate blazer. Beverly Hills women, to the skylit, spacious world of Lina Lee: for a Laura Biagiotti sweater, bright Maud Frizon or Mario Valentino shoes, muted California sportswear linens. Laise Adzer offers up big, easy layers for a L.A. life: tops, skirts, pants, jackets—all handwoven and hand dyed. Pretty-pink Pierre Deux has the requisite Provençal linens and faïence for at-home entertaining; Williams-Sonoma's cookbooks solve the problems of menu time. Sotheby's opens this month on Rodeo.

The best shopping includes wandering other streets . . . and Santa Monica Boulevard is fast becoming the place to head for weekend wear: from its Beverly Hills shop, M.G.A. jeans L.A. in style; Esprit has chosen a Santa *(Continued on page 358)*

Eugene Mihaesco

Vision, past and future. The cars: 1985 Continental Mark VII LSC and a classic 1939 Lincoln Model K, each in its time the epitome of stylish luxury and spirit. The place: Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, at the "Automobile and Culture" exhibit, which explores the automobile as object and image. And celebrates its romance. The clothes: two-piece-look tunic in navy and white, 74.00 With white knife-pleated skirt, 46.00 By Nancy Heller, from Emphasis, 380 At Bullock's, the store with standard-setting excellence.

A B E A U T I F U L W A Y T O L I V E

nnovation. The real excitement of living. The car: The 1985 Continental Mark VII LSC, the ultimate American Road Car, a truly premium automobile. The place: the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, at the "Automobile and Culture" exhibit, which explores the automobile as object and image and celebrates its romance.

The clothes: Left, by Jag. Padded sheeting jacket with ribbed accents and snap details, 96.00 Fleece pants, ribbed down one side, 48.00 In white, pink or grey cotton, from Emphasis, 343

Right, advanced designs by Bronx, in cotton knit. The sweater/top, 70.00 Narrow skirt, 58.00 Vest, 98.00 All: slate. From Emphasis, 401

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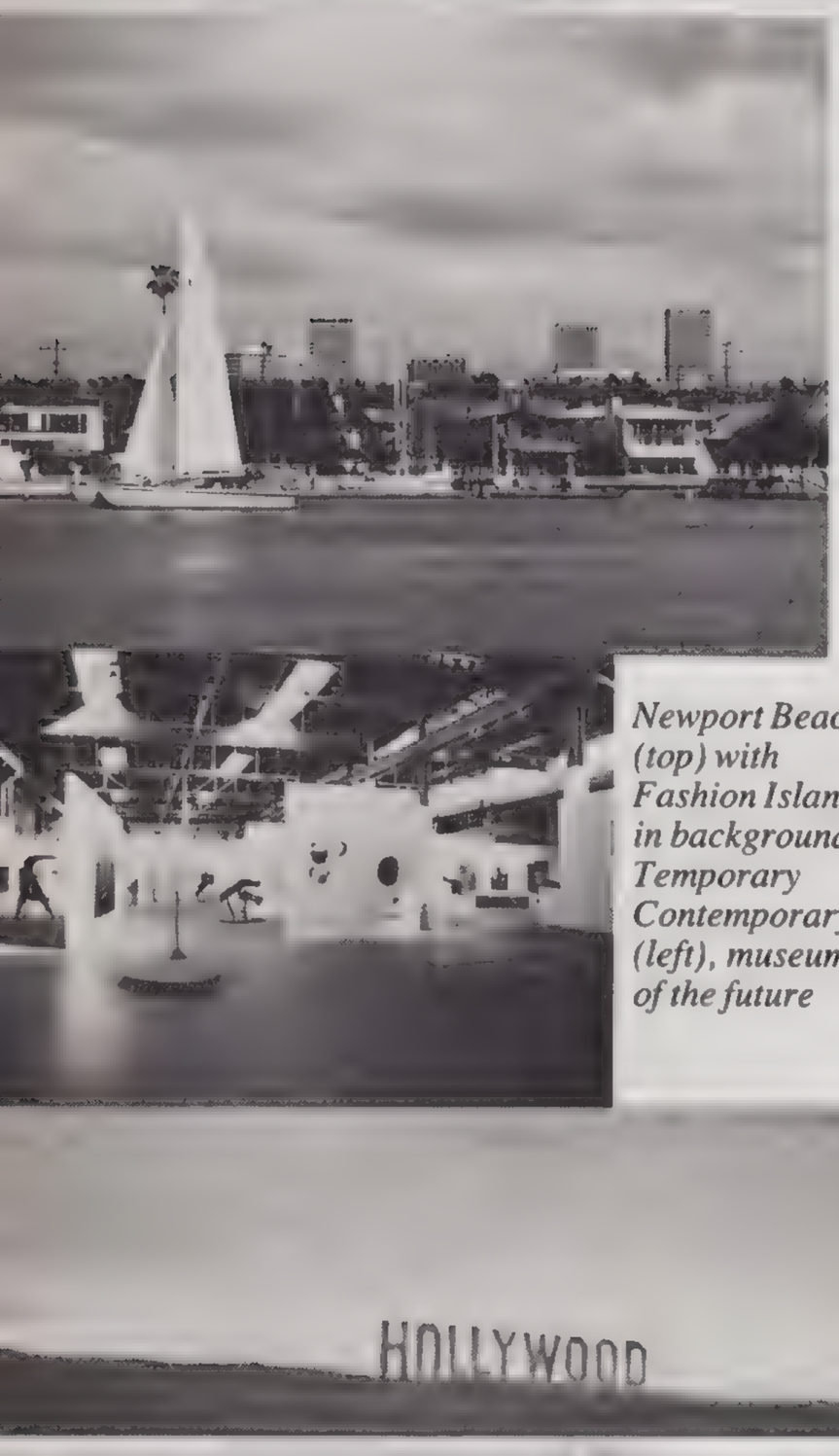
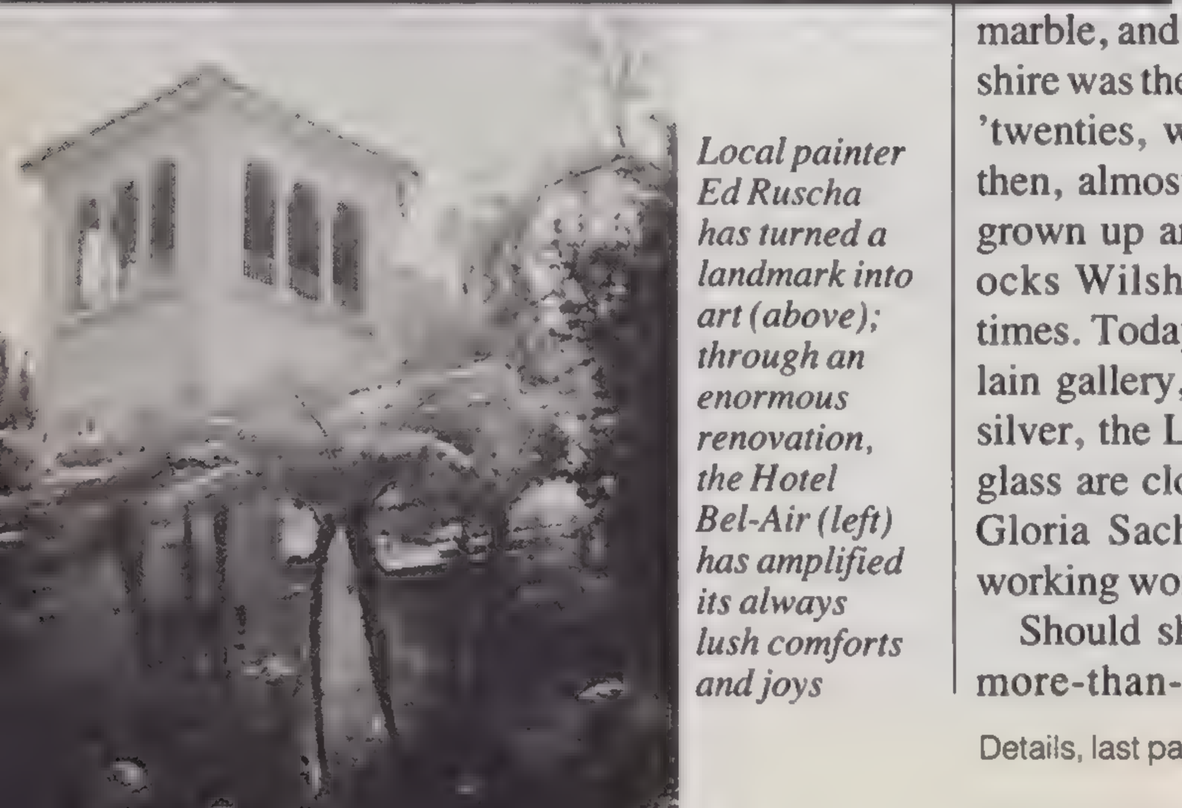
The place: the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, during the "Automobile and Culture" exhibit, which explores, in art, the automobile as object and image. And celebrates its romance.
The dress: exquisite French lace over rich silk charmeuse. With drop waist, dolman sleeves, wide collar. By Jessica McClintock. Ivory, 400.00 In Fashion Gallery, 382
At Bullock's, where rewarding yourself is a beautiful pleasure.
BULLOCK'S

JBV 051

Los Angeles City Library (above) shows off L.A.'s skyline; (left) insignia of Beverly Hills restaurant that makes charm an art



Newport Beach, (top) with Fashion Island in background; Temporary Contemporary (left), museum of the future



Local painter Ed Ruscha has turned a landmark into art (above); through an enormous renovation, the Hotel Bel-Air (left) has amplified its always lush comforts and joys

7 CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 352)

Monica Boulevard spot, farther down in L.A., for its first U.S. retail store. Camp Beverly Hills, on Santa Monica in Beverly Hills, has the best of all possible "gear": easy "sweats," camp shorts, T-shirts, pull-on or paperbag-waist pants for men and women. Camp Beverly Hills' young, friendly sales staff know classics when they see them . . . though "classics" here may be hooded sweatshirts or black plastic flats. Alan Austin, on Brighton Way, has been Beverly Hills' traditional home of true "classics": it's where women go for stacks of silk shirts, gabardine trousers year-round. "Gab," here, comes in two weights—regular and tropical—both necessary for California weather. Alan Austin, now, is also carrying pieces with a stronger fashion slant—big jackets, blousons, new cashmeres. But if a woman shopping Rodeo Drive is wearing cream pants and shirt, it's still an easy guess: she's found them at Alan Austin.

Beverly Hills—jacaranda and jewel-like houses aside—is a true shopper's town . . . and on Wilshire Boulevard, the great names line up one after another: Neiman-Marcus, Bonwit's, Saks, I. Magnin. When Beverly Hills women want to outfit their homes—or stock the pool cabanas with towels—they head to Robinson's. Next door to the Beverly Hilton Hotel, Robinson's has the wide aisles and shopping ease of a suburban store, a new, updated look with a wide-scale remodeling. On Sundays, there's Robinson's Champagne brunch: good news, in Beverly Hills, for out-of-towners.

At lunchtime, ladies line up outside the Bullocks Wilshire pink-walled tea room—a wonderful throwback to another shopping day-and-age . . . and it's only fitting for this lovingly preserved store of manually operated elevators, tan Deco marble, and burnished brass. Bullocks Wilshire was the first L.A. giant to move, in the 'twenties, westward from downtown—to, then, almost country. L.A. has long since grown up around the store . . . and Bullocks Wilshire, too, has grown with the times. Today, along with the Boehm porcelain gallery, the Buccellati and Christofle silver, the Lalique, Steuben, and Baccarat glass are clothes by Sonia Rykiel, Krizia, Gloria Sachs: things, too, it seems, for working women.

Should shopping exhaustion strike and more-than-tea-room lunch sound right, there are Places To Be . . . and some of the best are outdoors: in Beverly Hills' shaded, flowered Bistro Garden for great eaves-dropping and entrance-watching . . . gazing at the bamboo garden at brand-new Chaya Brasserie . . . or sitting behind The Ivy's white picket fence: where coffee comes in French soup-bowl-sized breakfast cups, where watercress-and-chicken salad is served by a decidedly scenic staff. Charm, at The Ivy, comes with a capital "C": plenty of flowers, chintz, pottery, wrought iron. One doesn't mind it.

Food, here, is not to be taken lightly . . . some of the best window-shopping, in fact, can be found at Beverly Center's Irvine Ranch Farmers Market, where one meanders among the venison, the elk, the Dungeness crabs; ogles papaya or sweet corn; picks up an espresso, David's cookie, or pasta. Even supermarket shoppers, in L.A., are served with a lavish touch. Boxes and bags at the Irvine Market get valet-delivered to one's car—the only way for civilized man.

Upstairs on the Beverly Center's top floor are fourteen theaters, restaurants, more fooderies. Be it croissant sandwiches at Croissant Show, or beef with ginger at Asian Express, no shopper goes away unfortified: Fortified to take on the kaleidoscopes, telescopes, mahogany billiard tables at The Best of Abercrombie & Fitch . . . the chaste gowns at Victoria's Secret . . . the lush linens of Descamps. By Design has some of the sleekest gift or guiltily self-indulgent items in town: everything from Mont Blanc pens to Porsche sunglasses to Italian tables and chairs in shiny black lacquer. At The Broadway—on three shopping levels hugging a skylit atrium—are sportswear pieces by Anne Klein or Alke Bokker, Mary Ann Restivo, Blassport. One can wire flowers at The Broadway . . . or simply take home salads for supper: department-store shopping as it was originally meant.

In the 'twenties, that meant downtown: going to The Broadway, Robinson's, Bullock's. One went to Bullock's for the fashion shows, for lunch, to enjoy the pleasure of this social center. Today, Bullock's draws people not to downtown but to the Beverly Center, to Westwood, or Century City for one-stop fashion: for Calvin Klein pieces, for Californians Nancy Heller or Leon Max, for Bullock's-only cotton knit. L. A. continues to spread. But Bullock's remains a Los Angeles institution.

Consumption, an American passion, may be less the point in L.A. than simply living well in the most attractive surroundings possible. In Beverly Hills, even the street signs are green. . .the air smells of wood chips. . .coral trees stand as ready-made bouquets— *(Continued on page 360)*

JESSICA McCLINTOCK

BLACK LACE ON MAKE-BELIEVE BARE. AN ILLUSION IN MATTE JERSEY. WEAR IT, AND DISCOVER THE POWER OF SUGGESTION. NOW AT THE BROADWAY BEVERLY CENTER, PLAZA, SANTA MONICA, BREA, FASHION VALLEY, DEL AMO, GLENDALE, CENTURY CITY, NEWPORT BEACH, SANTA ANITA AND SHERMAN OAKS ONLY.

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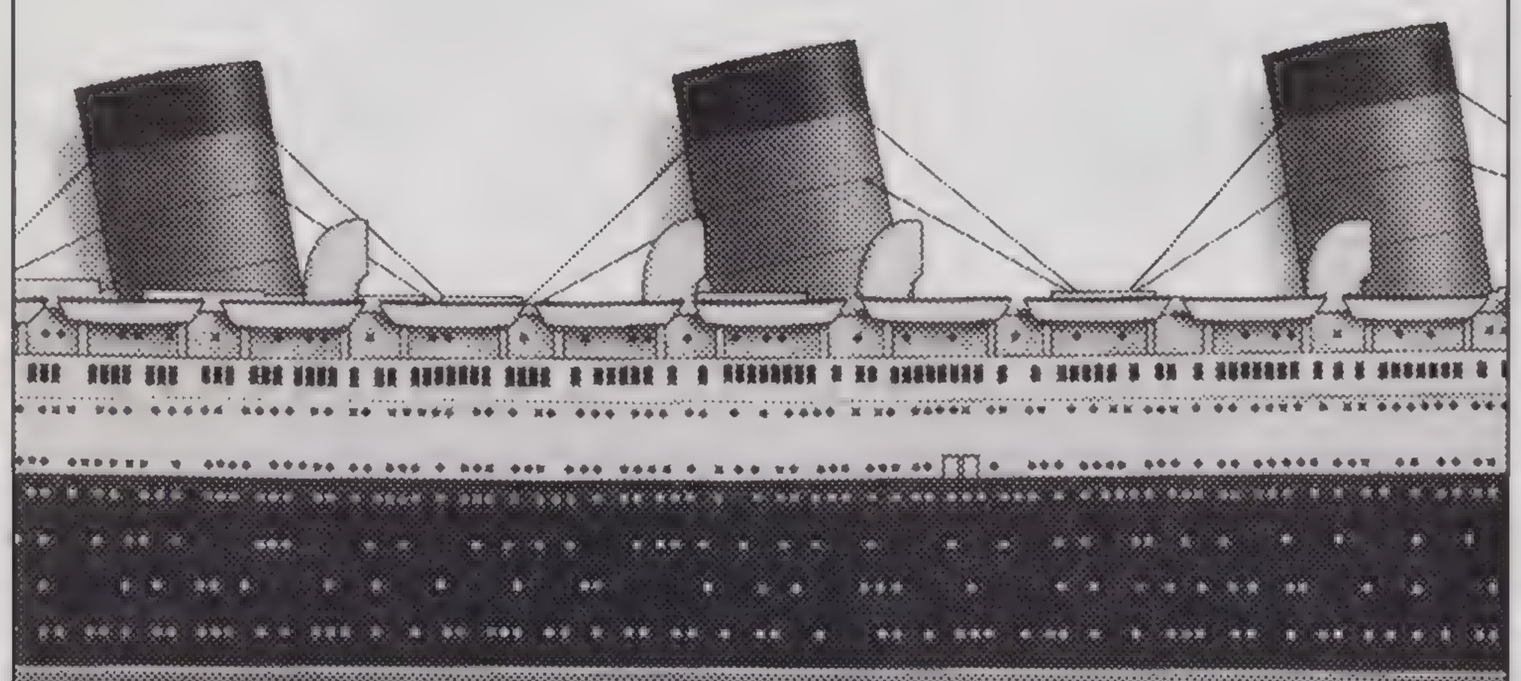

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Or, you can treat your clients, and your palate, to the celebrated cuisine of Sir Winston's Restaurant.

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7 CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 358)

seemingly everywhere.

The Hotel Bel-Air, today, is L.A.'s lushest bouquet of all: a great and gracious small hotel that, with a $6 million infusion by new owner Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf (of Texas Hunt family fame), has blossomed into something quite close to paradise. At the Bel-Air, even parking attendants sport posy-pink oxford shirts; a stone bridge arches over a swan's (and fluffy cygnets') brook; a chief gardener has, over the last twenty-five years, created an Eden of geraniums, larkspur, bougainvillaea.

For this Olympic year, the Bel-Air built on new cottages and suites: tile roofed, of pink stucco, seemingly identical to the other long-loved ones—all of which are themselves newly redecorated. Each new room, complete, is costing the hotel over $300,000.

Why? In a pink Bel-Air cottage by the pool, beige burlap covers walls; armoire and bedboard are made of bleached oak; a bed is covered by plump bed pillows the size of overstuffed upholstery cushions. There's Chinese pottery—in pale California colors; washes of peach and aqua cover couches and chairs; bathrooms come with white French tile floors and brass-trimmed fixtures. On a terra-cotta-tile terrace, hundreds of pink geraniums spring from giant pots. No wonder Dolly Parton once stayed here for months . . . and a Swiss couple pays a daily suite rate simply to insure that no one will ever stay in their beloved rooms—during the ten months of the year that they're not in this country.

Patti Davis held her wedding reception, this summer, at the Hotel Bel-Air. The President's daughter, it seems, likes all sorts of bouquets—not just ones for throwing.

Los Angeles is not an always pretty city; its impact, though, is invariably a visual one. "There's a kind of stucco esthetic here," explains architect Frank Gehry. "L.A. is wood and stucco, stick houses, frames. The light seems brighter . . . and there's no real historic context to get in your way. The major difference is really the landscape.

"In the East, when you build something, a landscape exists, you just clear some away. When you get a lot here, it's infinite, it's desert, it's not intimate. You create the intimacy and the landscape."

At fifty-five, Venice-based Gehry is taking a strong hand in the city's changing scape: with the Temporary Contemporary's converted garage to his credit, an industrial-tech Santa *(Continued on page 363)*

Alan Austin

HOUSTON BEVERLY HILLS DALLAS

DAVID HAYES

DISTINCTIVE DESIGN IN PURE WOOL

David Hayes, renowned for his innovative creations, sees elegance as something eternal and imaginative. First at Bullocks Wilshire, his instinctive sense of sophistication is captured in a winter white dinner suit. Exquisitely tailored in the lasting beauty and quality of pure wool crepe, femininely finished with a beige print silk blouse.
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7 CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 360)

Monica shopping mall, Exposition Park's newly opened Space Museum near U.S.C. Gehry's shape is the essentially dumpy L.A. box; his trademark materials—corrugated metal, chain link—are fundamentally cheap ones. "It suits my sense of propriety not to be ostentatious in the times we live," he says. "More bang for the buck" is the rougher translation.

Gehry's "humanist" vision is a far cry from what you see on a Melrose Avenue parade: kids, on a Saturday, looking punk and aggressively shabby. Melrose spans not just Hollywood to Beverly Hills but worlds: from the chic eating of Mortons or of the currently "in" mesquite fires at Le Chardonnary and chic clothes shopping of Régine . . . to Post-Modern pornography. There's offbeat shopping on Melrose—Walt Disney collectibles at Fantasy Come True or Grau's futuristic fashion prints. Bruce Halperin stocks minimalist separates, Steps Into Space has molded Space Shoes. A clerk at Neo 80 comes with raspberry-colored hair: not quite the saleswoman one's mother once went to.

Color, it sometimes seems, is the "discovery" today. Israeli artist Yaacov Agam has just painted the exterior of L.A.'s new Le Mondrian Hotel in paint-box bright colors; if one can't get a table at Wolfgang Puck's always-booked Spago, there's always pretty pink-and-aqua Palette to take oneself off to. Designer restaurants make great Los Angeles backdrops for the affluent and tanned, and the best of those backdrops are found in West Hollywood.

Sandstone-pale Trumps—and brand-new Bistango—are the works (and restaurant investments) of interior designer Waldo Fernandez: an attractively mustachioed Cuban, a former set designer, who's also done house interiors for Burt Bacharach, John Schlesinger, Goldie Hawn. Fernandez's style is a comfortably California one: white/beige walls, cushioned furniture built on an oversized scale, stone floors, pale woods, baskets. But "no color" rooms have their time and place: "I'm finding myself going toward warmer tones now," says Fernandez, "to earthier colors, pale colors, some prints."

Fernandez sees other changes taking place: people buying fewer pieces, buying "quality," moving less often. And so he's now not only designing and manufacturing his own furniture, he's coming out, this fall, with a new collection of home accessories: china, linens, baskets.

Just this past *(Continued on page 364)*

GIORGIO
Beverly Hills

A billboard (top) just made for star-watchers; The Way It Was, 1938 (above); the unmistakable stripes (left) of one of Rodeo Drive's most elegant boutiques—and perfumes

What looks like an accident (above) is really The Hard Rock Café; (left), an apartment renovated by Frank Gehry, who made the Temporary Contemporary out of a warehouse

7 CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 363)

summer, rental prices in Malibu were up: to $10,000 or $15,000 per month, say, for a choice spot in the Malibu Colony. By winter, the tab will ease down to about $6500. For buyers, properties are generally more accessible than they've been for a while—and, with diligence, a $450,000 shack on the beach can still be found. A twenty-five-acre Malibu estate ("suitable for royalty," the brochure from Fred Sands Realtors states) carries a somewhat heftier price tag, listing for $5 million.

Malibu: "twelve thousand people, all stars," explains resident/realtor Brian Harper, only somewhat facetiously, local pride battling with ho-hum. Along these twenty miles of admittedly exquisite coastline—between beach and canyons—a "star" is considered someone on the order of Blake Edwards or Julie Andrews, Farrah, Ryan, Tatum. Barbra Streisand. Bing's old house, at #1 in the Colony, is owned—but rarely lived in lately—by Robert Redford.

But Happy Rockefeller has just bought property; Johnny Carson now is a year-round. You see, Harper explains, "Names aren't a big deal here," though there's evident pleasure in *Celebrity Bulletin* status-by-association. And a nice three-bedroom on Broad Beach Road goes, these days, for something over a million.

L.A. real estate prices, if you're a vulgarly curious out-of-towner and not in the market, make for gleeful conversation: the best or worst, depending on point of view, sort of upwardly mobile *divertissement*. Knowing characters collect "But can you beat *this* one?" shockers. New Yorkers play the stock market. Angelenos know a good realtor in town.

Clearly, L.A.'s sprawling-lawn look is changing, growing more and more urban. The once open skies along Wilshire Boulevard between Westwood and Beverly Hills are filling monthly with new condominium towers: condos not for Yuppies or swinging singles, ones devised along Bel Air estate lines. At the twenty-story Wilshire House, currently West Los Angeles' newest and luxest, sixty-six "homes" ("We don't have 'apartments' ") swell in size from two to many bedrooms, in cost from about $1 to $11 million (for an eight-bedroom duplex penthouse, complete with lapis-granite bath, four fireplaces, two maids' rooms). All condominiums here offer open terraces off each room for California sun, bathtubs encased in marble, long expanses of walls ready for one's Diebenkorns. Each comes with two to four garage spaces, depending on sale price ("We're a car city"), access to gym, saunas, pool, Jacuzzi.

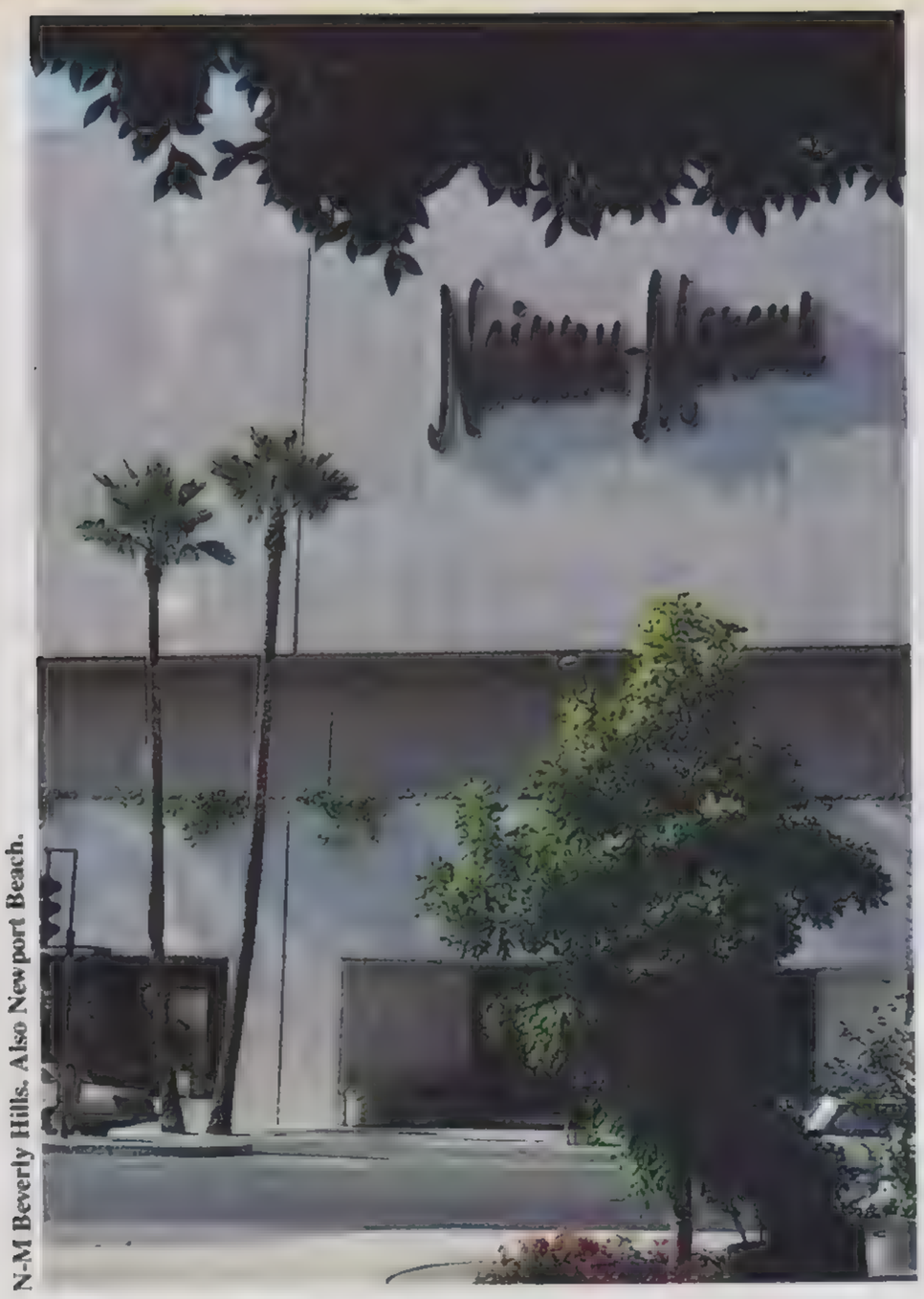
The price of the average home in America, this year for the first time, topped $100,000: house-hunting time anywhere is not necessarily a pleasant one. One young professional couple, newly moved from DC, have simply stowed away on the *Queen Mary* for the duration: the *Queen Mary,* once *grande dame* of Cunard luxury liners, anchored in Long Beach, now a hotel and tourist attraction. Around seven thousand people come each day to see the *Queen* (and Howard Hughes's 1947 "Spruce Goose"—"the largest plane ever built"—hangared next door); those living in the hotel escape to a long-gone world of wood paneled staterooms, brass, and Art Deco. Cabins retain original hot-and-cold fresh or saltwater faucets; a passageway mirror's peach-tinted glass could, still, freshen any rough-crossing green complexion. "It's very special for me," explains the transplanted Easterner, who crossed between New York and Southampton twenty-five years ago, as a child. "You're living in a museum."

And "museums," here, come in a wide variety of guises.

L.A. is anything south to San Diego," the same woman claims . . . and, mapmakers' protests to the contrary, the point is a valid one. Coast-hugging Orange County has become L.A.'s expanding adjunct, a rich county ranking among the top five, nationwide, in retail sales. Newport Beach, where L.A.ers once summered (and now may commute from), has the Pacific's largest private boat basin—only an hour from Beverly Hills.

Newport Beach serves as home to something of a phenomenon, a Fashion Island phenomenon known as Amen Wardy: the place serious shoppers of a certain order helicopter down to—or come to in private jets if they're from Kansas City, Houston, or Fort Worth, rather than Beverly Hills. Each customer heads directly to her own antiques-furnished dressing room to ponder the Chanels, the Beenes. When Wardy added this spring the only U.S. Galanos salon, he sold $600,000 worth in four days.

And among the parquet floors, the Oriental rugs, the fireplaces, and Chinese screens are the largest selection of Judith Leiber jewel-like bags and belts in the U.S., special one-of-a-kinds from Arthur Koby and *(Continued on page 366)*



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CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 364)
Stephen Dweck, a collection of classic Pucci dresses—cut on the old patterns and with Wardy-asked-for traditional fabrics that are now used only for this Fashion Island shop. Wardy is currently working on developing his own perfume, almost doubling the store space, adding on a ballroom for fashion presentations and a Valentino boutique. It is the first phase to a whole new blossoming of Fashion Island.

Today, Fashion Island shops cluster around open courtyards: Bullocks Wilshire, The Broadway, Neiman-Marcus, Robinson's. There's Benetton for Princess Di-loved sweaters, Brooks Brothers, Ticketron, Dans Un Jardin's sweet-smelling green-and-white-trellised shop. Apropos's dramatic sloped stucco boutique is a Fashion Island standout: for sleek pieces from Genny, Yohji Yamamoto, Complice, Claude Montana. Apropos has always had a "forward fashion" slant . . . and women come for miles to discover that. The first Apropos California boutique (there are now five) opened in 1961—with the likes of Rudi Gernreich and Bonnie Cashin.

Looking forward: by 1985, a $32 million Atrium building will be added to Fashion Island—housing, among others, Pierre Deux, an Irvine Ranch Farmers Market with a Ma Maison-affiliated cooking school. Scores of new boutiques are coming . . . and Four Seasons is building a hotel. Hotels, in fact, are making some of Orange County's biggest splashes at the moment: The Ritz Carlton opened this past summer in Laguna Niguel. The twenty-six-acre Newporter has undergone a $12 million renovation: Newport Beach's classic golf and tennis resort has a new look—new palms, nouvelle food, fabulous gardens, tile courtyards.

L.A. real estate prices make for gleeful conversation, an upwardly mobile *divertissement*

Newport Beach serves as home base to The Irvine Company . . . and it's the Irvine's accelerating expansion plans that are raising the pulse of Orange County. Irvine currently—quite incredibly—owns sixty-eight thousand acres of what was once the Irvine Ranch: the colossal sheep and cattle ranch that, in its nineteenth-century heyday, sprawled across mile upon mile of Spanish-Mexican land-grant territory.

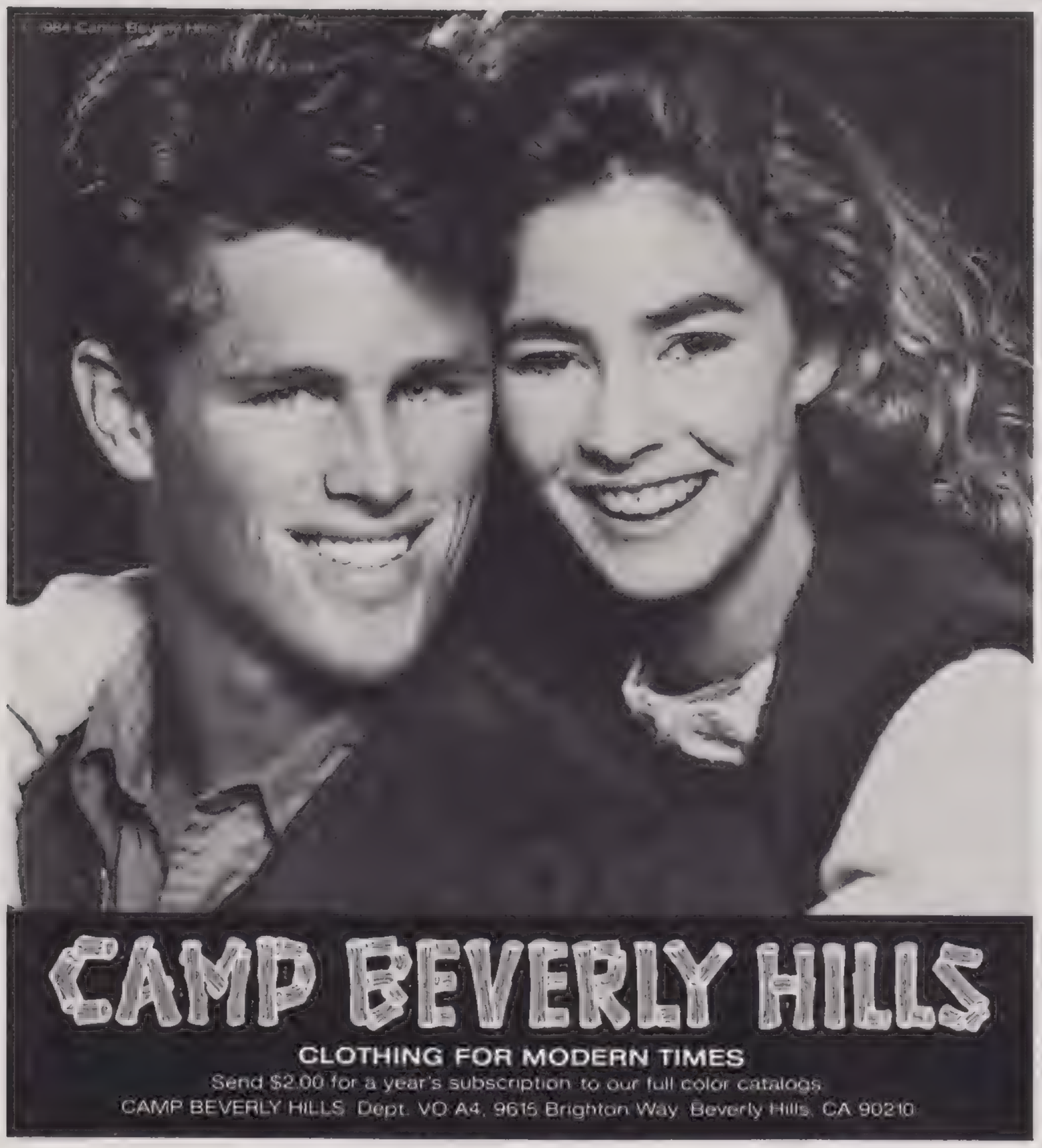
Where the merinos once grazed, Irvine is now developing new houses, apartments, office buildings, medical buildings, shopping places, industrial parks, hotels. At the center of these sixty-eight thousand acres is the city of Irvine—only twelve years old and, people say, the sort of growing town in America's future. Irvine Company land sprawls, too, to parts of Santa Ana, Laguna Beach, Newport Beach, Tustin, Orange.

Orange County's name grew, quite obviously, from its fruit-bearing trees; but in Costa Mesa, it's palms that one notices. At South Coast Plaza, they rise a full story inside the shopping mall, tower proudly above the parking lot. At South Coast Plaza, running-suited women dash into Laura Ashley's forest-green shop for breezy cottons . . . or head to Lillie Rubin for establishment dress. At Robert Phillips, men's striped cotton sweaters pile up by argyle socks—all in wholly desirable mixes of California-pale colors. YSL, in the tile-floored mall, lines up along Bullock's, I. Magnin, Saks, Mark Cross. Consuming minds head to the Rizzoli International book shop.

Away from the shopping traffic, a Noguchi-designed garden is a South Coast world in itself, a relief of big stones, sculptural shapes, desert textures, water sounds. On a tiny deep-grass hill, a young couple nestles on a small—conspicuously staged—bench. Noguchi, considerately, built his park with contrasts—and a good spot for a picnic bag-lunch.

Unofficial Car Wash of the Olympics" jokes a garage sign on Sunset Boulevard . . . and on one of the famous Sunset billboards, Johnny Mathis stays forever young. "Making movies is childlike," says Michael Douglas, who's seen the business present and past, as son-of and star. "You have to have a certain innocence about what you're doing; you don't want to analyze it too much."

Why analyze the forever-appeal of Chasen's—where cracked crab claws come in beachball-size *(Continued on page 384)*



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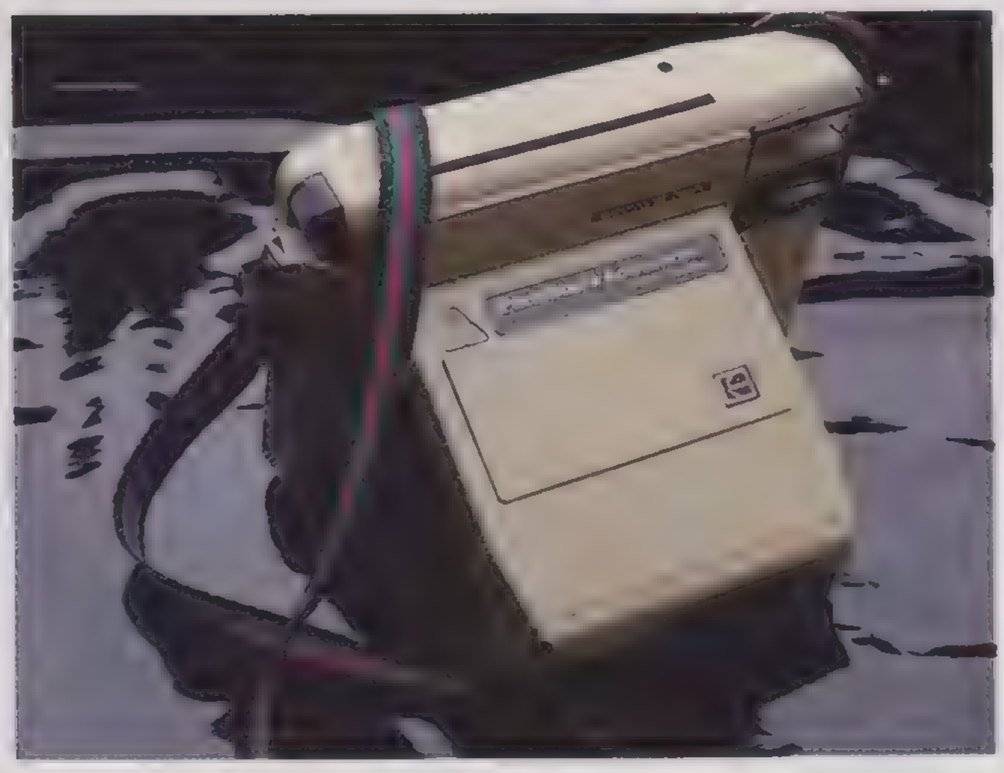

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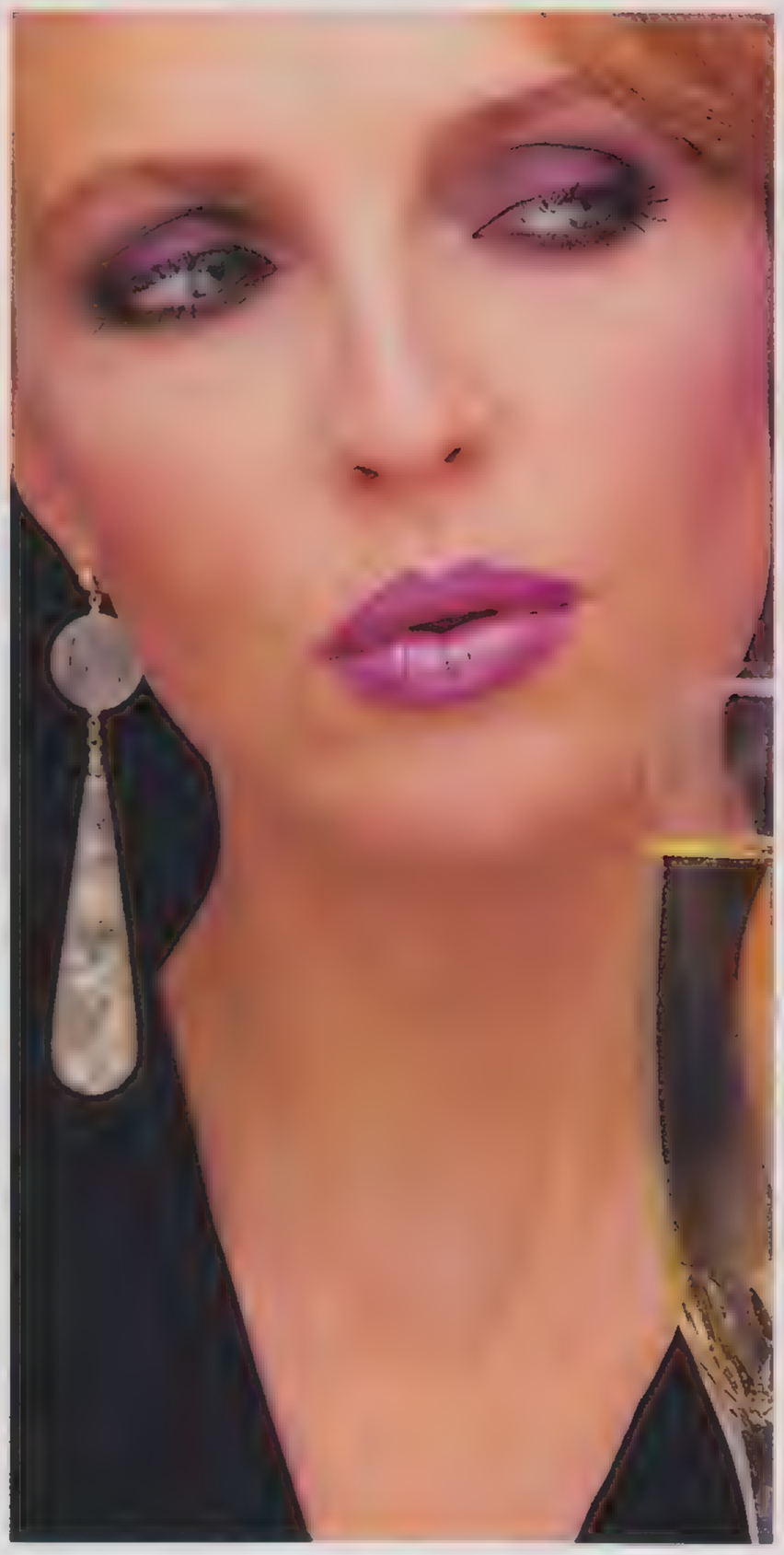

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Newport Beach, California

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NEWPORT

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SINCE 1921
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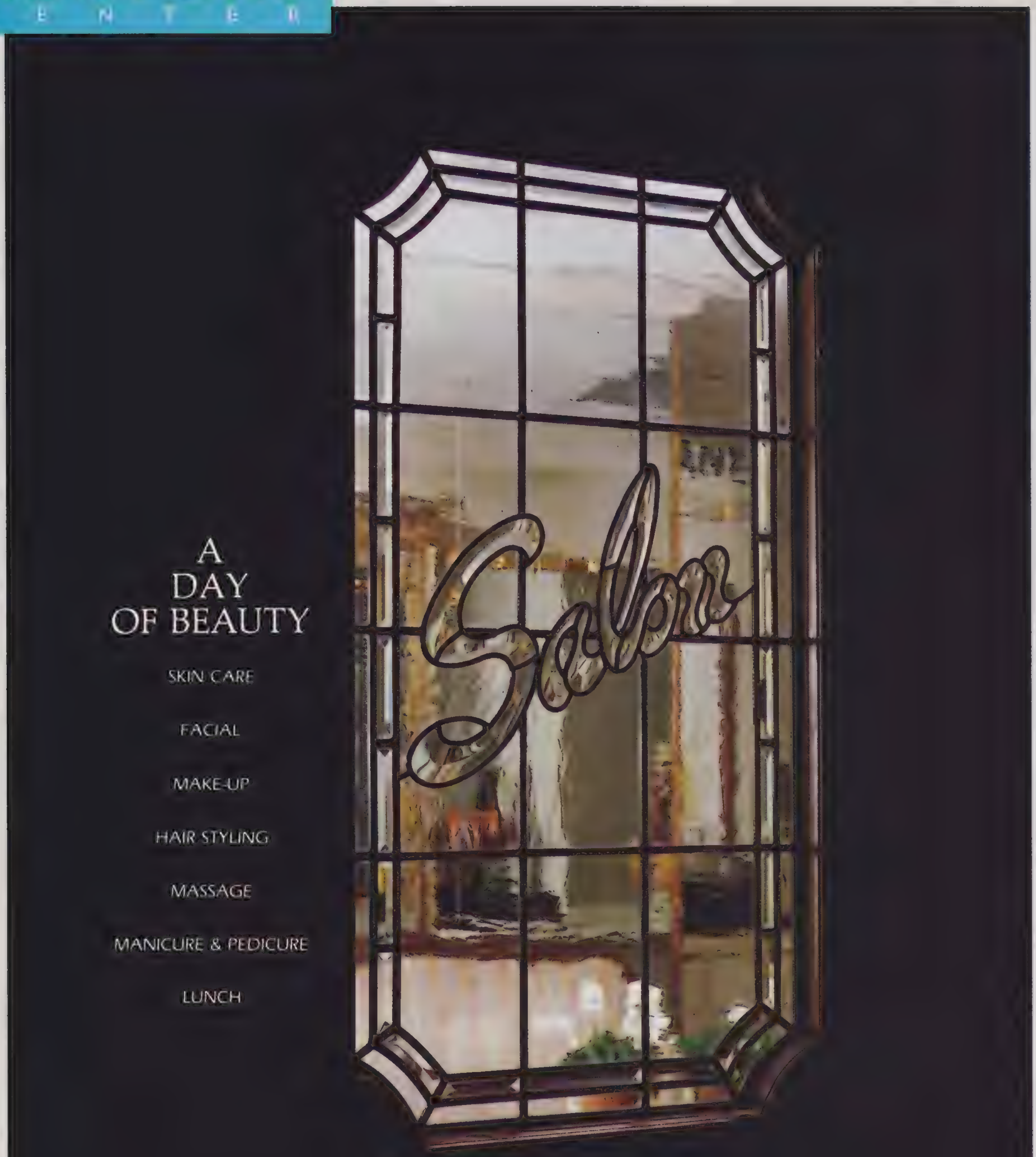

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7 CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 366)

mounds, where Maude's roquefort-cheese salad began as something Mrs. Chasen made for Kathy and Bing Crosby, where "Ronnie" Reagan's favorite is the Beef Belmont that only comes on Tuesday nights? Chasen's began, Maude says, with a $3500 loan from *The New Yorker*'s Harold Ross to vaudevillian Dave Chasen in 1936. When Chasen's World War II draft notice came, he gave newly married Maude a crash course on restauranting, complete with 5:00 A.M. tips on what meat-market beef deserved the Chasen's stamp: the bridegroom's gift to his L.A. bride. Blond Maude still spends each night watching over Chasen's dining rooms—over the stars, the Hobo steaks, the chicken pot pies.

If Old Hollywood, as at Chasen's, is a state of mind, then New Hollywood is simply who's profiting now from the people who buy tickets. Strong Hollywood images, new or old, still shape American trends. Arguably, too: American bodies.

In Burbank, a discreet side door at the Toluca Tennis Club leads to Dan Isaacson's very private exercise domain—steely, potentially sweaty rooms with squat and bench-press stations, gravity guidance machine, Pilates machine, dumbbells, cable pulleys, bicycle. Isaacson's neighbors, appropriately, are studios—Universal, Warner Bros., Columbia: "appropriately" because he's trainer to the stars—among others: John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, Linda Evans.

For an hour and a half, three to six times a week, Isaacson runs the megas and the moguls through their paces—with progressive weight training, cardiovascular workouts. He advises on diet, designs at-home gyms, goes to his twenty to twenty-five clients if that's their preference. "They usually come to us," says Isaacson, a compacted Bruce Jenner in polo shirt, "because they have to look good for their public, and a lot of them don't know what that is. Some want to get bigger, some want to lose weight, some just want to feel healthier."

"Healthier" is not a piece of quiche. "If they're working three days a week, we put all their body parts through a workout at once. If it's six days, we split the body up: on Monday, you may work back and calves, Tuesday shoulders and arms, Wednesday legs. Then you come back and duplicate it Thursday, Friday, Saturday." Sunday, even stars rest.

Isaacson's Hollywood saga started, quite publicly, with reshaping John Travolta for *Staying Alive* "to *(Continued on page 386)*

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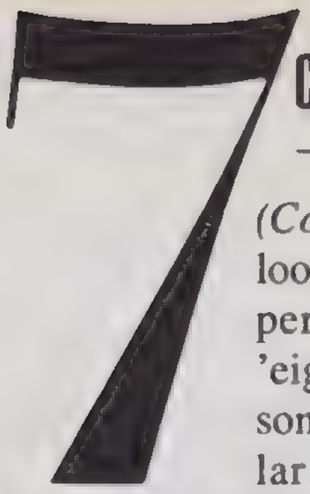

CITIES/LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 384)

look like a dancer with an upper body that reflected an 'eighties look,'' says Isaacson, ''which is more muscular.'' In fact his business, now, in partnership with the actor, is officially called John Travolta Dance and Workout. Soon studios sent other clients, stars (half of them women) came to work out, remake, self-decorate. What do the women (Sigmund Freud aside) want? ''Mostly, we add definition to the ladies' bodies and, through their diet, lean them down so they look healthier.'' Isaacson also, if needed, goes on location when his clients are making movies. While directors have myriad images to lens, he can focus simply on the look of an on-camera body. ''I'll have signals for them to hit a certain pose or hold their muscle groups a bit differently—a little tighter perhaps or toned down if they look too flexed. A lot of that is happening now.''

Golf and tennis have traditionally offered pros and ongoing lessons: expertise—and effective use of time—aren't new to sports; they're simply being linked now with more serious exercise. Isaacson sees fewer L.A. joggers (smog's unhealthy) in the future. He also predicts a more-equal marriage in Americans' lives between solid workouts and swimming, tennis, skiing—active pleasure.

Whether moderation is—or is not—the current name of the fitness game, only exercisers know; L.A. is still a fitness mecca to all sorts. The city has twenty-four-hour-a-day gyms, should the urge to sweat strike at odd hours; a gym-bearing truck will park in one's driveway. A businesswoman in town for a few days can do laps in the Beverly Wilshire pool . . . or book classes at Stephan Studio, Ron Fletcher, The Firm Company, Body by Gilda. Jane Fonda, lest one forget, began in L.A. New York's Lotte Berk has opened a deceptively elegant grey-carpeted world of hard work on Sunset Boulevard.

Isaacson does not, in the land of good looks, have to urge his clients on. ''It's their career,'' he says. ''Their look is their career, and it's a blessing to work with them. You don't ever have to coax these people.

''This is a profession, and because of the caliber of the people we work with, it has to be. I'm against the wall. I can't make a mistake.'' L.A. bodies are serious business.

But then, for (seemingly) frivolous exercisers, the Los Angeles Equestrian Center also exists: equally close to Burbank studios, similarly chic, and offering considerably less-than-Isaacson effort. On seventy-five little-used acres of Griffith Park, now, are a four-thousand-seat covered arena for polo, show rings, jumping rings, classes. There is also access to fifty miles of wooded trails, more riding in rough country. In the 'twenties, it seems, L.A. was something of an acknowledged ''horse town,'' and the town's taken up riding again.

Today, rental of the Equestrian Center's over three hundred fifty stalls and one hundred twenty-five covered corrals goes by waiting list; Mercedes convertibles park outside the horse barns. Professional L.A. Lancers polo games can solve the problem of what to do on spring and fall Saturday nights . . . and a new chef is overseeing food both at the private Riding and Polo Club and open-to-public Horses. Studio heads, even non-riders, may well stop midday at the Polo Club terrace for a club sandwich. Stefanie Powers and Stacy Keach play on a polo team of stars.

''Horseflesh'' may have taken on a new L.A. meaning, but not everyone knows, yet, of this two-year-old enterprise. When one asks about riding in Burbank these days, it's best to know whom to ask. Newcomers still occasionally get directed to the Griffith Park Pony rides.

In the land of make-believe, one almost believes: that's L.A.'s special pleasure. And, if wishes were horses, well, they'd surely fly Regent Air: on Regent, make-believe has recently been upgraded.

Twice daily, Regent round-trips between L.A. and New York, with lavishly refitted (to seat only thirty-five) single-class 727s: ''lavish'' means plush seats, plenty of chrome, gold bathroom faucets. One-way tickets cost $810. Of course, that includes one's own stretch limousine to and from airports, Wolfgang Puck-devised food, a cabin staff that calls you by name. In-flight secretarial, manicure, or barber service . . . and the ultimate luxury in hassle-free: no printed tickets, no boarding passes.

On plane, the polished chrome bar is going full tilt; a stewardess—charmingly tuxed and wing-collared—brings a footstool on take-off; the steward discusses menu and vintages. Much of that food—leg of lamb with crisp pea pods and tiny carrots, say—is cooked on board in a convection oven; a carrot not reduced to mashed-turnip texture is a marvel in itself. Beluga caviar, lobster claw, steaming rolls slide down with Taittinger Champagne, with '78 Napa Cabernet Sauvignon. Lemon cake comes trimmed in white chocolate.

Spode china and red roses are pleasant distractions; so, too, is passenger watching—Are you someone? Are you famous? Did I catch your name? Did I miss the red Grand Canyon or the pink cotton-candy clouds over the Midwest? How extraordinarily beautiful America is if one bothers simply to watch.

For people who prefer man-made distractions, Regent provides choices of tape cassettes to fill a Sony Walkman—or one of ten movies shown on at-seat video screens. ''Listen and Lose Weight'' promises the chance to ''reprogram your subconscious mind to eliminate the desire to overeat'': on Regent, a somewhat contradictory notion. ''How to Become a Successful Executive'' ''provides the person 'moving up' with solutions to problems the individual with ambition must face squarely.'' It takes only forty-one minutes.

Missing the luggage battle at Newark International Airport may take the prize as best invention of all—a converted trolley car carries flyers directly to parking lot; each chauffeur, with Hollywood-like sleight-of-hand, already has his passengers' bags in the car's back end: no airport halls, no carousel, no claim checks, no porters. No wonder bicoastal life is becoming more and more attractive. ''Bicoastals,'' I've decided, are simply those people who love New York work life and ''living'' in L.A.

They may be right: in L.A., something's happening now.

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Cartier, *370 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 90210*
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MGA-Guess?, *9520 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, 90210*
Neiman-Marcus, *9700 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, 90212*
Newport Center Fashion Island, *62 Fashion Island, Newport Beach, 92660*

North Beach Leather, *8500 Sunset Blvd. at La Cienega, 90069*
Optica, *327 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 90210*
Optical Shop of Aspen, *9 Fashion Island, Newport Beach, 92660*
Pierre Deux, *428 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 90210*
Raff Jewelers, *32 Fashion Island, Newport Beach, 92660*
Régine, *8336 Melrose Ave., 90069*
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Chasen's, *9039 Beverly Blvd., 90048; 271-2168*
Chaya Brasserie, *8741 Alden Dr., Beverly Hills, 90048; 859-8833*
Gorky's Cafe, *536 E. 8th St., 90014; 627-4060*
The Ivy, *113 N. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, 90211; 274-8303*
Mortons, *8800 Melrose Ave., 90069; 276-5205*
Palette, *8290 Santa Monica Blvd., 90046; 654-7045*
Rex Il Ristorante, *617 S. Olive St., 90014; 627-2300*
Seventh Street Bistro, *815 W. 7th St., 90017; 627-1242*
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The Firm Company, *1365 Westwood Blvd., 90024*
Ron Fletcher, *8330 W. 3rd St., 90048*
Jane Fonda's Workout, *369 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, 94136*
J. Paul Getty Museum, *17985 W. Pacific Coast Hwy., Malibu, 90265*
Georgette Klinger, *312 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 90210*
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, *5905 Wilshire Blvd., 90036*
Los Angeles Equestrian Center, *480 W. Riverside Dr., Burbank, 91506*
Stephan Studio, *8618 Melrose Ave., Beverly Hills, 90211*
The Temporary Contemporary, *152 N. Central Ave., 90012*
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A cosmopolitan, friendly city, from its Gold Coast to the treasures of the Magnificent Mile, Chicago is bursting with art, enriched by innovative theater, enlivened by a frenetic financial marketplace—and on the move, as its historic commitment to energetic growth lifts it ever upward!

By Despina Messinesi

AGO

During the busy lunch hour, outside the Chicago Board of Trade building, a virile young man in a nubby white sweater beat me to a taxi. Already opening the door, he smiled and said, "It's yours." Amazed, I remarked that this would never happen in New York. "But this isn't New York," he answered. How right he was.

Chicago is a friendly city. People are polite. Streets are wide and clean. Against the vast prairie sky, macho buildings make big statements. No longer anybody's Second City (Chicagoans dropped that nickname long before census figures made Los Angeles America's number-two population center), Chicago is confident; it doesn't need to compare itself with other towns. But looking at the miles of beach that edge the big-as-an-ocean Lake Michigan, it's hard not to think of Rio. Early-morning joggers and bike riders—and, on summer days, swimmers—mob the waterfront. And immense apartment buildings, the most prized real estate (even called the Gold Coast), line the lakefront—just as they do in Rio.

But nothing compares to downtown Chicago, which is a sheer dazzle of skyscrapers. These great beauties of steel and glass have a startlingly human narcissism: they preen at their reflections mirrored in the other towers. And here, in the Loop—the shopping and business center originally named for the elevated train that has been running since the 1890s—the old trains thunder on tracks that leave black, precisely geometric shadows on the streets below.

Suddenly, a giant Picasso sculpture looms into view in the Richard Daley Center and Plaza, named after Chicago's machine-boss mayor of twenty-one years. (When the mayor heard that Picasso was "the best," he decided he had to have that sculpture. And so Chicago's reputation as a home of great public art was born.)

Today, Claes Oldenburg's marvelous sculpture of a baseball bat—standing one hundred feet tall—is Chicago's tribute to the Cubs, and the city's favorite sport. And there's more massive art: outside the *grande dame* department store, Marshall Field's, for instance—a super-modern stainless-steel fountain, round as a monocle, by local sculptor Virginio Ferrari.

But what's inside the store is a different story entirely, for Marshall Field's means Old World splendor: the marble floor, spacious aisles, Corinthian columns, hundreds of small parchment shades on chandeliers, the shocking beauty of the six-story-high Tiffany-glass dome. And everything, from dishwashers to their own brand of paper towels and laundry soap to designer clothes, is still delivered in the famous Marshall Field green box, wrapping paper, or tote. Yet, there's nothing fuddy-duddy about this mid-1870s store, since the wise motto of the founder Field—"Give the lady what she wants"—prevails.

What she *still* wants are Frango mints, a M.F. specialty known worldwide, made in the thirteenth-floor Candy Kitchen, which also turns out its own bread, pastries, ice cream. There's more food in the six restaurants on the seventh floor—from the hearty elegance of the Walnut Room's menu, with its seafood gumbo and the Frango-mint chocolate ice cream to the soup-and-sandwich speed of the Bowl and Basket.

Truly serious *(Continued on page 390)*

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *For a windy city, for any city with a fast-changing climate, something "extra"—something as charming, as witty as a cozy sable pullover vest . . . the kind of unexpected fashion pleasure you've come to expect from Fendi. Here, as a top layer of warmth over a gutsy cotton poplin raincoat—perfect beat-the-weather dressing. Another time, another place—over a sweater and trousers . . . it can go on—and on—over any number of things, and never wear out its welcome. Vest, about $39,000. Coat, about $1175. Turnout at The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. Vest at Bergdorf Goodman, (coat to order). Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; make-up, François Nars. Accessories, see last pages.*

7 CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 389)
shopping, for the Ferrés, Tiktiners, Valentinos, and Adele Simpsons, takes place in the 28 Shop—a carry-over name from the days when women arriving in carriages stepped off at 28 West Washington Street, the entrance for "ladies." Also impressive are the antiques departments, known for their furniture, Victorian jewelry, watches, and clocks—and for the trained eyes and hands that repair them.

Not far from Field's, and also in the Loop, is Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Designed by the distinguished Chicago architect Louis Sullivan around the turn of the century, the building with its remarkable cast-iron rounded-corner entrance, exquisite as a swallow's nest, is a Chicago landmark.

The news, however, is inside: the remodeling of Carson's grand first floor, now paved in pale-beige marble. The original tall columns crowned with gilt filigree remain, as do the stunning cast-iron panels over the elevator banks. But new big windows overlook Carson's sidewalk café, Louis', a fine place for a light lunch.

The pride of Carson's is Corporate Level, a department recently introduced where, in one shopping spree, the businesswoman can find everything—clothes, lingerie, accessories, luggage, and a one-stop solution to the time-consuming chores that generally take up Saturdays: a shoe repair shop, dry cleaners, travel bureau, beauty salon. Corporate Level even keeps different hours than the rest of Carson's—open an hour earlier, closed an hour later. Additional services: a juice bar and a deli.

Across from Carson's on State Street, Evans, an emporium crammed with designer dresses and cloth coats on the first and second floors, is best-known for its vast fur collection.

For lunch nearby, you might try Nick's Fishmarket, a more sedate version of the formerly Honolulu-based restaurant, located here in the Loop's vast First National Plaza—also the home of a Chagall mosaic wall, so cheerful it sings. Inside at Nick's, the Hawaiian fishnets on the walls and the island informality are gone, but fish is the same—fresh and delicious.

Against the vast prairie sky, macho skyscrapers make big statements

During its ninety-two years, The University of Chicago has produced fifty-three Nobel Prize winners. Edwin A. Bergman, the distinguished chairman of the university's Board of Trustees, who has his office high up in the First National Bank Building, seems the most appropriate person to explain this astonishing number. A personable, receptive man, Mr. Bergman says, "We pride ourselves on being the teachers of teachers, or rather, professors. We are basically a research school."

Mr. Bergman tells a wonderful story to illustrate his point. At one time, Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar ("Chandra"), who won the 1983 Nobel Prize for Physics, had only two pupils in one of his classes. When people wondered how a class with two students could possibly be worthwhile, Chandra would answer that he was the only professor in the world who had everyone in his class win the Nobel Prize: T.D. Lee shared the honors with C.N. Yang in 1957.

This same spirited optimism and gutsiness colors Chicago—a city that bounced back better than ever after Mrs. O'Leary's cow started the fire that devastated the city in 1871. Architects, given the rare opportunity to start fresh, had a field day. But even with all the incredible building that went on, the John Hancock Center, not completed until 1969, remains the city's inescapable landmark. One hundred stories of somber tinted glass, it is laid out like a vertical town: five floors of shops above which one thousand cars park on seven floors, followed by twenty-eight floors of offices, plus pools, restaurants, then some seven hundred condominium apartments, and three floors of public observation lounges and more restaurants.

But wherever one goes, it's impossible to escape the beauty, the architectural juxtapositions of the city. The Gothic spikes of the Tribune Tower face the ornate Moorish steeples of the Wrigley Building, which stands next to the *Chicago Sun-Times*' rather low functional home. Bridges over the Chicago River (which "runs backward—it flows *out* of the Lake," a cabdriver explains, "one of the engineering wonders of the world") open like giant jaws to let boats sail through. And along the river, Marina City's sixty-story twin towers sit, round as silos. Built in the early 'sixties, Marina City was one of the city's first answers to modern in-town living: residents have apartments upstairs, keep cars and boats downstairs.

Architecture is only part of Chicago's story, and a modest enterprise compared to the city's financial marketplace, the "Wall Street of the Midwest," the hot spot that makes Chicago tick. Richard L. Sandor, the young director of the Mercantile Exchange, has his office at One South Wacker Drive, a jewel of a building. The light playing on its indented tinted-glass towers gives the effect of a great checkerboard.

Inside, the director's office is serene, beige, but there's an undercurrent of energy. Before taking a telephone call from Tokyo, he says, "Chicago is a unique American phenomenon. It has the greatest pool of speculative talent and speculative capital—and I *mean* speculative capital. These people are professional risk-takers." One feels what he means when visiting the financial exchanges: the impression is of battling gladiators in a twentieth-century computerized arena.

Because of the explosion of business activities, the commodities exchanges have outgrown their quarters and recently moved into sensational new buildings. Last Thanksgiving, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange—the market for live cattle, hogs, pork bellies, *(Continued on page 394)*

Eugene Mihaesco

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Water Tower Place

on the Magnificent Mile

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THE HEAD-OVER-HEELS ME.
WHEN I DANCE WITH MY WIFE, IT ENDS LIKE THIS.
I'M IN CALVIN KLEIN. SHE'S IN BILL BLASS III.
AT CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO.
Carson
Photography by Skrebneski
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

THE URBAN MASTER ME.

I TAKE ON THE CITY OF BIG SHOULDERS. AND WIN!

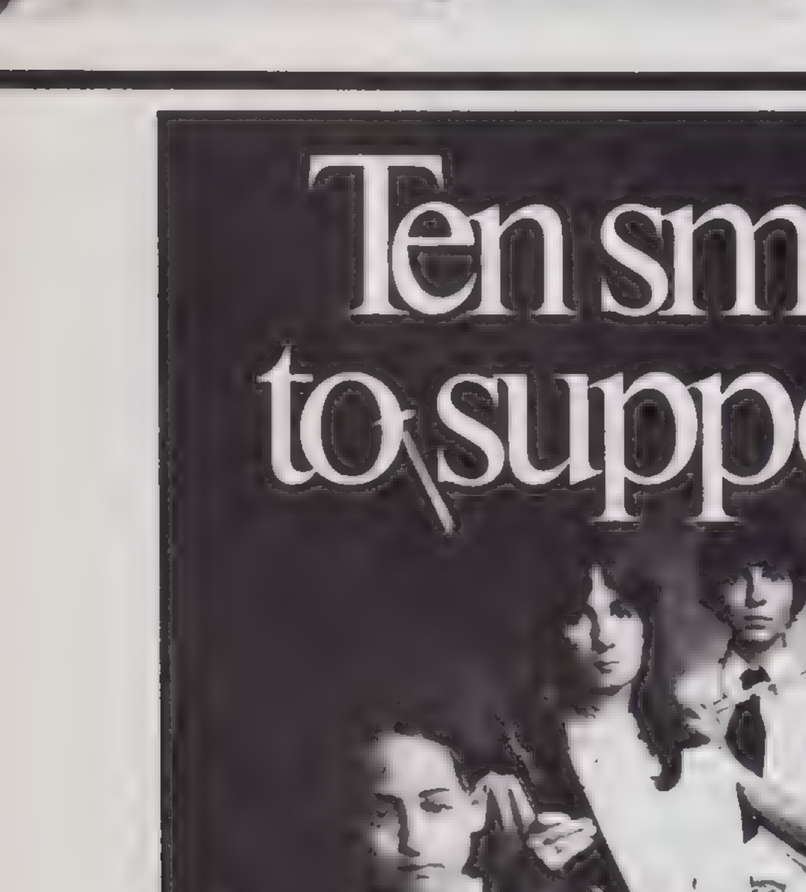
IN YVES SAINT LAURENT.

AT CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO.

is for Me!

An aerial view (left) of Oak Street Beach, January, 1938

The Chicago Symphony announces its season (left); Chicago artist Ed Paschke's 1983 painting, "Sauganash" (below)



CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 390)

financial futures—acquired a one-acre columnless trading arena. Its floor is crowded with people in brilliantly colored jackets, their pockets sagging with blocks of paper, whose leaves they will later crush and throw on the floor as they rush around. In this pandemonium, traders in "pits," which are actually raised platforms, use sign language to cement transactions worth fortunes.

The grain market—in the slender Art Deco Chicago Board of Trade building, which has enchanting silver designs shaped like 1920s cocktail glasses on its elevator doors—has spread into a new annex. And the Chicago Board Options Exchange—the youngest (only eleven years old) and toughest of all the markets—moved last February into a mega-building with the world's largest trading floor and the most advanced high-tech equipment. Video monitors over the trading centers flicker with numbers, coded symbols, as dizzy-making as disco strobe lights. The pace is fast, the stakes are high: this is a young person's business, and the burn-out rate is high.

After the commodities markets close, between one-thirty and two, the place to dash is the East Bank Club, the adrenalin outlet for the young brokers and traders. Enormous and luxurious, with atrium, waterfall, restaurants, bars, superb sports facilities, the East Bank is the flashiest of singles' clubs, where the most popular sport is people-watching.

Another, very different place to be seen is the bonbon-pink granite building One Magnificent Mile, the beginning of Michigan Avenue's legendary shopping strip and the new home of Chicago's fabulous specialty store, Stanley Korshak.

From Korshak's main floor, shoppers ascend in a glass-tube elevator to a world of international fashion. The men's department is all Italian imports: suits, coats, leather jackets, bold striped shirts displayed on a counter like pastries, and walking sticks with hand-carved handles—a new best seller.

The women's boutiques hold an amazing collection of designer clothes from New York, Milan, Paris's Avenue Montaigne. Sporty separates, nubby sweaters, chunky leather bags, good-looking shoes, exquisite cotton nightgowns. For boys and girls there are crisp classic sailor suits, embroidered little girls' dresses from Paris.

Korshak's large sand-beige fitting rooms are cozy as sitting rooms with plump sofas and fatter pillows. For more pampering, there is the Cosmetics department with Boyd's from New York's Madison Avenue, crammed with beauty paraphernalia and the sun-yellow California packages of Giorgio's perfume. Draped on walls, casually thrown on tables are the beautiful Descamps Linens.

A handful of other shops—totally independent from Korshak's but in the same top league—have moved into the One Magnificent Mile building. First was Polo/Ralph Lauren; N.H. Rosenthal, a Chicago furrier for over half a century, occupies a large windowed corner; next door is the airy salon of hairstylist Jon Goodman. Steps away, Viva Nails looks like a banquet scene—manicurists and clients sit across from one another at one long curved counter. *(Continued on page 396)*

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Photography by Steve Steigman

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The faces of the city: (left), corner of State & Madison, c. 1905-10

Studs Terkel, the legendary listener (above); Claes Oldenburg's "Bat Column" (left), an airy web of welded steel, reflected in one of Chicago's famous glass-façaded skyscrapers

The Adler Planetarium (above), as it looked in 1933; (left), a bird's-eye view of Chicago by day

7 CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 394)

The Roberto Albini bakery, on One Magnificent Mile's street level, is an Italian contemporary masterpiece. Its looks and products are sublime: pine-paneled walls under a skylight, potted plants, intoxicating smells, all kinds and shapes of breads, fruit tarts, pastries, and petits fours displayed on rough rush trays and baskets on slanted shelves for easy viewing.

Upstairs, the elegant Spiaggia restaurant celebrates Northern Italian cooking. In a glass atrium that looks like a greenhouse, two tiers of banquettes and tables overlook the Lake, while in a stainless-steel kitchen, Chef Mantuano and two sous-chefs concoct steaming dishes with virgin olive oil and fresh basil.

Off Michigan Avenue sits The Drake hotel, a Chicago tradition—its 1920s building is listed in the National Register of Historic Places—and a Chicago landmark for anyone who's ever seen its white canopy edged with ruffles.

Recently refurbished and with a new shopping gallery, The Drake's lobby remains regal-red with crystal chandeliers glistening under a coffered ceiling. Centered around a fountain with spouting dolphins, the cozily lighted Palm Court, with its deep upholstered chairs and sofas, and its tables separated by greens, is, especially at teatime, a romantic storybook setting Barbara Cartland could approve of.

At The Mayfair Regent, the lobby, like those of many deluxe hotels, is small and private—concierge, Louis XVI manager's desk, message desk, cashier and foreign exchange, nearby newsstand and elevators. No room for people-watchers. There's an excellent staff that resists obsequiousness—except when necessary, when they can provide a humidifier for Marilyn Horne, a piano for Rudolf Serkin.

Upon checking in, before one can even open one's suitcases, the hotel's classic welcome arrives: a lacquer tray with jasmine tea in a Japanese teapot, a dish of thinly sliced strawberries, kiwi, and pineapple. Other goodies: ice bucket with two large bottles of Perrier, a terry robe with two holders for the belt to fit long or short guests, an umbrella, enough white fluffy towels for an army.

Mayfair Regent's lounge is like a club reading room with two racks of newspapers on long handles: one for the U.S. press—*Barron's, Advertising Age, Chicago Business, The New York Times;* the other for foreign press—Paris's *Le Monde,* London's *Financial Times,* and Italian, Swiss, even two Japanese newspapers. At teatime, the lounge turns into a drawing room, with tablecloths inset with lace, lace-edged napkins, pink-flowered china and Laura Ashley rose-sprigged tea cozies. Tea is served with finger sandwiches and pastries.

Chicagoans roll off grand names such as Magnificent Mile and Gold Coast as casually as if they were speaking of cornflakes. To the out-of-towner these fantasy names are almost Disneyworld impressive, standing as they do for billion-dollar areas. It's no wonder visitors sometimes miss plain-Jane-named East Oak Street—a block of brownstones turned into shops.

"Our store is for Chicagoans," says Joan Weinstein, the owner of Ultimo, Ltd., the *haute couture* haberdashery at 114 East Oak. "We know all the people who come in. They have good bodies. We stock sizes four to ten. Chicago is not a dress-up city, nor a show-off place. Our Italian and French imports are casual for every day, for businesswomen and travelers."

In fact, Ultimo, with its barn walls, African print curtains, and Oriental rugs, feels a little like the inside of a chic friend's dressing room: flung-open closet doors reveal good-looking dresses, skirts, pants, sweaters, handbags, belts, accessories—some on chairs and tables, and others on the floor.

Next to Ultimo, Acorn on Oak is a dark, unflossy restaurant that serves the best hamburgers in town. Better still, it stays open seven days a week.

On the other side of Ultimo, Marilyn Miglin's business is beauty—or, as she calls it, "Skinsense." In a pink mirrored salon, women are taught the techniques of skin care and makeup with hypoallergenic cosmetics: skin soap, moisturizers, terrific bath gels; long-wearing, fragile-colored lipsticks and brush-on creams; her haunting, expensive perfume, Pheromone.

More treats on East Oak: Smyth Bros.' designer-shoe collection—Charles Jourdan, Joan and David, Anne Klein...Terri D. Ltd.—Dance Centre's jazzy sportswear, Norma Kamali, jazz shoes...Nails by Ann Lombardi, Ltd.—a clinical white second-floor salon for tender manicures, pedicures, and masterful nail repair jobs.

Back on Michigan Avenue's Magnificent Mile, the shop windows whirl by. Everything is on this strip: dazzling Tiffany ...Elizabeth Arden's familiar Red Door...a pink-granite Neiman-Marcus (sensational, on the fourth floor: a caviar

Details, last pages

bar—pearls of Beluga and Petrossian caviar, which cost the price of a black pearl for one kilo).

Joseph's Salon is filled with Cinderella-pretty shoes and boots—Yves Saint Laurent, Maud Frizon, Andréa Pfister, Mario Valentino—and has just added a fashion department that is strong on European sportswear . . . Gucci is as big as a Moroccan souk . . . Trabert & Hoeffer displays lavish jewelry.

And on I. Magnin's second floor is the fabulous Carol & Irwin Ware Fur Collection. The dynamic Wares are an extraordinary team, connoisseurs, experts on furs, demanding fashion leaders who deal only in quality and style. An insider's note: although the store boasts a knowledgeable team of salespeople, "regulars" make appointments with the Wares themselves. Interesting, too: theirs is the only shop in town that carries the prized Fendi collection *in toto*.

Water Tower Place is another architectural spectacular. For starters, there's the Atrium Shopping Mall with fountain, escalators, glass elevators to seven floors of shops. The two anchors are Lord & Taylor and Marshall Field's, with its new eighth-floor focus on Baccarat and Waterford crystals, Lenox china.

The Mall keeps late hours for window shopping. Four movie houses on the second floor with over two hundred seats each are so popular with first-run film fans that three more theaters have been added at ground level. Nobody could possibly go hungry or thirsty in this Italian travertine marble atrium: fast food, delis, pizzerias, cafés are everywhere.

On the third floor of Water Tower Place are Courrèges, Guy Laroche, Vuitton, a vast display of Charles Jourdan shoes, Rodier, and the Rizzoli bookstore. Georgette Klinger with her signature doorway is also there—as is Vidal Sassoon. How glorious to shop, eat, drink, and grow beautiful all on one huge floor.

Above the hoopla of the shopping mall, from the twelfth floor on up, is the luxurious oasis of The Ritz-Carlton hotel. To reach this Four-Seasons-run hotel, an elevator shoots straight up from the Mall's second story to The Ritz-Carlton's lobby. Another runs nonstop from the street. Special at The Ritz-Carlton: views of the lake, serene rooms with chaises longues, a cluster of bars and restaurants—from the sunny Greenhouse to the pine-paneled Dining Room (under the expert guidance of Chef Fernand Gutierrez). The Ritz's unique plus: The Spa—with its sensational heated pool, sunning deck, massage, the works. For an extra splash, guests may ride around in the Ritz's blue Silver Spur Rolls.

Finding Kane's *(Continued on page 398)*

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spicy dishes from the huge menu.

Under the tracks of the "El," Gene & Georgetti serves juicy twenty-two-ounce steaks and a "garbage" salad of shrimp, sausage, salami, cheese, onion, and olives on a mound of lettuce. Best tables are in the front room; very casual—and handy to the Apparel Center and Merchandise Mart.

In an unglossy neighborhood near the Loop, that grand old restaurant Gordon—until recently in the St. Regis Hotel—has moved to new premises a few yards away. Unchanged: Gordon's Art Deco ambience, and its trademark stone lions out front. . . . Meanwhile, top honors go to Randall's—for their finger-licking Chicago specialty: crisp, crackling baby back ribs and barbecued chicken wings. . . . Nearby, on East Ohio, Pizzeria Uno specializes in the thick-thick-crusted deep-dish Chicago pizza.

Understandably, tables are hard to get at Ambria, the excellent restaurant off the Old World marble lobby of the Belden Stratford hotel. Here, palms, mellow lights, a romantic Art Nouveau setting. Pure heaven: Ambria's white chocolate mousse with almost black chocolate sauce. . . . A totally different scenario can be found across the same hotel's lobby at Un Grand Café, a casual bright bistro with uncomplicated French food.

Since 1893, when generous donors built the splendid Italian Renaissance-inspired Art Institute of Chicago—and filled it with masterpieces: priceless El Grecos, Impressionists, sculpture—constant additions have turned the Art Institute into a vast complex that includes theaters, libraries.

The star painting at the Art Institute: Georges Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte"—now drawing even bigger crowds owing to the opening in New York of Stephen Sondheim's musical, *Sunday in the Park with George,* inspired by Seurat's masterpiece. (Museum gift boxes and envelopes use a bustled figure from the painting for their logo.) Another "must" at the Art Institute is its major winter exhibition, *A Day in the Country: Impressionism and the French Landscape,* from October 23 to January 6.

Chicago has also become the great American theater laboratory. In New York City, a number of recent big hits—*True West, Glengarry Glen Ross, Death of a Salesman, Balm in Gilead*—have come to us via Chicago, and often with Chicago talent. Today's Chicago has over one hundred not-for-profit theaters—all independent, brash, experimental. First among them is Steppenwolf, called the strongest, most energetic theater company in America today—giving us John Malkovich, Gary Sinise, Laurie Metcalf. The other main source for *(Continued on page 401)*

7 CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 397)

specialty store is a snap: it is in the Gold Coast area right nextdoor to the landmark Ambassador East Hotel. In Kane's handsome salon: settees, walls hung with paintings, a well-edited collection of clothes by star designers—not to mention sweaters, skirts with private labels. . . the new trendy wave.

The Chicago restaurant scene, as volatile as the city's Commodities Exchange, is constantly coming up with winners. The place to dine now—full of Italian brio, good-looking people, aromatic smells of herb sauces—is Avanzare on the Gold Coast. Best seating: the tables in the first section. . . .For out-of-towners, reserving a table at the private dining club Les Nomades recalls the hocus-pocus of speakeasy times. The password that admits nonmembers: a recommendation from a member who's well known to Jovan Trboyevic, the club's perfectionist restaurateur.

New Chicago rage: Thai food. Tops now is the storefront Ananda—a well-lighted space that's walled in brick; informal. Guests bring their own wine to accompany

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7 CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 398)

Chicago theater is the Goodman—linked to the Art Institute.

"The Chicago theater explosion is just the bubbling surface of work that's been going on for years and years," observes Gregory Mosher, the thirty-five-year-old artistic director of the Goodman Theatre, who just directed Broadway's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Glengarry Glen Ross*. Mosher's next production for the Goodman is his new version of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. The play will run from December 11 to 29 in the stunning Art Deco Auditorium Theatre with its perfect acoustics, seats for over four thousand people. The theater, designed by Louis Sullivan, has recently been restored, according to Mosher, "down to the last gold leaf, the last beautiful bulb."

More dazzle nearby: Chicago's neoclassic Orchestra Hall—where maestro extraordinaire Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. And just a few doors away on Michigan Avenue, craftsmen restore priceless violins and bows at Bein & Fushi on the top floor of the 1880s Fine Arts Building with its dusty atrium and time-dimmed Art Nouveau murals.

In recent years, many galleries, studios, even business offices have moved to "River North," a neighborhood of sturdy red-brick factories just six blocks west of The Magnificent Mile. At 212 West Superior Street, a former factory with exposed shaggy timber and brick walls houses two fine galleries: Donald Young, and Dart. At 313, Phyllis Kind has the colored lithographs of the well-known Chicago artist, Ed Paschke. B.C. Holland, at 222, transformed a candy factory into an elegant space to match his collections of twentieth-century paintings as well as his classic modern furniture. And in a large storefront gallery at 215 West Superior, Rhona Hoffman focuses on internationally known sculptors—including Chicago's Claire Zeisler, the eighty-one-year-old fiber artist. (On December 12, Zeisler will have a solo show at New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art.)

A find in this Chicago version of New York's SoHo: Monique's Café, a pleasing restaurant in a recycled bicycle factory. Serving excellent homemade dishes—soups, chicken with crème fraîche, pastries, pâtés—Monique's is open seven days a week; a wonderful spot for a mid-morning espresso and warm croissant. The walls are hung with art from the neighborhood's art galleries, and there's live classical music during Sunday brunch. *(Continued on page 402)*

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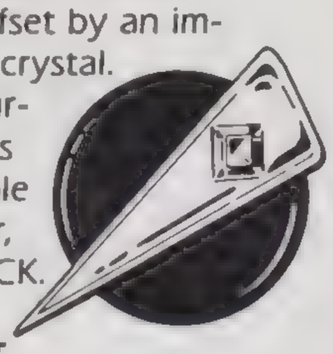

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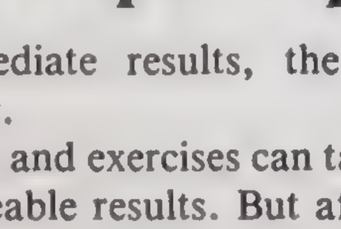

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7 CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 401)

No matter how much time you've allotted to Chicago, leaving will be hard; there's bound to be more to see, to do, to enjoy. But flying Midway Airways between Chicago and New York made the parting less painful for me. Planes leaving Chicago take off from the edge of town, and touch down at New York's convenient La Guardia.

Midway Airport is cheerful, sunny, clean, and passengers embarking there walk directly onto the tarmac, and at least for the moment, climb a short gangplank to board the plane. It may be anachronistic, but it's romantic as a 1940s film, a reminder that this most modern of cities is also one of our most romantic, with its urban shoreline, the headiness of its cultural riches, its Midwestern civilities, and its obsession with skyscrapers—all pointing, ineluctably, upward.

WHERE-TO-GO

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Carson Pirie Scott & Co., *1 S. State St., 60603*
Evans, *744 N. Michigan Ave., 60611; 36 S. State St., 60603*
Gucci, *713 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Jackie Renwick Boutique, *65 E. Oak St., 60611*
John Hancock Center, *875 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Joseph's Salon, *679 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Kane's, *1325 N. State Pkwy., 60610*
Lord & Taylor, *835 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Marshall Field's, *111 N. State St., 60690; 835 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Neiman-Marcus, *737 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
N.H. Rosenthal Furs, *940 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
North Beach Leather, *Water Tower Place 835 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Polo/Ralph Lauren, *960 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, *135 Oak Brook Center Mall, Oak Brook, 60521*
Smyth Bros. Shoe Parlor, *33 E. Oak St., 60611*
Stanley Korshak, *940 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Terri D. Ltd.—Dance Centre, *59 E. Oak St., 60611*
Tiffany & Co., *715 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Trabert & Hoeffer, *738 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Ultimo, *114 E. Oak St., 60611*

RESTAURANTS

Acorn on Oak, *116 E. Oak St., 60611; 944-6835*
Ambria, *The Belden Stratford, 2300 N. Lincoln Park West, 60614; 472-5959*

(Continued on page 406)

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C H I C A G O

7 CITIES/CHICAGO

(Continued from page 402)

Ananda, *941 N. State St., 60610; 944-7440*
Avanzare, *161 E. Huron St., 60611; 337-8056*
Cafe Spiaggia, *980 N. Michigan Ave., 60611; 280-2764*
Ciel Bleu, *The Mayfair Regent, 181 E. Lake Shore Dr., 60611; 951-2864*
The Dining Room, *The Ritz-Carlton, 160 E. Pearson St., 60611; 266-1000*
Gene & Georgetti, *500 N. Franklin St., 60610; 527-3718*
Gordon, *500 N. Clark St., 60610; 467-9780*
The Greenhouse, *The Ritz-Carlton, 160 E. Pearson St., 60611; 266-1000*
Les Nomades, *222 E. Ontario St., 60611; 649-9010*
Monique's Café, *213 W. Institute Pl., 60610; 642-2210*
Nick's Fishmarket, *1 First National Plaza, 60603; 621-0200*
Pizzeria Uno, *29 E. Ohio St., 60611; 321-1000*
Randall's, *41 E. Superior St., 60611; 280-2790*
Spiaggia, *980 N. Michigan Ave., 60611; 280-2750*
Walnut Room, *111 N. State St., 60690; 781-3693*
The Wild Onion, *666 N. Lake Shore Dr., 60611; 664-6634*
Un Grand Café, *The Belden Stratford, 2300 N. Lincoln Park West, 60614; 348-8886*

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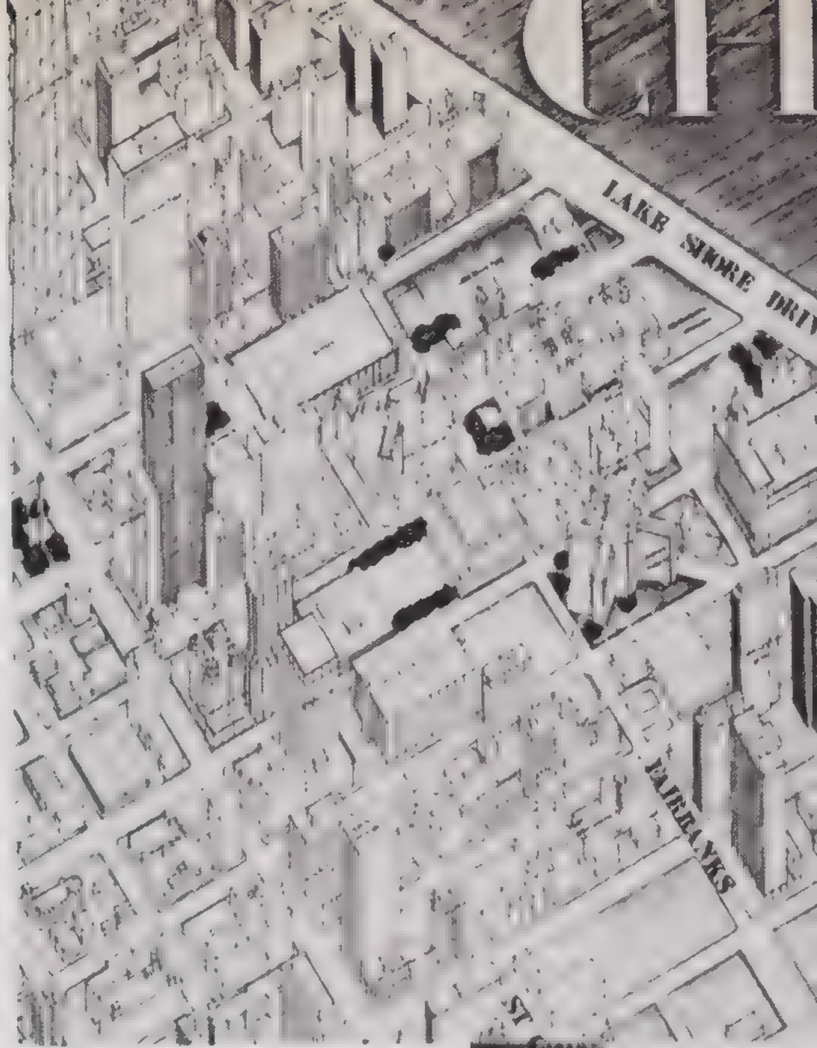
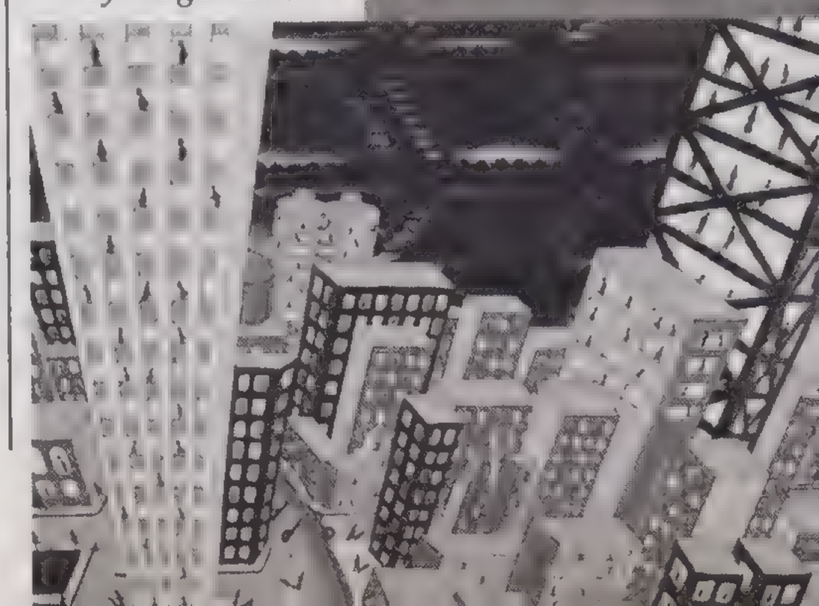
Claes Oldenburg's "Bat Column," *600 W. Madison St., 60606*
Dart Gallery, *212 W. Superior St., 60610*
Donald Young Gallery, *212 W. Superior St., 60610*
East Bank Club, *500 N. Kingsbury St., 60610*
Elizabeth Arden, *717 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Flash, Flash Fitness of Lehmann Sports Club, *2700 N. Lehmann Court, 60614*
Gayle Rovnick Design, *923 Michigan Ave., Evanston, 60202*
The Goodman Theatre, *200 S. Columbus Dr., 60603*
Jon Goodman Hair Salon, *940 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*
Marina City, *300 N. State St., 60610*
Marilyn Miglin, *112 E. Oak St., 60611*
Museum of Contemporary Art, *237 E. Ontario St., 60611*
Nails by Ann Lombardi, Ltd., *67 E. Oak St., 60611*
Phyllis Kind Gallery, *313 W. Superior St., 60610*
Richard J. Daley Center and Plaza, *50 W. Washington St., 60602*
Rhona Hoffman Gallery, *215 W. Superior St., 60610*
Roberto Albini Bottega del Pane, *121 E. Oak St., 60611*
Ruvelle Enterprises, *155 Revere Dr., Northbrook, 60062*
State of Illinois Center, *100 W. Randolph St., 60601*
Sunbeam Appliance Co., Div. of Sunbeam Corp., *2001 S. York Rd., Oakbrook, 60521*
Viva Nails, *940 N. Michigan Ave., 60611*

Details, last pages



An axonometric (3-D) map (above) of the city, along Lake Shore Drive; Chicago Board of Trade (right) houses the grain market; for long-suffering Chicago sports fans, there's still only one field— one team— that counts (below)

The North Italian cuisine of Spiaggia (right) offers elegant eating—and peace—after the bustle of One Magnificent Mile's shopping pleasures; (below), kinetic "Windy City Simultaneity," 1980, by Roger Brown



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I'LL HAVE THE TIME OF MY LIFE EVERY TIME.

IN SILKS BY CYNTHIA STEFFE FOR SPITALNICK & CO.

AT CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO.

Carson's

Photography by Skrabneski

Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

is for Me!
THE HAPPY-ENDING ME.
LOSING THE WINDY CITY BLUES FOR KISSES.
IN LUTÈCE. THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR HER BY HOUBIGANT.
AT CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO

Rivered cities easily become grand and gracious, apace with the rhythm of tides—and commerce. Coastal cities, like Miami, come with a bit more snap: outward-looking, open-hearted, Miami is an aggressively international city, a lively hodgepodge of U.S.A. small towns. From here, sometime-resident Julio Iglesias conquers the world with song and Diet Coke; coach Howard Schnellenberger has turned the University of Miami's football team into the nation's #1; Christo's "Surrounded Islands" conjured art from water, marsh, and pink fabric in Biscayne Bay.

Miami is where a motel promising water beds and X-rated movies coexists, seemingly peacefully, with the chic Palm Bay Club, where there's equal bite in Calle Oche Cuban food and the key lime pie at Joe's Stone Crab. Freshest-squeezed pear-apple juice is a find at Twin Produce, as is the most fashionable Italian-imported sportswear at Bay Harbour Island's Oggi. Sleek cigarette boats slash through jewel-blue waters of Biscayne Bay: appropriate transport for a city in a hurry.

On Brickell Avenue, the expanding by-the-hour banking, corporate, and condominium corridor of Miami, button-down-collar towers are enlivened by Arquitectonica's post-Post Modern punch. The Miami-based architecture firm (and principals Hervin Romney, Bernardo Fort-Brescia, Laurinda Spear) may cap *their* tower with a cut-out triangle shape, color the edifice a child's building-block red and blue, chop out a three-story chunk, starting on the twentieth floor, simply to frame a palm tree: the look is bright, brash, stylish . . . and becoming the talk of the country's architectural community.

Miami is, by various definitions, sprawling or essentially succinct: depending on one's point of view, it is, at its narrowest, a downtown city that extends south to include the town of Coconut Grove. . . or an entire county (Dade) spanning Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Key Biscayne—the wholly distinct towns that make up Greater Miami. There are mayors of North Miami, of Miami Beach, of all the towns: a plethora of names, governments, garbage collections, it seems. Maurice Ferre, mayor of Miami "proper" has, after twelve years, become chief spokesman/symbol for Miami's change—for an almost entirely new harbor front, skyline, downtown city.

Ferre—forty-eight, elegant, urbane—is a man who after six terms as mayor has a finely honed mission. All across America, cities are rediscovering their downtowns; that's nothing new. Miami is creating one that barely existed in the past—to a future tune, by one estimate, of $2-billion plus.

"Miami is a very young city," explains Ferre. "It isn't even a hundred years old; it's probably the youngest large city in America. For us, that's good and that's bad. It's good because it gives us opportunities to do a lot of things, but it's also bad because Miami does not have the kind of roots that other American cities have. In Atlanta, Philadelphia, or Milwaukee, you have a continuity. You do not have that in Miami.

"Part of that has to do with how Miami began. Miami was the creation of a widow, Julia Tuttle, who put a lot of the money she had into buying land, and of a man named Henry Flagler who brought the railroad here from West Palm Beach in 1896 in exchange for half of Julia Tuttle's land and built a magnificent hotel, the Royal Palm.

"Their agreement took place in March, the city was *(Continued on page 412)*

Not even a hundred years old, Miami is feisty, always testing its wings, trying something exciting. Miami is snappy, open-hearted, bursting with international surprises (to eat, drink, and buy) and still heaven for sun-lovers! By Kathleen Madden

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *In more cities, on more evenings, more of us need—want—something that's "dressed," but short. When it's right, there's nothing racier, more modern, more attractive than a short dress at night. The perfect example—from Emanuel Ungaro—his knockout short dinner dress in silvery panne velvet with a draped, "wrapped" front. Very covered, very leggy, and practically seasonless—you'd reach for it—with pleasure—again and again. Dress, of viscose/silk, about $1395. Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills NY; John Wanamaker; I. Magnin; Creeds, Canada. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; makeup, François Nars. Details, more stores, next to last pages of this issue.*

7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 411)

incorporated in July, and in September, the railroad was here, the hotel was built: it was an instant city. Miami, for the first fifty years, was really a variation of that theme, of land developers and speculators. It was a place where lots of fascinating things were going on but none of them was substantive: they had nothing to do with industry, with commerce, or banking. Miami was not a major American city," Ferre says, "in any sense. It was a place where the Firestones and others would come down to spend a few weeks in the winter."

If Firestones come this winter, they'll find Miami more than changed. The key, quite simply, says Ferre: "Geography."

"Geography" translates first and foremost to one thing: proximity to South and Central America. That location has given Miami the tenth-busiest airport in the world, a port where 80 percent of the world's cruise ships dock. Two-and-one-half million foreign visitors, just in the last year, came to Miami.

That geography has also meant Cubans: an influx, begun about 1960, that continues to change the face—and voice—of Miami now.

"We have three thousand Cuban doctors in Florida," says Ferre, "basically in Miami. Lawyers, architects, people in all walks of life. That story is a very interesting one: it's the only time in the history of the United States when a total community has been basically transported from another soil, another culture, and another climate and has survived.

"One reason why multinational companies such as Dow Chemical come here is what I call the human infrastructure: bilingual secretaries, bilingual chemists, bilingual lawyers who can get on a plane and go to Peru and deal with a problem that Dow Chemical may have there."

Peruvian problems or not, along with the businesses, the bankers and the lawyers have come. So, too, has a new Philip Johnson-designed Cultural Center built on 3.3 acres of downtown: complete with Spanish Colonial references, it includes a new Historical Museum of Southern Florida, a soon-to-open county library, plus a Center for the Fine Arts sufficiently roomy to show, this spring, the completed sections—nearly four hundred feet—of Robert Rauschenberg's in-progress *Two Furlong Piece*. (The entire two furlongs would require another building. . . .)

Miami's new, partly complete ten-mile-long Metrorail has a stop at the Cultural Center, handy for art watchers; the Downtown People Mover should be finished in 1985, effectively eliminating traffic jams and even much of the need to go outside. Space has been provided for the mover/monorail to cut through the elegant granite-grey Southeast bank building, newly risen in downtown. Florida's largest banking institution, Southeast First National, is also Miami's tallest tower—at fifty-five stories. Its shop-lined thirteen-story atrium is, quite fittingly, filled with royal palms.

No longer just a winter getaway, Miami is sprawling, cosmopolitan, the gateway to South America

Computers may not yet, as predicted, have taken over Miamian—or most American—homes; they are sneaking into our lives in other fashions. At the Southeast building, computer-controlled wind drafts ripple a lobby-hung sculpture piece; at Bayfront Park, a new million-dollar water fountain will come with seven different spurting-water effects—thanks to the wonders of computer programming.

The news at Bayfront Park, at the tip of Miami's harbor, is a total $18 million Isamu Noguchi reconstruction: revitalized rock garden, grass amphitheater, fountain, bay walk, laser-beam lighthouse are planned. When finished in '86, all this will butt up against a Rouse Company shopping/restaurant project, Miamarina: Baltimore's Harborside translated to South Florida, in effect. What these plans signify: a future downtown Miami where people come at night, on weekends, not just during working hours. Where they come daily, not just for February's annual Grand Prix car racing.

An existing sign of what Miami, future tense, will offer: the new Miami Center Pavillon Hotel—incorporating (in wholly random listing) six-hundred-plus hotel rooms, suites that can open up to eight bedrooms, Trusthouse Forte hotel management, views of Biscayne Bay water and downtown-in-progress; fitness spa, racquetball and tennis courts, an outdoor jogging track; a lobby that seemingly goes on for miles (the Pavillon required seven tons of travertine marble) and Henry Moore's largest sculpture (also travertine).

At the Pavillon Grill, among leather banquettes, green Brazilian granite columns, dining runs to sophisticated English/French, dinner from grilled pompano with basil sauce to *mignon d'agneau*.

A total of seven Pavillon restaurants are to be open by this fall, each with a different style of food, a different menu: Spanish, Continental cuisine, all-American seafood, tea and pastries.

In the oasis that's Bal Harbour Shops, fluid European accents sound as often as home-grown American ones. Italian and French, with a splash of Spanish, are favored at Turnberry Isle, the causewayed community about ten minutes drive farther north. Tans at Turnberry are international ones.

Life along Florida's Intercoastal Waterway comes with a style all its own: slips at Turnberry accommodate boats as large as one-hundred-and-fifty feet; Mercedes 380 SELs sit comfortably by the marina's considerably larger yachts. Scattered across Turnberry's three hundred some acres are four condominium towers, hotel, country club, heliport . A former Miami Beach detective set up Turnberry security: Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe both have condos—for between matches—in one of the tall modern towers on Turnberry Isle.

For out-of-towners, Turnberry Isle Yacht and Country Club boasts balconied hotel rooms, disco, racquetball, sixteen tennis courts—most of them lit for night play; Julius Boros, resident golf pro, gives highly desirable lessons on Turnberry's two eighteen-hole golf courses. For the more (or less) *(Continued on page 416)*

Eugene Mihaesco

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ANNE KLEIN II: THOROUGHBRED PALES

Cotton/wool/lurex blazer, $232
Wool gabardine trouser, $126
Silk charmeuse pajama shirt jacket, $120. For sizes 4 to 14; P,S,M,L. Anne Klein Italian leather skimmer, $91
Designer Salon/Designer Shoes, Omni, Dadeland, 163rd Street, The Galleria, Boca Raton, West Palm Beach

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7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 412)

adventuresome, there are herbal wraps, loofas, sauna, tortuous Nautilus-machine workouts at the Turnberry spa. What's new: a strip of oceanfront property in Miami Beach—and shuttle-bus service to-and-from—should sun-and-surf call.

Warning: Women are apt to "dress"—put on jewelry, that is—for afternoons at Turnberry's scalloped-edged pool.

For necessities of all sorts, Turnberry people can now go to the Aventura mall: opened this past year, with one hundred seventy stores, about two minutes away from Turnberry. Aventura is the sort of place that makes living easy; it's a place to catch up with Lord & Taylor or Waldenbooks; or find jewelry at Mayor's, a real Miami institution.

Macy's Cellar may not be below ground here, but it's still something of a South Florida gold mine: Miamians, like almost everyone else, take to the notion of finding, side by side, everything from David's Cookies to kiwi tarts, arugula to Pasta & Cheese. Macy's has replicated its successful P.J. Clarke's restaurant at Aventura, complete with dark wood and red-checked cloths. Its etched glass doors open at noon for brunch on Sundays.

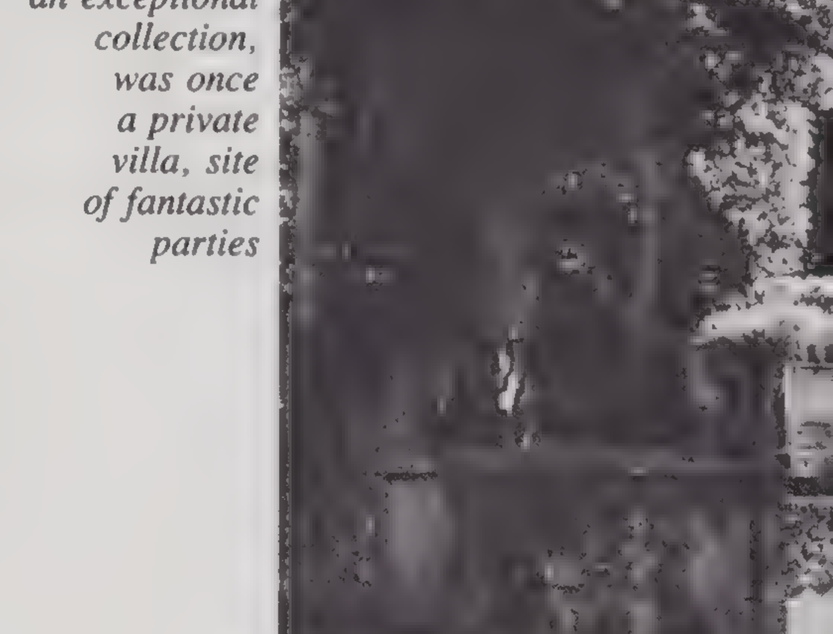
Living well, living better, shopping fast—in the 'eighties, a highly desirable combination. But when a somewhat slower pace sounds right, well, then one heads to the shops at Bal Harbour, finds couture—and couture-level service—at Martha's; walks carefully among the fluted Baccarat stemware and flowered Herend china at Nessa Gaulois; lunches at a similarly civilized Italian pace at Tiberio ristorante.

At Tiberio—first cousin to DC's original, lauded restaurant by that name—salmon-pink roses sit in small bud vases, tablecloths are an equally glowing pink, cream-sauced agnolotti stuffed with spinach arrive rich-rich-rich—apropos fuel for an afternoon's Bal Harbour shopping.

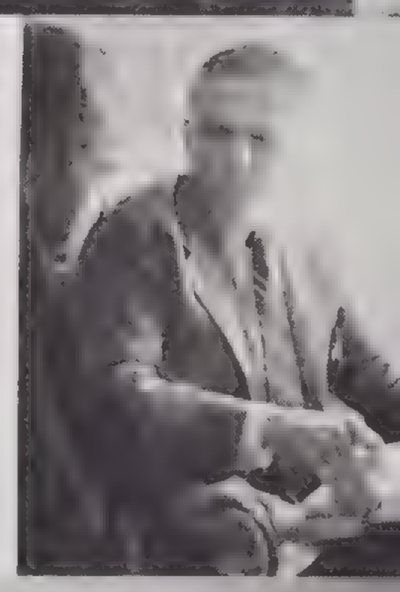
Because there, among the fabled names—Saint Laurent, Ungaro, Vuitton, Gucci, Christian Dior, Cartier—something new's been added: an entire second level of shops, many with a European slant, with a clear eye toward "forward" fashion. At Parachute, among the black track lighting and video screens, are high-tech racks of updated "gear"; there's freewheeling dressing from Paris at Apostrophe, inventive Byblos, Montana, or Laura Biagiotti pieces at Christi Calláh. A Miami woman can head to Maud Frizon for outrageously flirtatious, bright *(Continued on page 418)*

Details, last pages

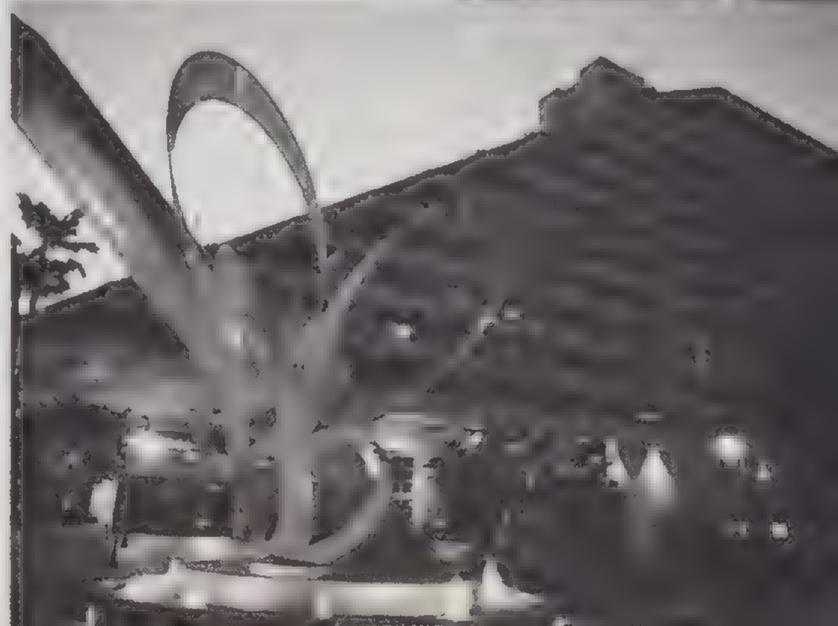
Downtown Miami today (right); Baltimore's Harborside translated to South Florida: a model for Miamarina, a Rouse harborfront project set for '86 (below)



The Vizcaya Museum (right), which now houses an exceptional collection, was once a private villa, site of fantastic parties



Frank Borman (right) is not only Eastern Airlines' chairman of the board —he's one of Miami's biggest boosters; Alexander Liberman's painted steel sculpture (below), "Windward," 1983, is outside Grand Bay Hotel



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Photographed on Biscayne Bay in Miami at Venetia Town Residences.

7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 416)
shoes, to Cami's lavender-colored shop for a quick haircut. Fogal has the textured stockings this season that are *de rigeur;* Ylang-Ylang's pink and pale-blue tile shop has highly stylish giant rhinestone earrings. On a more modest scale than Tiberio, the American Way Cafés offers such solid fare as "Mom's Apple Pie" and "Boston Baked Beans."

Bal Harbour's forte, though, is fashion: be that a sleek Mary Anne Restivo suit from Lillie Rubin...or a more adventurous Twenty-Four Collection Kenzo dress. At The Twenty-Four Collection, a woman finds boutiques within a boutique, a corner for Basile, Soprani, Ferre, a belt or big necklace presented like sculpture. In antiques-furnished Caché, there are regular designer "trunk" shows, invitational openings. Caché stocks new-designer discoveries, clothes for women on the go. Something of an American success story, the first Caché shop opened nine years ago as a mother-son-daughter-in-law operation in Bal Harbour. Now there are thirty-five Caché shops throughout the country.

There is also in the jungle-green world of Bal Harbour—among the orange trees, the bamboo-like palms, among the fifty-foot thatch palms—Neiman-Marcus: the first (1971) Neiman's store that opened outside of Texas. It's where to go for a Lalique perfume bottle, Bottega Veneta butter-soft bag, the Chloé or Geoffrey Beene dress needed to satisfy Miami's current penchant for black-tie parties. And Bal Harbour's convenient place for when-in-need.

One reason for the busyness, quite simply, is entertainment: the best sort of shopper's show biz, found only in America, only at a lively department store. At Burdines an electronic marquee spells out store news, fashion video images beam out from stacked television screens; a computer world beckons in the form of an AT&T Phone Center. Who can resist a perfume

Miami—home to stone crabs, key lime pie, jewel-blue waters of Biscayne Bay, and one of the world's busiest airports

Saks has the Revillon furs required for chilly fall evenings.

Next month Saks Fifth Avenue also opens at Dadeland, neatly bracketing the city with a Saks north and south; a new Lord & Taylor is on tap, for 1985, at the Dadeland mall. As Miami's population sprawls southward, Dadeland—with its Jordan Marsh and its Burdines (the busiest Burdines in south Florida)—is becoming the spritz from a satin-jacketed Giorgio Beverly Hills man. . . or the refined leather smells coming from a Fendi, Les Must de Cartier, and Gucci boutique walkway? Perry Ellis sportswear stacks up by the best of Anne Klein, Calvin Klein, Sonia Rykiel; easy Kenzo and Issey Miyake pieces keep pace with all-American Norma Kamali big skirts and inventive "sweats." Burdines is Florida's homegrown fashion store, and, fittingly, is the spot (year-round) for a nonstop supply of swimsuit looks: great sun- or water-wear from Kamali, Michael Vollbracht, Connie Banko, Anne Cole.

When even perfect swimsuit bodies need refueling, they head to the Terrace—Dadeland's court of take-out food boutiques—or stroll the rose marble floor and case the chocolates at Godiva's new shop. Caché's easy linen dresses can show off the perfect Florida tan; women head to Ann Taylor for casual shirts and skirts, to Jordan Marsh for the best big-scale cotton trousers from WilliWear.

Jordan Marsh may be properly Boston-based, but at Dadeland, Jordan's is clearly geared to the breezier life of South Florida. At Jordan's, exercise tapes rev up the Get Physical boutique, the place to add a sleek Stevi Brooks leotard to one's wardrobe. The Ralph Lauren/Polo men's shop, quite fittingly, is piled with classic polo shirts in clear colors, stacks of khakis, argyle socks, cotton crews. And his "Classifications," at Jordan's, could similarly outfit any vacationing woman with ease. "Ease" means trousers, camp shorts, big shirts, sweaters: in Dade County, pieces for a day on a boat, for a night at the Coconut Grove Cinema, for ice cream at Steve's, sun-and-pool in Coral Gables.

Coral Gables, by instant-city standards, seems attractively nostalgic, nearly historied: the *(Continued on page 422)*

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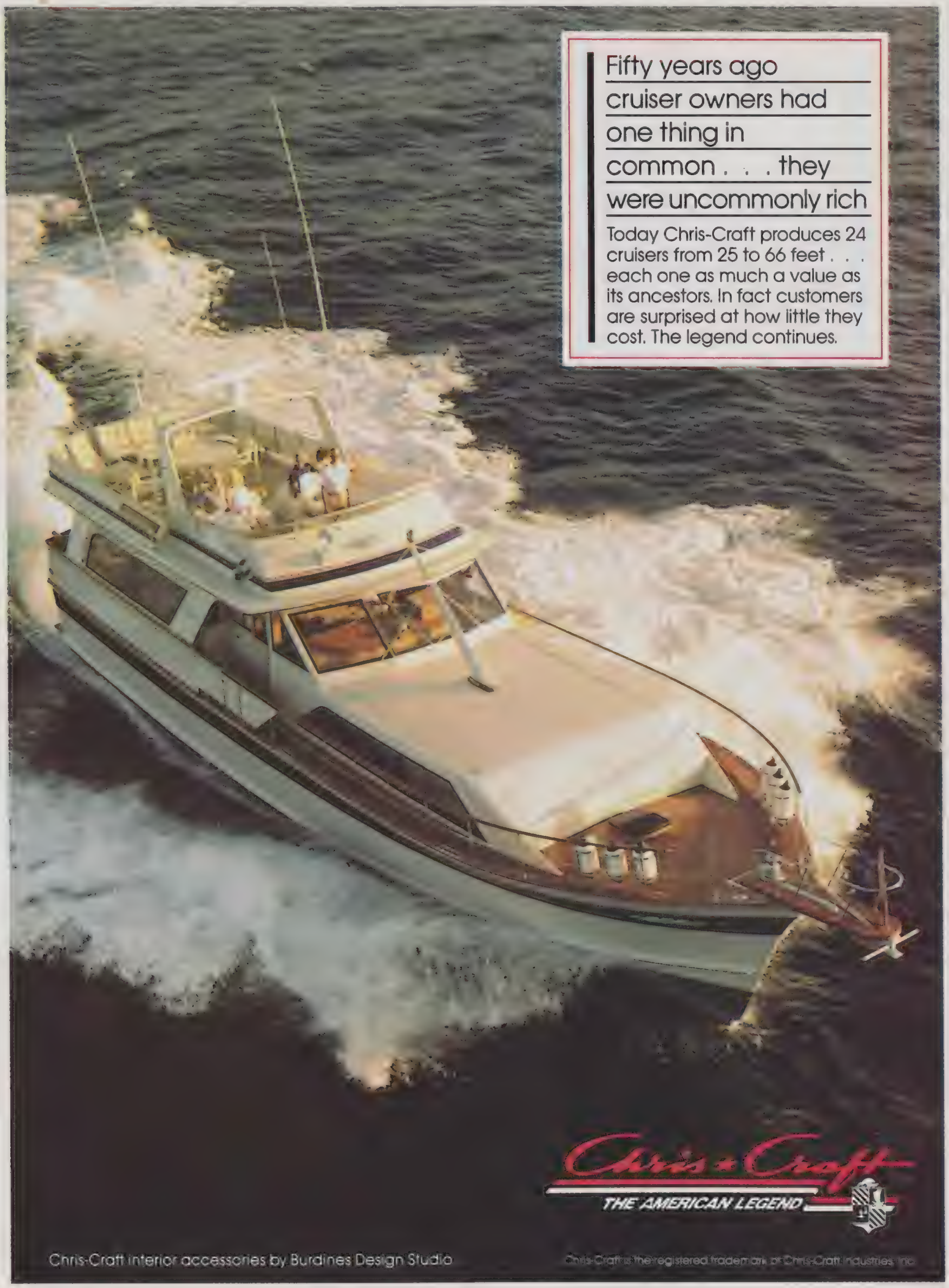
CRUISING LEGENDS



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Ocean-going classics: crisp whites and mariner blues that take to the sea in easy, cool cotton

Adrienne Vittadini sets her course for our sunny port in her anchor sweater, $68. And amply cut drawstring pants. $72. Design Workshop

The best of everything under the sunshine

Burdines

Photographed on The Constellation, courtesy of Chris Craft

7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 418)
town where house colors are, by architectural review-board mandate, all soft pastels; where Elizabeth Arden and the Miracle Mile attest to the way Miami shopping style began—in highly civilized fashion. In Coral Gables, a clothes shop called Stow on the World has been outfitting Miami's conservatives, college kids, and preps for thirty years. At Vinton's restaurant, a pillow gets placed under dining women's feet. Many of those women now work at one of Coral Gables' burgeoning list of multinational corporations.

"We're in a time when architecture is changing drastically," says Coral Gables architect Hilario Candela. "We have to be sensitive to the time but not lose track of where we are." That "where"—Southern Florida—once meant houses built with rooms that opened off a running porch, open to air and sea breeze, and a pale stucco look always predominated.

Greater Miami, the future international city, is also rediscovering its past. Spillis Candela & Partners is not only working on the sleek Southeast Financial Center and futuristic Metrorail stops, plans are afoot to transpose the Douglas Entrance Gateway, a 'twenties Mediterranean beauty, into the cornerstone piece for new Coral Gables office buildings, condominiums, hotel, and shops. At Douglas Entrance, cafés and restaurants will open off a large colonnaded piazza: the indigenous Miami "porch" made public-size.

An eye to future/past, in Miami now, can mean a $65 million renovation of the famous track of sand behind Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hilton or a new $20 million Miami Beach boardwalk promenade, a new advisory chef and total remaking of rooms at The Key Biscayne Hotel and Villas. Miami Beach's Art Deco district, with buildings all constructed between 1926 and 1945, is now among the youngest sites on the Department of Interior's National Register of Historic Places.

Much of that is due to the work—and whole devotion—of Barbara Baer Capitman, who's made Miami Beach Art Deco a crusade, a passion, a public forum. "It took thirty years for Annapolis to do it," says Capitman, speaking of historic-place status. "We did it in two years, which is phenomenal."

Her save-the-Deco movement began, with four hundred volunteers, in 1976—walking door-to-door through Miami Beach's mile-square Deco area, cataloging, researching, talking to the mostly elderly local residents who'd lived there a lifetime. Capitman moved to the district herself in 1981: "I was appalled at all the sterility, the opulence of the apartments I was being shown elsewhere, by the amount of money being spent to match valances and wallpaper."

Today, Capitman's Miami Design Preservation League considers itself "the protector of the district." "This has been a glorious fight for people," she says, with a satisfied grin. "At the same time, it's involved a lot of fun and high fashion."

The fashion, on a Saturday night, is clearly on display at The Carlyle and at The Cardoza—Ocean Drive's spiffed-up Deco hotels—on the young, the artists, the seekers of a good waterfront terrace for drinks or simply a good-looking jukebox. Newest in the Deco district is Club Z. Opened in the old Cinema Theatre, this spring, it admits, each night, some two thousand of the young, tanned, miniskirted of Miami, to a world of good/loud music, palm trees, strobe lights.

No causeway roads or bridges connect Miami or Miami Beach to Fisher Island; access is by boat—or helicopter, if one's style supports that. But this dollop of land off the tip of Miami Beach and in a beeline with the Port of Miami is becoming something of a destination for Dade County's curious and affluent: to see what Bebe Rebozo's nephew Bill Rebozo and his Island Developers, Inc., are up to with the old Vanderbilt house. What they're up to, quite clearly, is constructing one of the splashiest addresses in Miami's future.

The "Vanderbilt" tag comes via William Kissam Vanderbilt, brother of Consuelo, great-grandson of Cornelius, scion of the great American family. During the 1920s, he built his winter getaway not in Palm Beach but on his own private off-Miami island—on two hundred and thirty acres of scrub, a wholly uninhabited place that faced on one side the city and Biscayne Bay; on the other, the Atlantic Ocean. History has it that Vanderbilt traded his yacht, *The Eagle*, for Fisher's; what he then put on it was a sea-facing house of whitewash and red-barrel-tile roof, his own oasis with pool, jungly plantings, seaplane hangar, a community of inimitable outbuildings. A 'twenties Romanesque place with marble fireplaces, painted tiles, mahogany paneling—not massive, but grand—it's about to become The Fisher Island Club.

Renovations started in '79, though it will take another year before people start living on Fisher Island again. In the meantime, gardens have been replanted with bougainvillaea, banyan trees, and palms; toucans again fill island *(Continued on page 424)*

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Drawing by Antonio

7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 422)

aeries. Vanderbilt's house has been renovated and repolished inch by inch; outbuildings have taken on new lives as guest houses and a six-room hotel for club members' friends. . . and ferries have started regular service to the island from Miami. In the works: pools, tennis courts, an expanded boat basin, boutiques. New low-sprawling waterfront villas will go up, all along original Vanderbilt lines. Some $500 million is going into the notion that, eventually, about twelve hundred people will live, quite nicely, on Fisher Island, commute by sea or air (in six minutes) into skyscraped Miami or Miami Beach.

So far, three of Fisher Island's residents are bringing their own helicopters.

A more than $1 billion expansion is taking place at Miami's International Airport; among other improvements, twenty-four more passenger gates are planned. They're clearly needed: Miami's is a twenty-four-hour airport; even at two in the morning, sounds of planes, people, multilingual chatter fill the air. Since last spring, this is the place to hop a British Airways Concorde for London; arrival and departure boards announce connections to seemingly everywhere in South America. "South America," elsewhere in Miami, may mean new worlds of banking, wonderful food, and translate into shoppers or expanding culture; here, a continent boils down to air traffic. To Frank Borman, the South American connection means, quite literally, Eastern Airlines: the busiest U.S. carrier to South America—with those routes accounting for about 7 percent of the airline's income.

At Eastern's airport executive offices, a downstairs building directory lists Colonel Borman, impressively, as Chairman of the Board, President and CEO; Borman's upstairs office—and, one guesses, operating style—is decidedly "no-frills." Since his 1968 Apollo 8 lunar orbit, Borman has traveled from spaceship commander to corporate head, a job that's "probably not that much different," he says, "because from my standpoint, it involves total immersion, as did NASA." "Total immersion" includes square-jawed TV promotions "because the advertising agency tells me that it's effective," and keeping an interested eye on Miami itself. Eastern is Dade County's single largest employer.

For Borman, former Air Force man, this stint in Miami is the longest he's lived anywhere. "It's almost fifteen years, and the city has changed *(Continued on page 426)*

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7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 424)
enormously. But I liked it when I came here; it was an instant love affair.

"Miami is not an industrial town in any sense of the word," Borman says, "and of course that's one of its weaknesses, too. I think everybody would like to see more light industry in town. . . but everybody prefers the kind that every other city is looking for: light industry that doesn't ruin the incredible natural assets we have."

Of the future, Borman says, "Miami has to play all of its assets." That means not just looking southward—but to all of the U.S. And he wouldn't mind replacing the aging Orange Bowl stadium.

As a true Miamian, Borman's a football fan. The first time he ever saw the city was in 1969—for the Super Bowl.

Miami's City Hall is about to move downtown, to Government Center; Maurice Ferre's office will no longer be housed in the old Coconut Grove building where, in the 'twenties, Pan Am's first "overseas" (to Cuba) flights departed/arrived. From a Grand Bay Hotel terra-cotta-tile terrace, that city hall is a charming Coconut Grove curiosity in the distance—edged by harbor sails, a busy boat-basin life.

If a hotel can be judged by the size, number, and plumpness of its towels and pillows, Grand Bay is a star; four overstuffed pillows grace a flower-quilted bed; more than a dozen tan towels get piled in the tile bath. Guest rooms come with the details of a home, not a hotel room: Chinese brass lamps, plants, chubby couches.

Ciga, the famed name behind some of the world's greatest hotels—the Gritti Palace and Danieli in Venice, Rome's Excelsior and Grand Hotel—is purveyor of all this Grand Bay luxury. The new Grand Bay is the first hotel Ciga has managed in the U.S. The bonus of bedtime-delivered Perrier is only one noticeable difference. Grand Bay's lobby is filled with young Europeans at most times. . . and the hotel comes with a special lure: Regine has now opened one of her international discos upstairs.

Coconut Grove's small-town style is, more than ever, far from small potatoes. Town police may still patrol the town by horse; a black Jaguar parks outside the 5 & 10. At Kay's Corner—"A classy little newsstand"—copies of *Le Figaro*, *The Observer*, as well as *The New York Times*. Coconut Grove is one of Miami's few walking spots; young couples parade, window-shop here. They also head to Angela's Cafe, by the José *(Continued on page 428)*

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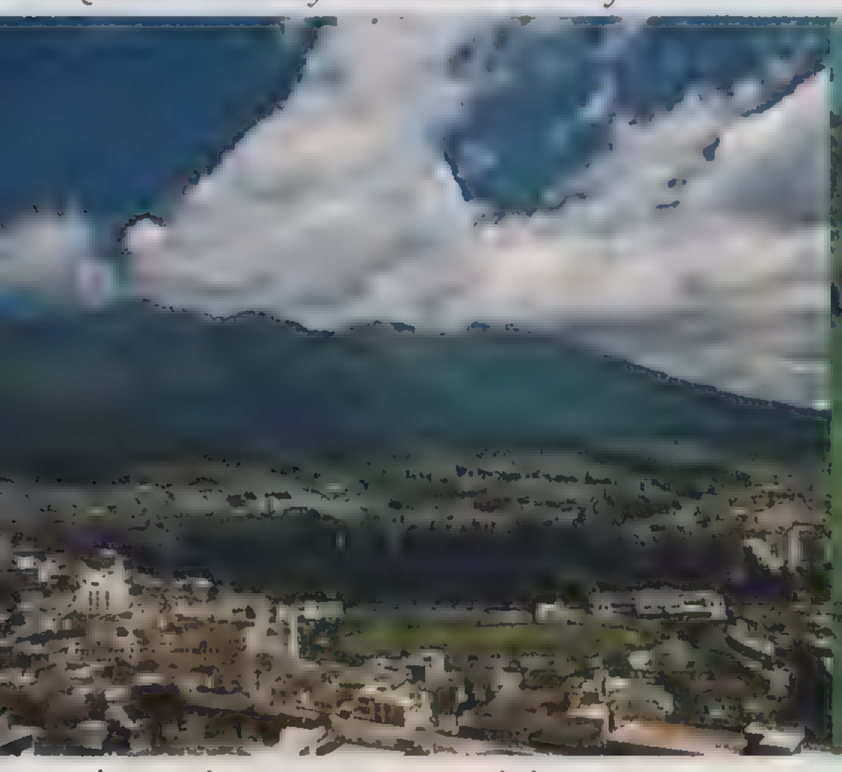

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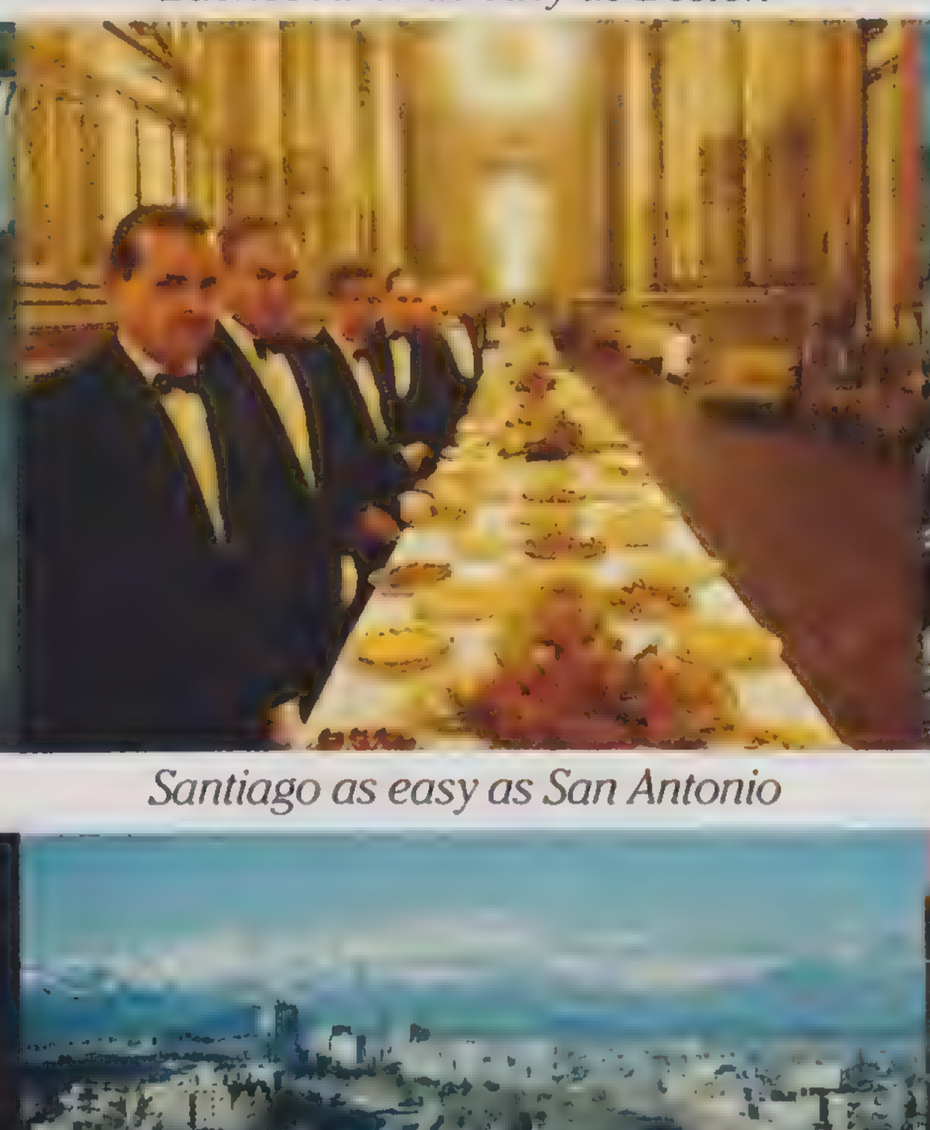

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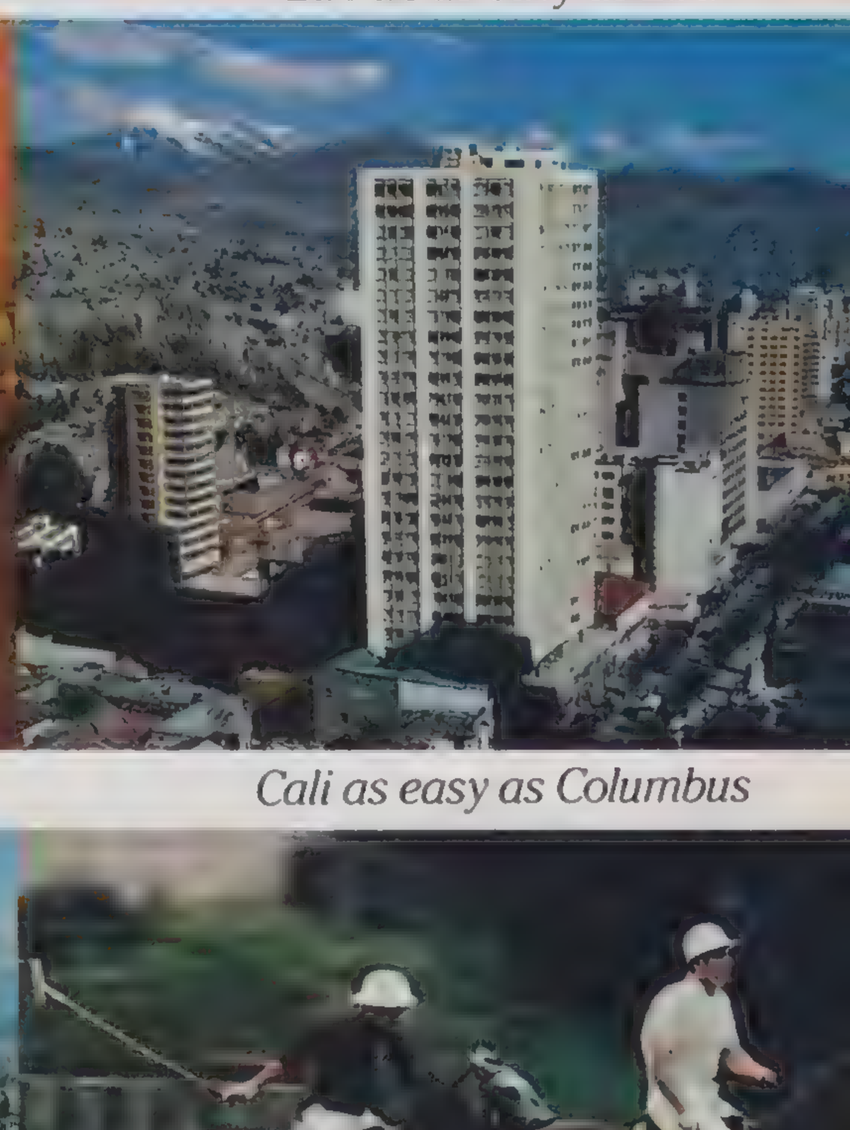

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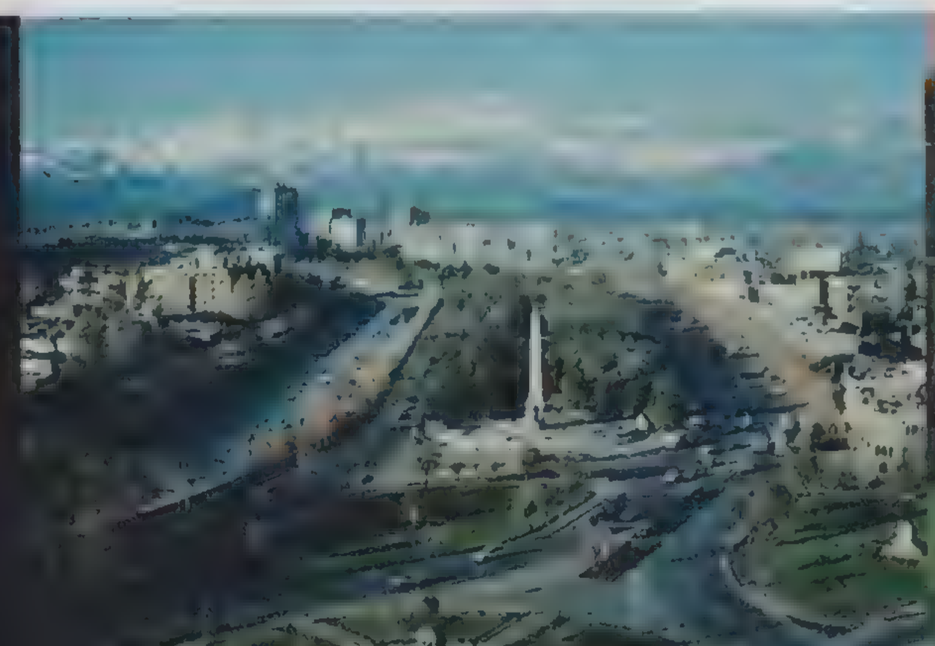

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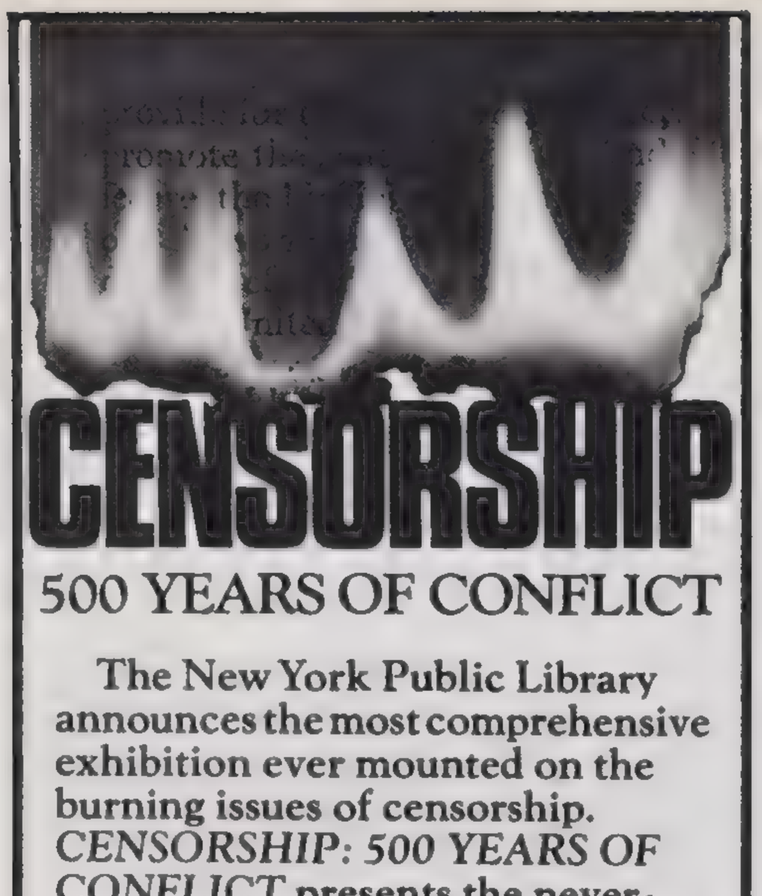

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The Library's exploration of censorship encompasses five months of cultural and educational events including specialized exhibits on censorship in Eastern Europe, Black America, theatre and libraries, as well as a film series and public forums examining contemporary issues. For more information call: 869-8089.

Open from June 1st through October 15th, 1984, the exhibition is free. See the words, the books, the declarations and manifestos that have turned philosophers into rebels, artists into outlaws and set the world afire.

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500 YEARS OF CONFLICT

Made possible by The National Endowment for the Humanities, Exxon Corporation, The J.M. Kaplan Fund, Inc., The New York Times Company Foundation, Inc., Time Inc., and other donors.

Exhibit Hours: Mon.-Sat. 10 am-6 pm.
Free Tours: 12-1 pm, 2-3 pm.
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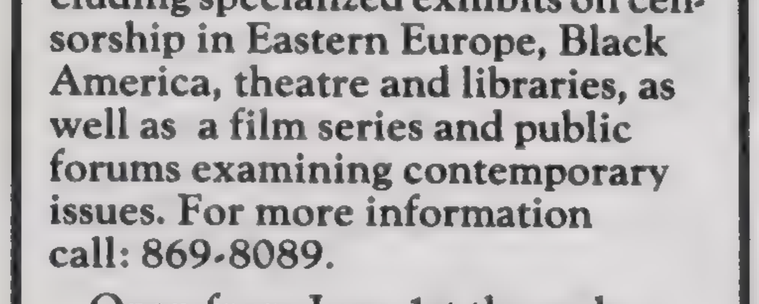


The New York Public Library

Fifth Avenue & 42nd Street, New York City

7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 426)

Ferrer-run Coconut Grove Playhouse; it's a strategic spot for people-watching.

New, too, in Coconut Grove: a small, quite perfect annex museum—with Fragonard, Veronese paintings—on the Vizcaya Museum estate, the Italianate 1914 villa where, in owner James Deering's days, one arrived by boat for evening parties. There's more outdoor sculpture than ever, it seems, at collector Marty Margulies private-island Grove Isle condominiums and hotel . . . and a new world of boutiques is opening at Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove's decidedly upscale world of shops—with YSL, Gianni Versace, Charles Jourdan, Descamps linens. At Mayfair, Polo/Ralph Lauren stocks everything from espadrilles to Indian blankets; Margapita Shoes offers the best sort of bright leather bags, Gino Aldrovandi shoes in a cushy world of soft couches. At Berenaka, there's plenty of art-to-wear (or home-install in ingenious ways); at La Tour restaurant, salmon comes grilled over mesquite, warm duck salad with radicchio and hazelnuts.

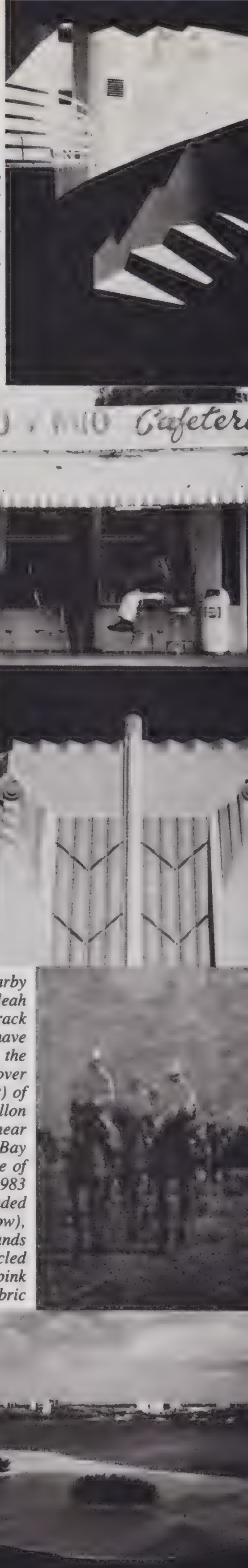
Next month, over forty more new Mayfair shops will be added on; coming, too, are a small luxury hotel, clubs, more restaurants. At just-opened Burdines, a doorman sets the tone for shopping here: Burdines has stocked the store with fashions exclusive to Mayfair.

Is this Miami the sleek future city?

"This is the city between North and South America," says Marjory Stoneman Douglas, environmentalist, author, one of Coconut Grove's most charming residents since 1926. "I think eventually Miami is going to be one of the world's great big cities. Whether it's a great city, I don't know; we haven't had much history. Give us time."

Marjory Douglas came—fresh from Wellesley, class of 1912, fresh from marriage—to Miami in 1915 for a divorce. "It wasn't a quickie in those days," she says. "You had to be here for two years, but it didn't matter. I found a new country I was crazy about, a father whom I hadn't seen in a good many years"—a father who started Miami's first morning paper in 1906. It later evolved into *The Miami Herald*.

Marjory Stoneman Douglas worked first as a Miami newspaperwoman, did publicity for the American Red Cross during World War I, helped identify bodies on battlefields, was in Paris on Armistice Day, 1918. From earnings as a magazine writer, she bought her small Coconut Grove house and, in '47, published *The Everglades: River of Grass:* a *(Continued on page 430)*



Contemporary Miami: Atlantis Building, by Arquitectonica (right); a Cuban coffee stall (middle); Friedman's Bakery: an Art Deco beauty (below)

Nearby Hialeah racetrack may have inspired the menu cover (right) of The Pavillon Grill, near Biscayne Bay —site of Christo's 1983 "Surrounded Islands" (below), eleven islands encircled in hot-pink fabric

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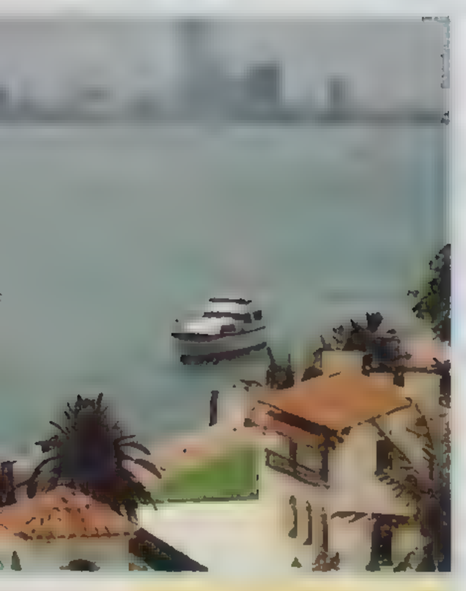

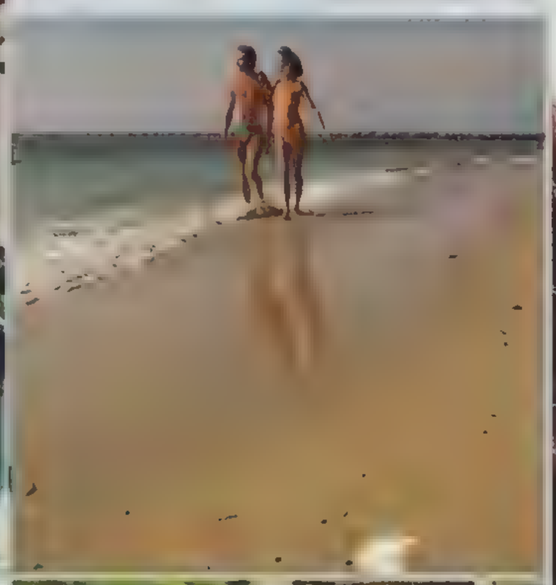

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7 CITIES/MIAMI

(Continued from page 428)
landmark book that presented the discovery of the Everglades as a body of moving water—not a swamp. *River of Grass* still sells about four thousand copies a year.

"I'm a seacoast person," Marjory Douglas says. "I like the sea; I like great open levels and the Everglades is that. In the middle of the summer, you can go out and get an almost perfect horizon for astronomy. The Southern Cross comes peeling up over the horizon: it's thrilling."

Today, at ninety-four, Marjory Douglas lectures on the environment, on saving the Everglades, Miami's water supply; she's also writing another book—on *Green Mansion*'s W.H. Hudson. (For research, she's traveled to London, to Argentina.) This summer, as a Democratic convention delegate, she was slated to trek to San Francisco to help write Mondale's plank on the environment. But since Mondale didn't carry her district, there was a change in plans.

After watching Miami almost from its inception, through boom and bust, she says of Miami today: "An enormous city is building itself. I can't imagine living anywhere else; everything I want is here.

"And besides," Marjory Douglas says, "with direct flights, I can get from here to London, Paris, everywhere." ▽

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Berenaka, *3390 Mary St., Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133*
Burdines, *22 East Flagler St., 33131; Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133; Dadeland Shopping Mall, 7535 N. Kendall Dr., 33156*
Caché, *Dadeland Shopping Mall, 7535 N. Kendall Dr., 33156; 9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154*
Cartier, *9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154*
Charles Jourdan, *3390 Mary St., Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133*
Christi Calláh, *9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154*
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Descamps, *3390 Mary St., Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133*
Fogal, *9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154*
Gianni Versace, *3390 Mary St., Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133*
Godiva, *Dadeland Shopping Mall, 7535 N. Kendall Dr., 33156*
Gucci, *9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154*
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Margapita Shoes, *3390 Mary St., Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133*
Martha's, *9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154*
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Mayfair-in-the-Grove, *2911 Grand Ave., Coconut Grove, 33133*
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Joe's Stone Crab, *227 Biscayne St., Miami Beach, 33139; 673-0365*
La Tour, *3390 Mary St., Mayfair-in-the-Grove, Coconut Grove, 33133; 442-4212*
Pavillon Grill, *Pavillon Hotel, Chopin Plaza, 33131; 372-4494*
Tiberio, *9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, 33154; 861-6161*
Vinton's, *116 Alhambra Circle, Coral Gables, 33134; 445-2511*

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Center for the Fine Arts, *101 W. Flagler St., 33130*
Club Z, *1235 Washington Ave., Miami Beach, 33139*
Elizabeth Arden, *340 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, 33134*
Fisher Island, *17107 Fisher Island, 33139*
Grove Cinema, *3199 Grand Ave., Coconut Grove, 33133*
Kay's Corner, *3199 Commodore Plaza, Coconut Grove, 33133*
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ALL

Under the terrific Texan sky, Dallas beckons: a homey place at heart—its citizens are just as proud of their Authentic Barbecues as of their flourishing museums—but also a frontier city, perched on the edge of tomorrow's promise. By Jan Morris

LAS

With a *thump*! rather than an *ooh*! the heavyweight skyline of Dallas, Texas, erupts out of the horizon beyond the city, which is miles from the ocean, a state away from the nearest mountains, and some thirty miles from Fort Worth.

Similarly "gosh," rather than "let's take a look now," is likely to be your response, as you awake on your first morning in this city to the breakfast menu of The Mansion on Turtle Creek, the most high-flown of Dallas hostelries: not just the usual old ham, eggs, and waffles, but Basil Fritatta with Homemade Lamb Sausage, and Sour Cream and Caviar Omelettes, and Potato Latkes with Proscuitto Ham and Scallions, served with marmalade in a china pot and a choice of five free morning newspapers.

On the whole the pleasures of Dallas are less than subtle, this being a city only lately emancipated from a particularly tight-laced and conservative provincial past. As has been said by a celebrated Dallas jeweler (celebrated not least because he provides much of the glitter for the *Dallas* TV show), in this place "if you spend money, you want to show it."

All the same, when you wander out after breakfast, you will find several generic treats awaiting you. One is the polished courtesy of the Dallas citizenry, which may be less ingenuous than it looks but certainly oils the hours very charmingly. Another is the unexpected prevalence of trees and greenery in this metropolis, whose setting among flatlands is less than heartening, but whose civic presence is paradoxically bosky. A third is the terrific Texan sky, steely, sometimes sinister, but never less than magnificent.

Serendipitously here and there, too, among the neo-classical, the mock-Tudor, and the fashionable urban banalities, some delights of architecture are to be found. Frank Lloyd Wright's theater is hidden away like a goblin mosque among the shrubberies beside Turtle Creek. I. M. Pei's monumental City Hall could easily be hijacked by unscrupulous developers to serve as a subdued but mighty Hyatt. And the Central Public Library must surely be the most sumptuous anywhere—equipped with every conceivable bibliographical device to ease the labors of readers and writers, and lacking only, when I was there, any appreciable number of readers or writers.

Then, of course, Dallas being Dallas, there *are* passing satisfactions. Every half-hour, if it is a weekend, the three Bells of Thanksgiving in Thanks Giving Square ring out in "a celebration of gratitude for all times and all places." And every few moments, any day, the pink Hop-a-Bus goes by, flaunting its bunny-rabbit ears.

But anyway, it will soon be lunchtime; they start lunch early in Dallas and finish it early, too. Not that they don't *enjoy* their lunches. I suspect eating is actually their chief pleasure—deprived as they are of so many visual natural delights, Dallas residents make up for it by absorbing the flora and fauna orally.

So eleven-thirty is hardly too early to make your choice among the city's truly dizzying range of luncheon choices. You may eat the lunch impeccable at Calluaud's, where all is calm and spacious professionalism, very nice. You may eat the lunch gregarious at Frank X. Tolbert's Texas Chili Parlor, where all is stews, cold beer, and young executives, very entertaining. You may have a good ol' barbecue in the happy hullabaloo of Sonny Bryan's Smokehouse, or *(Continued on page 434)*

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *A surefire attraction—no matter where you go this fall—color. Provocative, eye-catching color as an inviting change, as a lift in a season where darks and neutrals predominate. More of the attraction here: in the scale, the shape, the softness of Stephen Sprouse's terrific plush overcoat—properly tailored with the length, the broad, square shoulders, the notch collar of a man's topcoat. At its best—the way you see it—as a spark to black. Coat, of acrylic pile (fabric, Borg), about $315. Bloomingdale's; The Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; makeup, François Nars. Accessories, next to last pages.*

7 CITIES/DALLAS

(Continued from page 433)
eat Nouvelle Decor, so to speak, among the graceful wicker chairs and feathery palms of the Mandalay Four Seasons.

You want to eat Ethiopian? Dallas's Ethiopian restaurants, a man told me, are the Best in the Southwest. You prefer Western Earthy? Drive out, as the celebrities do, to the Ranchman's Cafe at Ponder, where Mrs. Jackson in her sun visor splendidly presides, as she has for a quarter of a century and more, over her noble steaks, French fries, and All-Day Breakfasts.

Or even more Authentically, at the Brent Place farmhouse in the open-air museum called Old City Park, they dish up meals taken directly from cookbooks of the Texan heroic age. It is a living museum of eating, where you can taste Tenderloin Pork with Sweet Potatoes, or Rice Pudding with Wine Sauce, just exactly as the city fathers tasted it long ago (though Frederick Law Olmstead, the landscape architect, when he came this way in the 1850s, said he was obliged to live on rancid butter, cold fat pork, and something he described as "micaceous cornbread").

The midday sun comes storming up, the citizens return to the making of money, and you must look for indoor pleasures to occupy the afternoon. Fortunately Dallas offers several distractions that seem to me, as Michelin would say, worth a special detour.

The splendid new Dallas Museum of Art, designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes, is a little inhibited by the presence of Louis Kahn's incomparable Kimbell Art Museum at Fort Worth (to my mind, the most beautiful of all contemporary buildings), but it tries honorably and contains some startling things—the three peculiar seated figures, for instance, which somebody in Mexico made in ceramic about a thousand years ago, or the museum's stunning centerpiece: Claes Oldenburg's gargantuan "Stake Hitch," its rope long enough to reach from floor to ceiling and thick enough to moor the Ship of Fools itself.

Then there is the Neiman-Marcus downtown store, for generations the legendary epitome of conspicuous consumption, and still seductively stashed with unnecessary luxuries, besides having a museum of its own history on the fifth floor.

Some delightfully worldly art galleries are hidden away in the wasteland of old warehouses and abandoned repair shops west of the downtown railroad tracks—the D.W. Gallery is one of the best, in a building that also houses a Greek restaurant lugubriously in its basement—while on the other side of town the Dallas Firefighter's Museum is a joy of shining brass, ancient mechanisms, and dimly helmeted mementos in an old firehouse on Parry Avenue.

And if your spirits momentarily flag, what with the fires and the paintings, where better to end the afternoon than the Biblical Arts Center on Park Lane at Boedeker? This is built around a mammoth representation of the Pentecostal coming, which may not be great art, but, when presented with the full magic of audiovisual electronics, really is a true and worthy successor to the miracle-working icons of medieval Europe—enough to stir the simplest believer's soul.

The punch of that skyline out of the flatlands is truly exciting to discover, gleaming and shining there; and there is a hard composure to the downtown city, set against the limitless splendor of its sky, which gives it a special kind of urbanity. But Dallas is still a homey city at heart, I suspect; its trumpeted sophistication is very new.

But as that Texan sun goes down again, and you leave behind the last echoes of the Biblical Arts Center's celestial choir, many less sacred doors are opening for your pleasure, while platoons of stalwart young Texans are hastening to valet-park your car.

The Dallas Theater Center, under its innovative director Adrian Hall, may be waiting to startle you with something new out of the East. The Dallas Opera or Ballet may be preparing high Cs and tutus in the gloriously done-up Majestic vaudeville house. The Dallas Symphony is doubtless tuning its instruments for a concert in a park somewhere, or in the Spanish Romanesque splendor of the Music Hall at Fair Park, while across the suburbs half a dozen repertory companies are testing their lights.

At clubs like the boisterous Confetti or the hallucinatory Mistral, the young crowd is stepping from their BMWs into the maelstrom; at a hundred taco joints, each with its jealously loyal protagonists, they are already deep into the Margaritas; in discreet and well-heeled country clubs (the Dallas, the Bent Tree, the most posh and venerable Brook Hollow), they are settling down, I suppose, to their habitual cool drinks and hot gossip. As the evening draws on, Dallas briefly enjoys a sensation alien, I think, to its profoundest instincts, and relatively new to its hard-won experience: an hour or two of idle hedonism.

The punch of the skyline out of the flatlands is exciting—gleaming and shining there

And hey-ho, as dear Noel used to say, where shall we dine tonight? Well, we could have catfish mousse or quail with warm Dallas goat cheese at the exquisitely spare Routh Street Cafe, all the rage just now. Or we could sit behind a one-way mirror at the glittering Exposure, which sounds terrible, I know, but is really a very welcoming and considerate restaurant. We could eat merrily *al fresco* at Café Rincón where impish black-eyed children enliven things by peering at you over the garden fence, or tremendously grandly in the French Room of the Adolphus Hotel, or Ethiopianly, or *(Continued on page 436)*

Eugene Mihaesco

N-M Downtown. Also NorthPark and Prestonwood.

GREAT CITY
DALLAS

GREAT DESIGNER
BILL BLASS

GREAT STORE
Neiman-Marcus

Dallas Fort Worth Houston Bal Harbour Fort Lauderdale Atlanta Washington, D.C. Westchester Boston Chicago St. Louis Las Vegas Beverly Hills Newport Beach San Diego San Francisco

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VOGUE

BY CAROLYN HALL

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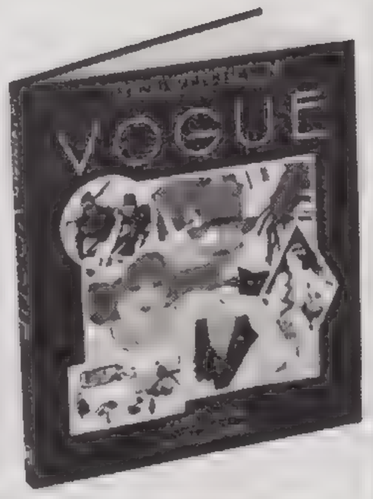

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7 CITIES/DALLAS

(Continued from page 434)
out of a brown paper bag, as legend has so many Texan millionaires eating, on a bench in a park someplace.

You decide. I've had enough. Fortunately for night-haters like me, Dallas does not stay up late. Clubs, of course, pullulate here and there through the night, but most of this citizenry has to get up early in the morning. No problem. If we feel we've had enough of The Mansion, which is an extremely good hotel by any standards but a bit *relentlessly* upmarket, myriad alternatives offer themselves to the visitor. I doubt if there is anywhere in the world with more hotels to the acre, and new ones are sprouting all the time.

No need to subvert that City Hall: there's a giant Hyatt already; and an even gianter Loews Anatole; and the elliptical Wyndham, which suggests to me the top part of an elegant and elongated kitchen blender; and the lovely Mandalay Four Seasons; and the fabulously refurbished Adolphus, like a feverish dream of Old Paree; and the Non-Smokers Inn, "America's first"; and doubtlessly, countless others so exclusive they do not show, or so absolutely brand-new that they have gone up since I began this paragraph.

For myself, as a somewhat cynical admirer of the hotelier's art (which is as much hype as hospitality), I would most like to spend the night in the long-established Drummers Hotel, which used to be, obviously, a favorite of traveling salesmen, and is an intimate delight of clapboard, lace curtains, polished plank floors, and brick chimney pots. Drummers would suit me fine. Unfortunately, it has been metamorphosed into an exhibit in Old City Park, and is open only to guided tours ($4, accompanied by volunteers of the Dallas County Heritage Society. . .).

Shopping Pleasures: Dallas
By Kathleen Beckett

Unlike other cities, where Champagne is reserved for special occasions, corks pop fast and furiously, all day long, in Dallas. As much as the silent pouring of a silver martini captures Manhattan's sleek sophistication, the fizz of Champagne represents Dallas: sparkling, fun, expensive if a bit showy, loud yet inarguably likable, exuberant if at times inappropriate.

In Dallas it seems perfectly appropriate for Larry "J.R. Ewing" Hagman, Mr. Dallas himself, to be sipping Champagne in the middle of the afternoon, poolside at his hotel, The Mansion on Turtle Creek. Dressed in an unlikely combination of Japanese kimono and straw cowboy hat, Hagman takes phone calls from California and comments on The Big D in a booming, spirited voice: "Dallas is home, sweetheart! I love Dallas!"

Enthusiasm runs in the veins of Dallas citizens. They are proud of their city, eager to point out its accomplishments and attributes, ready to demonstrate a natural showmanship, spirit, joie de vivre. Every Sunday, from May through November, at the Willow Bend Polo and Hunt Club, a polo match draws upwards of five thousand spectators—and demonstrates the city's special touch. Parking their pickups side by side with Porsches and BMWs, Dallasites come to shout "well done" and "well hit" . . . and enjoy parachutists, toys dropped from a plane, and a trophy ceremony.

It feels like a rodeo not a proper polo match; and, indeed, the combination of associations—of cowboys, horses, and a sport traditionally reserved for the wealthy—accounts for polo's rapidly increasing popularity in the city.

"We used to have to look for people to play and now we have to turn them away," explains Norman Brinker, founder of Willow Bend, widower of tennis great Maureen Connolly, and member of former Olympic equestrian teams. Even for a mid-week practice match, actor Tommy Lee Jones flies in from L.A., a club owner jets in from Mexico City. And within Dallas, this aptly titled "sport of kings" has attracted citizens who helped earn Texas the sobriquet "The Can-Do State": entrepreneurs who have built empires and amassed fortunes.

"If you've made money, Dallasites feel it's okay to have fun with it," Brinker claims. The Champagne life. Fancy cars. Fancy clothes. "And," he continues, "they share it." Good-works organizations are woven into the fabric of Dallas life. The Dallas Assembly. Leadership Dallas. Charter 100. A strong Junior League. And the Cattle Baron's Ball, a Dallas and nowhere-else institution, the American Cancer Society's biggest fund raiser; an affair that is loud, *(Continued on page 438)*

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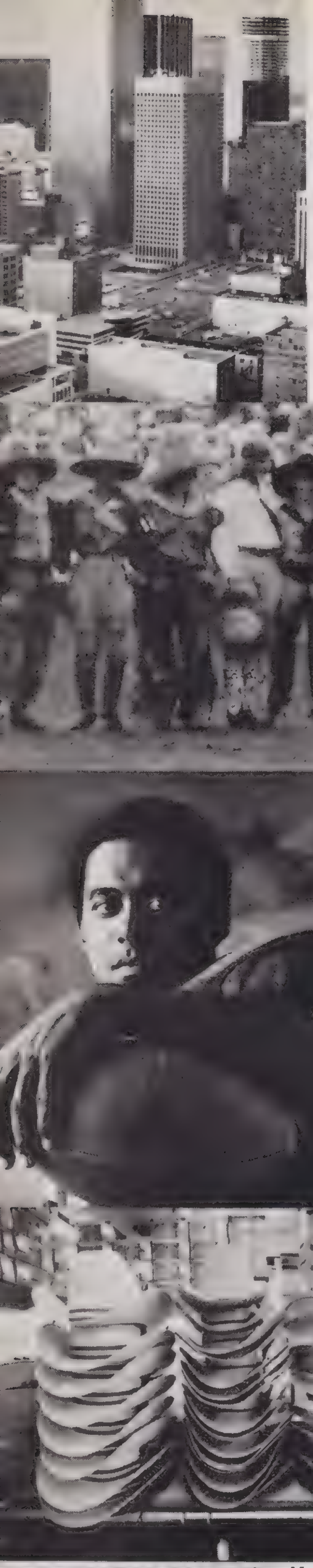

Dallas has always been a city of stand-outs: soaring cityscape (left); a cowgirl lineup (middle); a Cowboy hero—running back Tony Dorsett (below)

Not for tourists only: Texans buy, wear, and love those cowboy hats (above)... they eat their ribs and chicken throat-searingly hot. Left: "Bar-B-Q" by Dallas artist David Bates, 1983

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(Continued from page 436)

showy, fantastically boisterous. (Guests wear diamond-encrusted cowboy boots and bid on such trinkets as a Waterford-crystal Stetson hat, which went for $10,000 this year.)

Dallasites will tell you proudly that their new Museum of Art was in large part funded by private monies. And it's only the beginning. The art museum will be a part of a big-as-Texas, sixty-acre arts complex, one of the largest downtown developments ever undertaken in this country. I.M. Pei is already at work on the symphony hall, helping to express tangibly what Steven Nash, deputy director of the museum, calls "the city's search for the best cultural services to complement what Dallasites feel to be the best quality of life."

Despite good intentions, despite the drive for the best, a large amount of the architecture is monumental but indifferent. Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf, member of the famous Hunt family and one of the richest women in the world, is trying to change all that: she is building a complex of her own, The Crescent, that will rise nearby the new arts complex. "Last summer, we dug the biggest hole ever dug in Dallas county, ten acres," she explains. "There will be three office buildings, a street one hundred sixty feet wide—as wide as Park Avenue and crescent-shaped, the Hotel Crescent Court, and three levels of retail space." Her enthusiasm builds. "It's being designed by Burgee and Johnson (along with the Dallas architecture firm of Shepherd & Boyd), who are using early Texas influences—they're using more ornamental wrought iron than in any other project, more limestone than the Empire State Building." Catching herself getting carried away, she says, "Texas always has to do things the biggest and the most!"

Well, they try—and nowhere as hard as in their enthusiasm for the Dallas Cowboys, who capture the city's power, optimism, lust for winning. Dallasites are such enthusiastic fans that they schedule events around the games. Important events. "One woman had to go to a wedding during a Cowboys' play-off," *The Dallas Morning News* columnist Marlyn Schwartz relates, "so she brought a portable television set with her into the synagogue. At the end of the ceremony, the rabbi headed over to her, and she thought she was going to get it. Instead, he asked, 'What's the score?'"

A much newer phenomenon than pride in the Cowboys is the emergence of social columns to chronicle the lively new social scene. "High Profile," a much-talked-about personality sketch in *The Dallas Morning News*. The posh *Ultra*. Slick *Texas Monthly*. Who gets in is whoever is doing something: doers from the can-do state. "You don't have to be eighth generation to be accepted here," explains *Texas Monthly* publisher Michael Levy. Norman Brinker's wife, Nancy, herself a current society darling, says, "You're considered a native if you've been here before the change, B.C." That is before the not-so-long-ago boom, the swell in building and business that started fermenting in the 1970s. "There are so many newcomers that they are not a minority," Schoellkopf claims. "We're not far removed from the frontier, so we're a fluid society, with no strict divisions."

Society continues to congregate around private clubs established prior to the mid-'seventies when Dallas changed its liquor laws to allow by-the-drink sales of alcohol. One of the most popular, most exclusive, is the Brook Hollow Club. . . located across the street from Geno's Topless Bar, a situation symptomatic of a boomtown disease: uncontrollable growth unchecked by present zoning laws (now under review).

Traffic is another problem of boom, but some Dallasites are dealing with it with typical spunk—in the form of a new dating service. When stuck in traffic, members can write down the license plate number of a driver they want to meet. The service will help to turn grid-lock fantasies into reality.

Other young, single Dallasites prefer to meet in the bars along Greenville Avenue. The expanding homosexual community gathers around Oak Lawn. And the trendiest element, complete with spiked hair and dripping with rhinestone jewelry, can be found nights at The Starck Club. The total vision, right down to the light fixtures, of French designer Philippe Starck, The Starck Club is a multilevel, black-rubber (floor), bleached-muslin (couches and curtains), and neon-light (art) extravaganza with dance pit, video room, and a computerized screen system that lets one know which toilets are vacant. The entire affair is orchestrated by the doorlady, imported by Starck from Paris to screen out anyone with a look that doesn't complement the decor.

The Starck Club is located in the Brewery, a collection of renovated warehouses down by the railroad tracks around Market Street and Ross Avenue, in the shadow of downtown's looming skyscrapers and construction. Surrounded by brick sidewalks and gas lamps, one finds the Palm restaurant from New York, sleek continental Silvano, Ferrari's for Italian food, Grumbles Market Street Grill, the New Arts Theatre, and The Landmark Center, an office building that mixes old wood-bladed ceiling fans with crystal *(Continued on page 440)*

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DALLAS FORT WORTH TYLER TULSA ALBUQUERQUE

Sanger-Harris

...IN THE FIRST PLACE

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(Continued from page 438)

chandeliers.

The Brewery refutes the comment of a taxi driver, threading through the canyons of downtown, that "in five years there won't be any old buildings left." So does the venerable Adolphus Hotel, granddaddy of downtown hotels, beautifully remodeled in 1981. The lobby, reminiscent of an English gentleman's club, is all deep dark wood paneling, big cozy chairs. The bar could be a room out of a graceful home, full of etched glass, antique tables, a remarkable Oriental cinnabar fireplace mantel. The French Room, one of the prettiest places to dine anywhere, is a wedding-cake confection of pastel cherubs and roses.

And there is the Dallas institution Neiman-Marcus, sitting proudly on Main Street since 1907. As much as tourists in London flock to the changing of the guard, tourists and residents in Dallas are drawn to Neiman-Marcus and its ever-changing, always remarkable proffering of the good things in life, from imported chocolates to sable extravagances in the fur salon.

With the flashing glass and sharp angles of newer skyscrapers shimmering over its head, the massive columns of Neiman-Marcus' entrance promise a world where the pace is less hurried, the atmosphere hushed, the attitude gracious. The couture department does not display its wares on racks, as other stores might do, because, as one salesperson confided, "Our customer likes to sit back and be shown the clothes." On the rack and very popular with the same customer are the colorful collage-printed, ruffled and pleated day dresses of Diane Frès, "wonderful little throwaway dresses," they're called—at $325 to $575 a toss.

The Zodiac Room is filled with ladies lunching, wearing hats, listening to the piano player, savoring the little demitasse of hot chicken broth, and the yeast rolls with three fruit butters (strawberry, raspberry, pineapple) that appear on the table with every order. It is a scene of grace and civility found in downtown flagship stores throughout the country—those few that remain. One thing that can't be found everywhere, that lets one know this is Texas: the shelves of cowboy hats on the first floor.

Also downtown, along Routh Street, charming Victorian houses have found a new life, as they turn into charming Victorian art galleries and antiques shops—Dorrace Pearle, Charing Cross, Appleby Ltd.

Also here lies The Quadrangle, an adobe affair of courtyards and shops, instantly identifiable by the gaily colored Campari umbrellas outside the Clair de Lune Brasserie. Many of the shops, in keeping with the surrounding neighborhood, are art-oriented. The American Institute of Architects has a bookshop here, the Dallas Opera their ticket office. Kylin Gallery offers Oriental antiques including the Chinese screens, urns, and cachepots that form an important part of Dallas interior decorating. Militaria offers antiques of another sort—miniature toy soldiers, Prussian army helmets, giant swords and daggers from wars long ago. La Mariposa is filled with colorful embroidered clothes from south-of-the-border; Handel's, with the splashy designs of Lilly Pulitzer.

Most Dallas shopping takes place outside downtown—Dallas being one of the many cities where more people live in surrounding suburbs than in the inner city. In Dallas these suburban enclaves are called the park cities and are towns in and of themselves. Two of the most affluent, most desirable, are Highland Park and University Park, where houses are said to start at a quarter-million dollars; where every home, no matter how modest, has a circular driveway and urns of flowers on its steps.

Cutting through University Park is Lovers Lane. It's here, cheek by jowl with Mi-

das Muffler Shops, that one can find many renowned specialty shops. Lou Lattimore's big white canopy welcomes one to a collection of boutiques and salons geared to service every need, from head (The Salon will cut, color, perm or otherwise style hair) to toe (in the Shoe Biz Boutique); to fill every dressing demand from casual (with Stephen Sprouse's fluorescent swimsuits), to job (with a suit from the Chanel Boutique), to big-time (with Bob Mackie's beaded evening gowns dripping with feather boas), to bedtime (with a Montenapoleone boudoir set from the Lingerie Boutique).

In Inwood Village on Lovers Lane is The Gazebo, a bright, jazzy store geared to contemporary needs, whether it be the sharp look of an Anne Klein suit, or the softer appeal of antique lace clothing from the Lone Star Collection. Seemingly lifted out of Rodeo Drive is Marie Leavell with room after meandering room of delights—exquisite linens for the bed and bath, ornate silver picture frames, snuff boxes, maribou-trimmed peignoir sets, Judith Leiber jewel-encrusted minaudières, cool cotton gauze separates, smart restaurant suits—and an Arabian tent of shirred paisley fabric enclosing the shoe salon.

Nearby on Oak Lawn, one finds Loretta Blum, increasingly a favorite place to shop with Dallasites, drawn by the strength of its European collection; it offers, in fact, the largest Krizia selection in town.

What's left of Dallas shopping—and we've just begun—takes place in the shopping centers. Even here, Dallas distinguishes itself. The citizenry will tell you, proudly though inaccurately, that their Highland Park Village is the first shopping center in the country. (That honor belongs to Edward Bouton's 1896 Roland Park in Baltimore.) Highland Park, dating back to 1931, *is* old, no doubt about it, and quite attractive with its red-tiled roofs and stucco archways. A plaque announces that the architecture was inspired by the world exposition in Barcelona, Spain, and boasts that the center is "the prototype for the modern shopping center." So many varying claims to fame. But famous it is, today, as the preferred shopping center of the wealthy—and the preppy.

Approaching the shopping center from Preston Road, the first shop one sees sets the tone: Ralph Lauren's The Polo Shop and its beautifully made, precisely designed, luxuriously executed takes on much-loved classics. The windows of Jas. K. Wilson display career suits for men and women, and Harold's offers clothes for the more casual side of life—chinos, slickers, Shetland sweaters. For little preppies, there are adorable smocked dresses at Monday's Child; for the preppy home, there is the Collector's Covey, *(Continued on page 442)*

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(Continued from page 441)
where everything appears to have a duck on it—embroidered on polo shirts and oxford shirts, carved into wooden decoys to place on top of the furniture.

The shopping at Highland Park is geared for the affluent—at the Guy Laroche boutique, at the mirrored salon of Valentine Furs, at Sanger-Harris for the best of American fashion. Less costly though thoroughly enjoyable treats are at the Cafe Pacific, legendary for its Ramos Gin Fizz. There's also, nearby on Knox Street, the Highland Park Cafeteria, considered by natives one of the best eateries in town. Watch out for the lines waiting to get in on Thursday nights, columnist Marlyn Schwartz warns. On maid's night off, the place is usually jammed.

After leaving the homey, tranquil, neighborhood comfort of Highland Park Village, one can be awed by the sight, farther north off the Dallas Parkway, of the Galleria. And one should be. Mammoth, modern as a space invader, and containing some of the best shopping the world has to offer on four levels of retail space surrounding a giant skating rink under a cascade of tiny twinkling lights. This is what one expects of Dallas: the Champagne of shopping centers. Anchored by Saks Fifth Avenue at one end and Marshall Field's of Chicago at the other is an international collection of crème-de-la-crème shops. There's Gump's from San Francisco, with its outstanding collection of contemporary and antique Oriental art and furnishings. Across the way is Tiffany & Co., with the same cool vault-like façade that fronts Fifth Avenue. Gerlo Scherer of Baden-Baden provides Jill Sander and Beatrice Hympendahl separates exclusively from West Germany and Italy. Paris is represented by Les Must de Cartier, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Louis Vuitton, Charles Jourdan; Milan by Benetton; London by Laura Ashley . . . and the state of Texas by J Bar W Western Wear, full of Tony Lama and Luchese boots, fringed and beaded suede vests, and silver and gold belt buckles Wayne Newton would be proud to wear. The best of beauty services can be found here, too—through the inviting red door of Elizabeth Arden, at Georgette Klinger, and, for both sexes, at the hot new LaMont Salon.

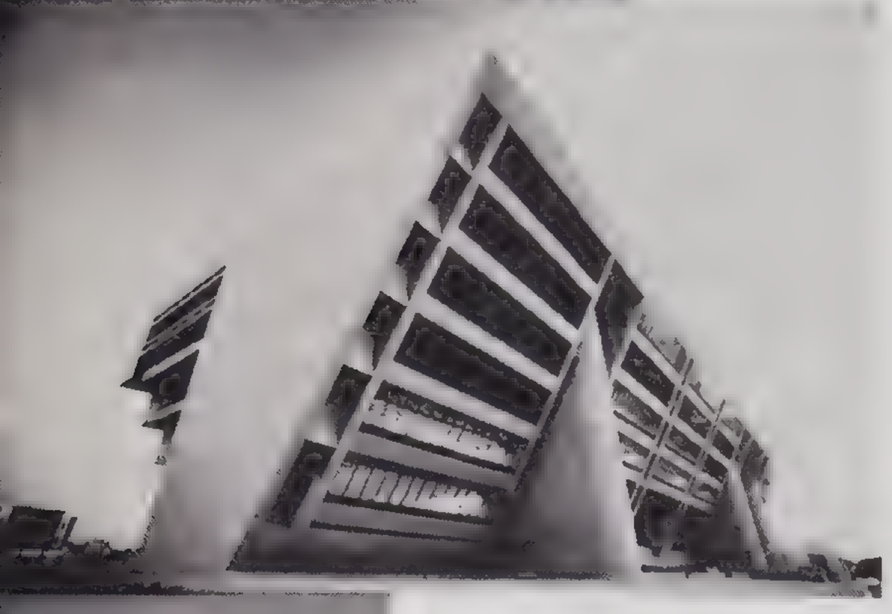
Houston's premier department store, Sakowitz, bravely and successfully faces its rival city's competition at the Sakowitz Village. The store is serene, sophisticated, with marble floors, honey wood walls, and green shoots of bamboo shielding The Bamboo Court, a stopping place for drinks, sandwiches, and selections from Le Nôtre pastry bar. Or one could make the appropriate gift selection at the store's Best of Texas Boutique—a Texas chili kit, perhaps, or some jalapeño jelly, or a wooden cheese board cut in the shape of the state.

A courtyard with a splashing fountain invites one toward the other shops that make up Sakowitz Village. Via Condotti offers exclusively the arresting, directional fabrics and designs from Italy's Memphis Collection—walk out with a Memphis-printed necktie, surely the liveliest around. Center stage at Abbey-Winfrey are irresistible hand-knit, -bowed, and -beaded sweaters. Rue de Rêves offers top fashions from around the world; Trouvé, a well-edited collection of designer clothing.

Bloomingdale's in the Valley View Center is the first branch store opened outside the Northeast, just one year ago this month. It's proving so successful that it's spawning Bloomies all around the country. Bloomingdale's is unmistakably exciting, with its jazzy black-and-white interior and neon lights announcing the latest boutiques with the very latest in fashion. Next door, at The Best of Abercrombie & Fitch, one finds the other side of the coin: pith helmets and bush jackets virtually unchanged since Livingston forayed into Africa.

The shopping centers go on and on—Caruth Plaza, Prestonwood, Collin Creek—a seemingly limitless array to tax the seemingly limitless energy of Dallas's residents. What's striking is that this city, one-eighth the size of New York, has the ability to support so many stores: the biggest, the best, the most. In the NorthPark Center, there's Lord & Taylor, Frost Bros. with its attractive Gucci Salon, and another Neiman-Marcus. And there's Cathy Anne's Chocolate Chip Cookies. For $10, you can buy a huge cookie in the shape of the state, iced with the sentiment, "My heart is as big as Texas." Buy one to munch as you drive out through the surrounding beauty of University Park, and let the words of its happiest resident, Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf, run through your head: "I live in the best country in the world, in the best city in the world, in the best neighborhood in the world, on the best street in the world." And, since you're lucky enough to be in Dallas, uncork some Champagne and celebrate.

Where else but in Texas: rows and rows of cowboy boots (left); Dallas's City Hall (below), a study in angles, by I. M. Pei



He'd ride tall in any saddle: since 1952, this fifty-two-foot-tall cowboy (left) has been welcoming visitors to the State Fair of Texas with a "Howdy, folks, this is Big Tex"

WHERE-TO-GO

SHOPS

Abbey-Winfrey, *5100 Belt Line Rd., Sakowitz Village, 75240*
Abercrombie & Fitch, *Valley View Center, 75240*
Benetton, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Bloomingdale's, *Valley View Center, 75240*
Cathy Anne's Chocolate Chip Cookies, *1030 NorthPark Center, 75225*
Charles Jourdan, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Collector's Covey, *15 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Frost Bros., *1030 NorthPark Center, 75225*
The Galleria, *13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
The Gazebo, *168 Inwood Village, 75209*
Gerlo Scherer, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Gump's, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Guy Laroche, *93 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Harold's, *88 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Highland Park Village, *Preston Rd. at Mockingbird Lane, 75205*
Jas. K. Wilson, *45 Highland Park Village, 75205*
J Bar W Western Wear, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Laura Ashley, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Leon's, *61 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Les Must de Cartier, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Lord & Taylor, *1030 NorthPark Center, 75225*

Details, last pages

Loretta Blum, *4268 Oak Lawn, 75219*
Lou Lattimore, *4320 Lovers Lane, 75225*
Louis Vuitton, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Marie Leavell, *147 Inwood Village, 75209*
Marshall Field's, *The Galleria, 13550 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Monday's Child, *49 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Mr. Umphrey's, *30 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Neiman-Marcus, *1618 Main St., 75201*
North Beach Leather, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
NorthPark Center, *1030 NorthPark Center, 75225*
Polo/Ralph Lauren, *57/58 Highland Park Village, 75205*
The Quadrangle, *2800 Routh St., 75201*
Rue de Rêves, *5100 Belt Line Rd., Sakowitz Village, 75240*
Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Sakowitz Village, *5100 Belt Line Rd., 75240*
Saks Fifth Avenue, *The Galleria, 13250 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Sanger Harris, *Pacific & Akard Sts., 75201*
Tiffany & Co., *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Trouvé, *5100 Belt Line Rd., Sakowitz Village, 75240*
Valentine Furs, *78 Highland Park Village, 75205*
Valley View Center, *Preston Rd. at LBJ Freeway, 75240*
Via Condotti, *5100 Belt Line Rd., Sakowitz Village, 75240*

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Cafe Pacific, Ltd., *22 Highland Park Village, 75205; 526-1170*
Café Rincón, *2818 Harry Hines Ave., 75201; 742-4906*
Calluaud's Restaurant, *2619 McKinney Ave., 75204; 823-5380*
Clair de Lune Brasserie, *The Quadrangle, 2800 Routh St., 75201; 871-2288*
Exposure, *4516 McKinney Ave., 75205; 528-0210*
Highland Park Cafeteria, *4611 Cole Ave., 75205; 526-3801*
Mandalay Four Seasons, *221 S. Las Colinas Blvd., Irving, 75039; 556-0800*
The Mansion on Turtle Creek, *2821 Turtle Creek Blvd., 75219; 559-2100*
Routh Street Cafe, *3005 Routh St., 75201; 871-7161*
Sonny Bryan's, *2202 Inwood Rd., 75235; 357-7120*
Tolbert's Texas Chili Parlors, *4544 McKinney Ave., 75202; 522-4340*

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Dallas Museum of Art, *1717 North Harwood St., 75201*
Dallas Theater Center, *3636 Turtle Creek Blvd., 75219*
Elizabeth Arden, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
Georgette Klinger, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
LaMont Salons, *The Galleria, 13350 Dallas Pkwy., 75240*
L'Image, *47½ Highland Park Village, 75205; 5100 Belt Line Rd., Sakowitz Village, 75240*
Mistral club, *2201 Stemmons Freeway, 75207*
Starck Club, *703 McKinney Ave., 75202*

Drawing by Antonio

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DUSTIN

Boston, Edith Wharton said, thought she was too fashionable to be serious, whereas New York found her too serious to be fashionable. But that was Boston in the days before you could buy a suit by Chanel or a raincoat by Yohji Yamamoto, menswear by Giorgio Armani, sheets by Ralph Lauren, cologne by Floris, and cookies by David. The world has come to Boston—not always, one suspects, at Boston's invitation. Edith Wharton would be astounded but delighted, home at last. She might also be gratified to know that, underneath all its cosmopolitan trappings, Boston is unchanged. Throughout the onslaught of high-rise hotels, high-fashion boutiques, and high-priced restaurants, the city has held its ground; it demands to be taken on its own terms, which is to say seriously.

What makes Boston so serene? Perhaps it's the presence of so many colleges and universities nearby, or the feeling of history in its midst. Whether or not you're impressed by academic credentials, you do get the idea that there are more heavy thinkers in residence here, more ideas per capita than in most other places. Both Boston and Cambridge take a certain civic pride in their residents' intellectual achievements. Where else could I ever expect to see a plaque on a highway for the Enrico Fermi Overpass, named for the first man to split an atom?

Boston is not the sort of city that sweeps you off your feet, the way New York and Los Angeles do. Boston disarms you slowly, revealing itself in its own time. The appreciation it requires is subtle. As might be expected, it is in awe of its own past. The *WPA Guide to Massachusetts*, published in 1937, put it this way: "Beacon Hill is a conservative residential section where new buildings are considered extremely regrettable, though occasionally necessary."

But where Boston might easily have been cute, it has managed to draw the line at quaint. The old neighborhoods have an integrity that Williamsburg, Virginia, for instance, does not, primarily because they look so lived-in. There is a stateliness about the buildings along Commonwealth Avenue, with its broad strip of park down the middle, and a fusty, Jamesian sense of dignity to the houses on Louisburg Square, which recalls London.

In no other city are you so frequently brought face to face with our country's modest, heroic beginnings. The paved walks that cross the Common, once a pasture, follow paths worn by the cows. The Old North Church ("One if by land . . ."), Paul Revere's house, and Faneuil Hall (a meeting place for protestors in Colonial times, now a shopping mall) are still standing. A cobblestone circle in State Street marks the site of the Boston Massacre, the spot where the first patriots fell, shot by British soldiers. In the Old Granary Burial Ground, on Tremont Street, lie John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Paul Revere, and Mary, a.k.a. "Mother," Goose. To live in a city where the past figures so prominently puts you in mind of issues larger than the everyday variety.

It is a city long famous as a center for medicine. Harvard Medical School has been training doctors for over two hundred years; anesthesia was first introduced at Massachusetts General Hospital. Boston's six major teaching *(Continued on page 446)*

A cosmopolitan city with a small-town feel, Boston is a serious place—of ivied universities, tea at the Ritz, and window-shopping along Newbury Street, a never-ending tension between the old and the new. . . and a crucially important basketball team! By Holly Brubach

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *In a season of tailoring, a more relaxed approach to the subject—Gloria Sachs's grey chalk-striped cashmere pants suit. All the classic ingredients—the square-shouldered, double-breasted jacket; the pleated-and-cuffed trousers; the menswear fabric. With the addition of a little checked cashmere sweater vest—it's as proper, as pulled-together as any day dressing this fall but that much softer, that much more appealing. Jacket, about $510; pants, about $400; vest, about $390. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; makeup, François Nars. Accessories, last pages.*

Holly Brubach *is a staff writer for "The Atlantic."*

7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 445)

hospitals employ over thirty-seven hundred physicians, one thousand residents-in-training, and one thousand nursing students.

H. Richard Nesson, M.D., president of Brigham and Women's Hospital, summarizes the range of medical activity in Boston as "the whole gamut—from clinical work to research to high-tech to the latest in immunology and genetics." As a place for carrying on research or practicing in any field, Dr. Nesson says Boston is "fantastic. If you're open and willing to be around people who will ask you questions about what you're doing and challenge the way you think, it's very exciting. It keeps you on your toes, up to date." It's an ideal arrangement for the students as well. "They're taught to deliver the best in patient care, to be conscientious and responsive, so that from early on in their careers, they want to do their best for a patient, and there is no better environment for that."

None of which is to imply that Boston is so high-minded that it lacks for fun. In fact, Boston is unfailingly picturesque and pleasant. Red brick townhouses, gaslights, cobbled sidewalks are standard features in Beacon Hill. There are architectural oddities everywhere you look: a shingle-style house at the corner of Mt. Vernon and River Streets is embellished with Chinese pagoda motifs and Dutch porcelain medallions. There are paths along the esplanade where joggers run to keep up with the sailboats on the Charles River. There's the Public Garden, with its manicured lawns and flower beds laid out in orderly rows, its swan boats paddling on the lake. There is Trinity Church, designed by H. H. Richardson at his most Romanesque, and the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, a fine group statue in relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. In Cambridge, there are the ivy-upholstered halls of Harvard, a university so often photographed for the movies that it now looks like a movie set for a university. For more distant doses of the very pretty, there are day trips by ferry to Provincetown, or car trips to Marblehead, an old, well-to-do fishing village.

And every now and then, Boston reveals a streak of the lovable pomposity that has always been part of its nature. In 1869, in celebration of the end of the Civil War, one hundred members of the fire department, decked out in red, white, and blue, joined in what must have been a deafening performance—the largest ever—of the Anvil Chorus from *Il Trovatore*. A tablet in the State House memorializes the dogs and horses that served in World War I. In the Ritz-Carlton, one of the lobby doors—not to be mistaken for an exit in case of fire—is labeled "Not an accredited egress."

Boston may or may not deserve its long-standing reputation for snobbery, which local residents dutifully try to refute. The Federal Writers' Project led off its entry on Boston with the following statement: "According to time-honored tradition, this city is the Hub of the Universe, its intellectual center, its cultural center, populated by superior persons all of whom have at least one ancestor who came over on the 'Mayflower' or the 'Arabella,' a closed society of 'Brahmins.' Nothing could be farther from the truth."

The truth is that distinctions like these die hard, and are kept alive by money. There is Old Money in Boston; among its bastions are the Museum of Fine Arts, the Somerset Club, and the Boston Atheneum, a splendid private library in the Palladian style, housing a formidable collection of paintings, sculpture, and antiques. Old Money families put up their out-of-town guests at a hotel such as the Ritz.

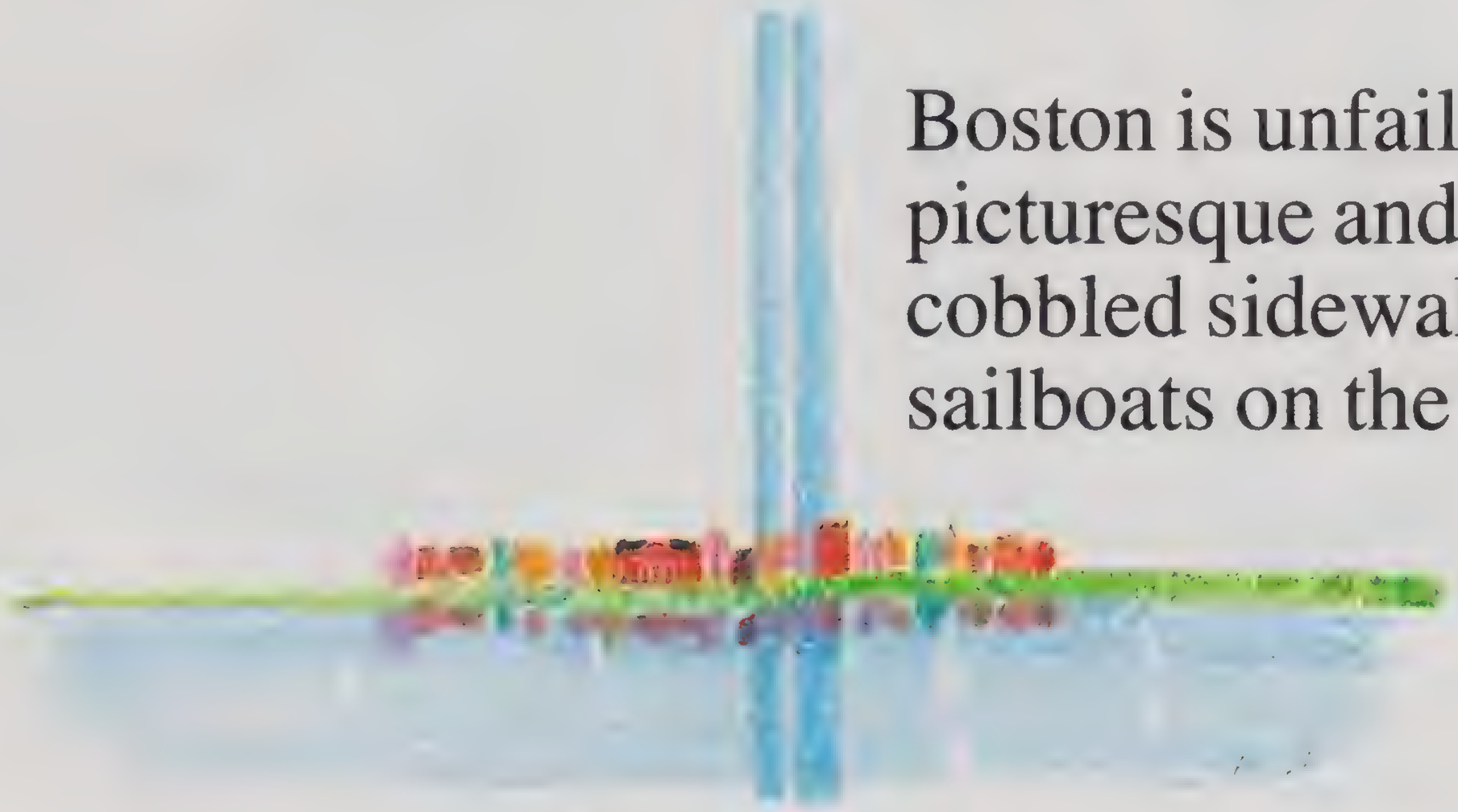
There is also New Money, more likely to be found at the Institute of Contemporary Art, at Copley Place—a brass-and-marble shopping center, which is to Boston what the Trump Tower is to New York, or at L'Espalier, a restaurant serving nouveau riche nouvelle cuisine. New Money stays at The Colonnade or The Bostonian.

And then there is No Money, a downmarket style affected by most Cantabrigians, though anyone who knows the high price of an address in Cambridge knows better than to believe that the people who live there have as little money as they would have you think.

Snobbery in Boston is primarily social and, to a lesser degree, material; position is everything. In Cambridge, the snobbery is intellectual, and position counts for less than academic affiliation. Of the more than thirty colleges and universities in the Boston area, more status attaches to Harvard than to any of the rest, to the extent that it is jokingly referred to by some Cantabrigians as "Here University"—as in, "Do you teach here?" or, "Are you here for the summer?" It goes without saying in Cambridge that "here" means Harvard.

Added to this, the people seem stand-offish at first; actually, they are formal. Waiting for a bus that's overdue, frustrated by an out-of-order cash machine, New Yorkers will strike up a conversation. Bostonians respect your privacy, even in public.

The truth is that, like any other city, Boston has its share of prejudice and friction. It also has its share of cultural activity—the Symphony, the Pops, the Ballet, the American Repertory *(Continued on page 452)*



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7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 446)

Theatre, the Boston Shakespeare Company. But unlike other cities, it has the Boston Celtics, the 1983-1984 World Champions. The Celtics galvanize all of Boston and Cambridge, bringing together basketball fans of every race, creed, and color, many of whom come from rather unexpected walks of life as well.

"The Celtics are a civic religion," says Justin Kaplan, Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman. "People really do care about them. One of the unpleasant things about Bostonians is that they're very fickle. As soon as the Red Sox start losing, Boston stops caring about them. The remarkable thing about the Celtics is that they keep on winning." Kaplan is an avid fan, rarely if ever missing a game on television. Robert Nozick, a leading philosopher and winner of the National Book Award, who teaches at Harvard, is more fanatical: he regularly attends Celtics games at the Boston Garden, which Kaplan describes as "a Neanderthal sports facility." What makes the Celtics such a good team? "There's a sense of continuity," Kaplan says, "of team tradition and team spirit that you don't find in a lot of pro sports in which people are bought and sold and traded."

"Continuity" is a word that comes up often when Robert Brustein talks about the relationship between his Cambridge-based company of actors, the American Repertory Theatre, and its audience. "Our audience is identifiable from one production to the next in a way that Broadway audiences aren't. We look out into the house and see familiar faces—we feel as if we know those people. They are highly intelligent, opinionated, and engaged, and we develop works for them." For example, when the company mounted Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* (scheduled to return this fall), Brustein adapted it so that the rehearsal in progress onstage in the play is in fact a rehearsal of the American Repertory Theatre; the play being rehearsed is a set piece from previous American Rep productions.

Tyrone Guthrie, when offered the chance to build his theater in Boston, refused on the grounds that it was too close to New York and fled to Minneapolis. Brustein thinks that the distance between New York and Cambridge is ideal. "We can call on New York's talent when we need it," he says, "but we're far enough away (Continued on page 454)

Details, last pages

Boston at its slightly snobby best: Beacon Hill (right); logo: daily news (middle); The John F. Kennedy Library (below), designed by I.M. Pei—a new Cantabrigian landmark

A view (above) of Harvard College, about 1770, engraved by Paul Revere; (right) the court from the North Cloister of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum; (below) Boston artist Michael Mazur's "Runner by the River," 1976

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Collection — Filene's in the Mall at Chestnut Hill.

Photographed by Patrick Russell at Castle Hill, Ipswich, Massachusetts.

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CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 452)
that we can also develop our own ensemble, which is terribly important for us and what I think is the basis of great theater—a permanent ensemble." In Boston, he says, theater is "free from the commercial pressures of New York—free to explore more, to be adventurous and experimental. There is not so much of a light being shone on the work, and not so much money is riding on it."

New York producers have routinely tested new shows in Boston before taking them to Broadway. But for Hasty Pudding Club Theatricals, New York City is just another stop on the national tour, and Cambridge is

Seiji Ozawa, conductor, the Boston Symphony

the big time. Hasty Pudding hijinks are perhaps best seen in context, and the context is Harvard. This year's extravaganza, written and performed by undergraduates, directed and designed by professionals, will be the club's one nundred and thirty-seventh. Last year's, called *Jungle Belles,* had a cast of sixteen—all male, half of them (as tradition has it) in drag—and a story about a Spanish conquistador named Walter Wallcarpeting who goes to an island in the Amazon, where he encounters exotic natives, among them Juan Tadance and José Canyousee. The finale is a grand-scale celebration of heterosexuality, in song and dance.

Hasty Pudding comedy relies heavily on puns, each year on a different theme—last year, brand names of detergents; the year before, toothpaste. It is, admits Heather Cook, a junior at Harvard and the club's technical vice president, "kind of a special sense of humor," but one that many illustrious people have shared. Hasty Pudding alumni include Jack Lemmon, Alan Jay Lerner, Robert Benchley, William Randolph Hearst, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The distance between Boston and New York—or, for that matter, between Boston and the rest of the world—gets shorter all the time. Eastern Airlines and New York Air both run shuttles that leave every hour from LaGuardia: *(Continued on page 456)*

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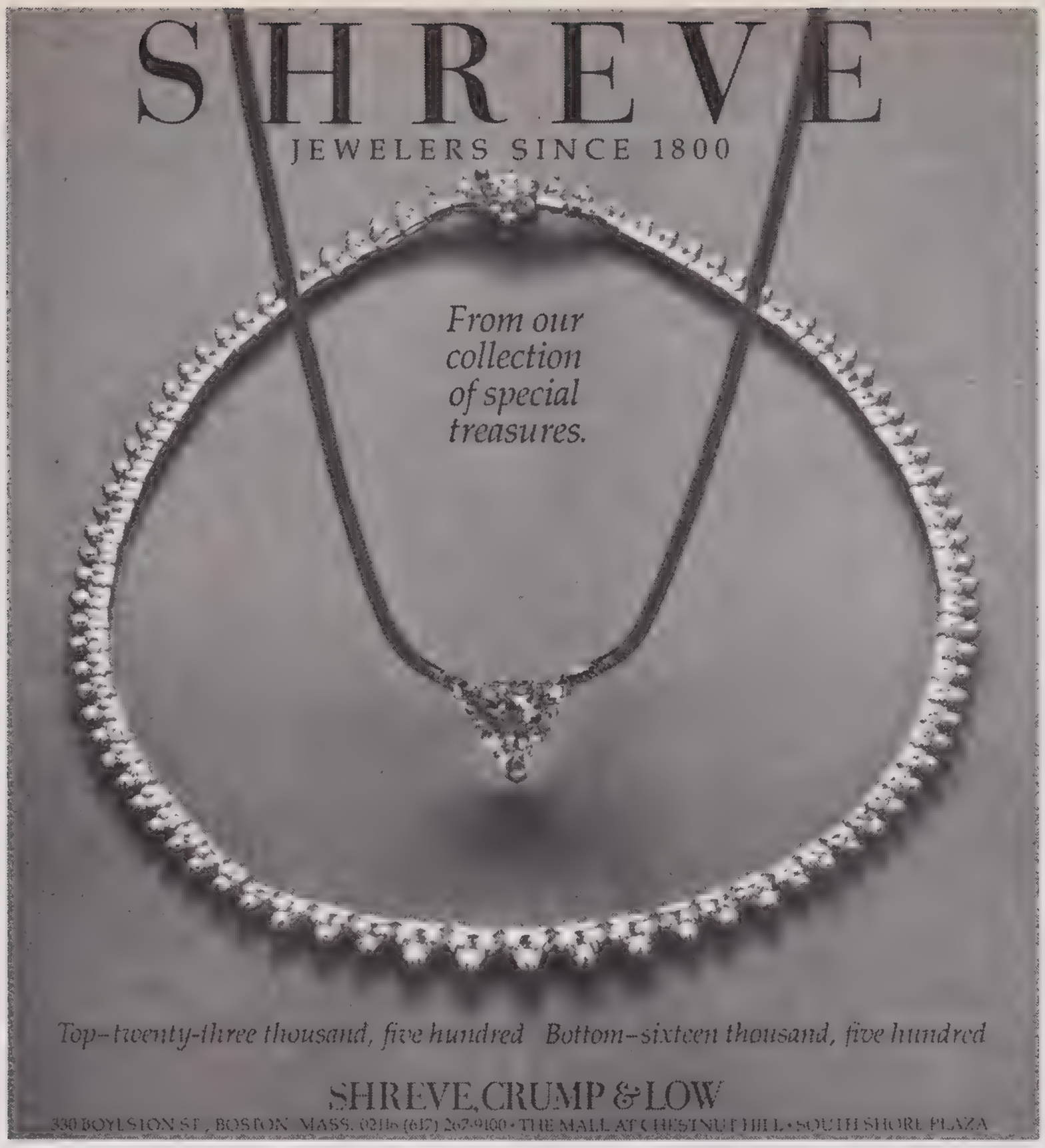

7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 454)

sixty minutes and you're there. Boston is a good destination if you're looking to get away for a week, or even a weekend—there are fine hotels to choose from, good shopping and eating, plenty to do and see.

New hotels are springing up in every part of the city, but of all the places to stay, the Ritz, with its rooms overlooking the Public Garden, its convivial bar, and excellent service, is still the most quintessentially Bostonian; everything about the Ritz-Carlton seems comfortingly old. The food is consistently good, conservative but not stodgy.

A close second is run by the Hotel Meridien in the old Federal Reserve Bank, a landmark building, solid but gracefully designed and transformed into a hotel in good

In no other city are you so frequently brought face to face with our country's modest, heroic beginnings

taste. Julien, the restaurant on the mezzanine, is a pleasant setting for a leisurely lunch. The Meridien is in general friendlier and more generous-spirited than the Ritz. The weekend package ($185 for two nights, including Continental breakfast, a bottle of wine in your room, and even free Saturday afternoon cooking classes taught by Sheryl Julian, a Cordon Bleu-trained chef) is one of the best deals in Boston.

Across the river in Cambridge, the recently opened Royal Sonesta Hotel (formerly the Sonesta Hotel, as it was called before its coronation) features a distinctly Post-Modern new wing, and an impressive collection of contemporary art throughout.

In Edith Wharton's day, the women who were Boston's fashion plates went to Paris to order their clothes from the House of Worth. Back home, they packed their new dresses away for two years—one year for the fashion to reach New York, another for it to reach *(Continued on page 458)*

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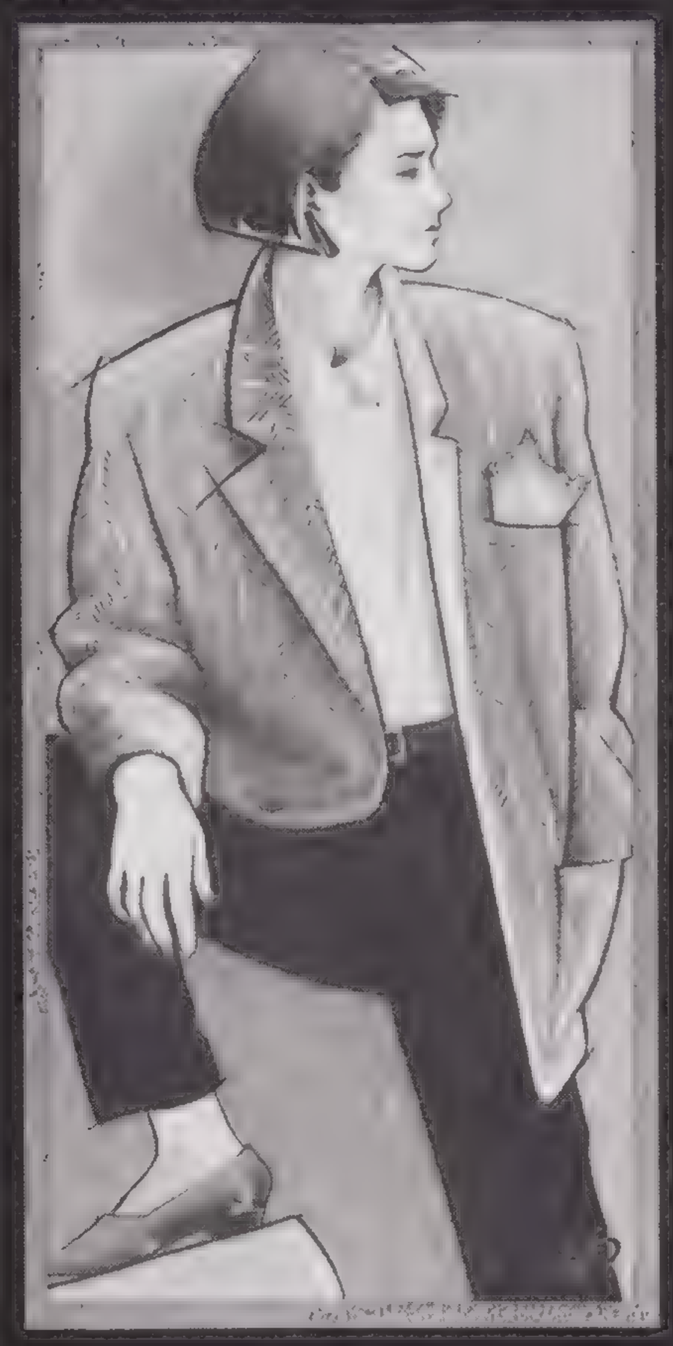

Rae Brewer, boston

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7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 456)

Boston—before they wore them, so as not to be too far ahead of the local style. Boston no longer lags behind Paris or New York or even Tokyo, and local clotheshorses need not leave town to do their shopping.

Despite the influx of new stores and the proliferation of shopping malls, the place to start is still downtown, where Boston's two native department stores preside. Jordan Marsh stocks everything from mattresses to lipstick, has seen to Boston's needs for generations. Staunch and reliable, Jordan Marsh now looks sleek and modern but continues to play the same role in the community.

Filene's, across the street, has tradition-

Modern graffiti mark the bottom of the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, a fine group statue in relief, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, 1897

ally ranged farther—to Europe and back—if not so wide, for its merchandise, and taken a more progressive stand on matters of fashion. Edith Wharton could never have foreseen the day when clothes by American designers would figure as prominently as imports, as they do today and as the selection at Filene's proves. In Filene's Basement, which is justly famous, there are drastic markdowns on shoes, housewares, clothes, you-name-it—this is guerrilla shopping at its best.

The newcomer to the neighborhood is Lafayette Place, downtown's answer to Back Bay's Copley Place. A mall housing extravagant specialty stores, it opened just this fall.

Young French designers such as Claude Montana and Jean-Paul Gaultier, and Japanese designers, notably Yohji Yamamoto, are well represented at the Newbury Street boutique Alan Bilzerian. Nearby is Louis (pronounced "Louie's"), widely considered the best men's store in Boston (some people say the *(Continued on page 460)*

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7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 458)

world), stocked with imaginative variations on the classics (more and more for women, too, in the penthouse).

For jewelry, there is Dorfman's, or Shreve, Crump & Lowe, with its excellent selection of antiques. More antiques shopping is to be found on Charles Street, where several shops are lined up in a row: one of the best is Marika's.

Copley Place is a shopper's field day. You can browse door-to-door or make a quick tour of the high spots—among them, Neiman-Marcus, Tiffany's, Caswell-Massey (for Italian toothpaste made with real mint), Williams-Sonoma (for everything to do with food; all the items in their catalogue come to life), and Alfred Sung (an entire store devoted to his well-done sportswear). Less obvious are a few small shops, tucked away, that are one-of-a-kind, each with a vision of its own: London Lace, named for its trove of antique linens, most of them English imports; Fancies, with its mix of irresistible lingerie, which runs from plain to fancy, unusual sweaters, and other miscellaneous items worth having; and Fleur Jardin, the most creative florist in town.

Boston has always been a great place for seafood, and a restaurant called Legal Seafoods is still the primary source. But besides clam chowder and scrod, there are other reasons to go to Boston to eat. One of the best is Ristorante Toscano, on Charles Street, with its amiable staff and classic Italian cooking—good risotto with fresh porcini mushrooms, venison, and homemade mascarpone cheese.

These days, food is a topic of great interest in Boston, though it hasn't always been so; according to Julia Child, who has lived in Cambridge for twenty years, "it's just within the last few years. A little while ago, there was nothing, but now we have several good new restaurants." In the French camp, Maison Robert and Panache offer the best food—inventive variations on classic French themes. And a new generation of chefs, many of them highly creative, is making a name for itself in Boston. "Nouvelle cuisine," Child says, "has had a releasing influence. The idea is, if you've mastered the classical technique, you can go on and do whatever you want." The cooking at L'Espalier and The Seasons (in the Bostonian Hotel) is more adventurous—occasionally, at L'Espalier, outrageous—and not so consistently successful, though each has recently been touted as the best restaurant in Boston.

For good food *(Continued on page 462)*

Tom Wing & sons
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DORFMAN
24 Newbury Street, Boston. (617) 536-2022.

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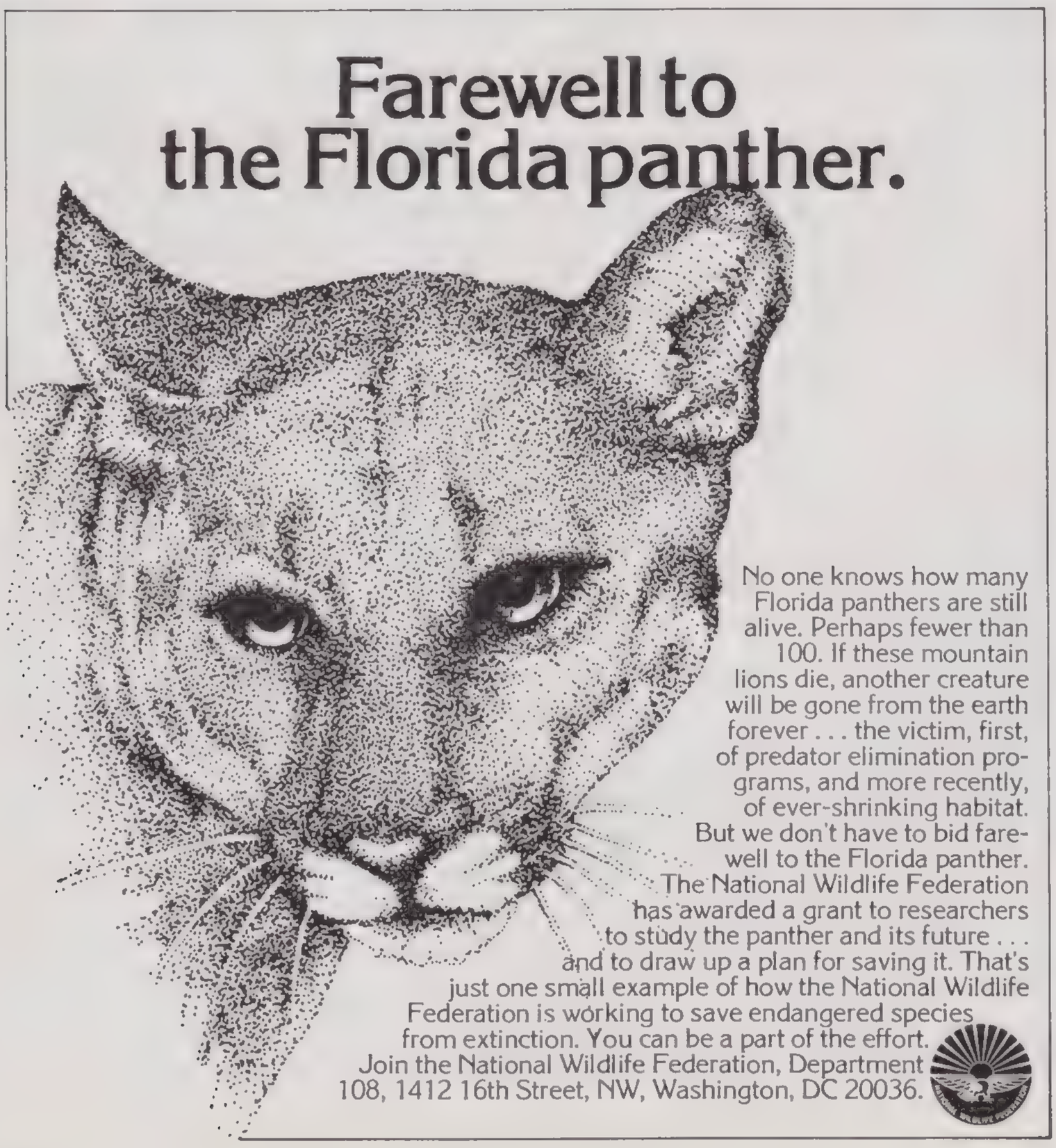

7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 460)
on a more informal basis, there's Chez Nous, in Cambridge, with tables in the garden out back; 29 Newbury Street, a hangout for lunch or drinks; the Harvest restaurant, the singles scene in Cambridge; and Santarpio's, in East Boston, for pizza.

Years before the world started coming to Boston, Boston went out and acquired pieces of the world, many of which are now on view in its museums. The Museum of Fine Arts' collection is the largest and the broadest in scope; its exhibition of Degas etchings and lithographs opens next month. The Fogg and the Busch-Reisinger, in Cambridge, are Harvard's teaching museums, rotating their collections according to the courses offered. Both are worth a look—the Fogg, for its concentration in nineteenth-century French painting, particularly Géricault and Ingres, its Beardsleys, its European and American drawings, Chinese jades, and Japanese prints (opening this month, drawings from the Fogg's own collection); the Busch-Reisinger, a museum wholly devoted to Germanic art of all centuries, for its German Expressionist paintings, its Rembrandts, and its organ built into the gallery.

The most personal of Boston's museums is undoubtedly Isabella Stewart Gardner's, a Venetian palazzo built to house the collection she amassed with the help of her friend Bernard Berenson. Raphael, Botticelli, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Rubens, Veronese—room after room, the treasures unfold. Another friend, John Singer Sargent, painted her portrait, which is displayed in a gallery on the third floor: she stands, an hourglass-shaped woman of an indeterminate age, with her hands clasped, looking very proper and, as a matter of fact, rather fashionable, in a long brown dress draped with a double strand of pearls to the waist. Her posture is pitched slightly forward. She is not a beauty, but she commands your attention all the same. Her lively brown eyes are intent, slightly narrowed, as if to see something more clearly or to understand it better. Curious, intelligent, courageous—this woman seems the very soul of Boston as it is today.

WHERE-TO-GO

SHOPS

Alan Bilzerian, *12 Newbury St., 02117*
Alfred Sung, *Copley Place, 100 Huntington Ave., 02116*
Caswell-Massey, *Copley Place, 100 Huntington Ave., 02116*
(Continued on page 464)

Entire outfit by Paul Costelloe, Ireland.

No one can pull the wool over your eyes quite like the Irish.

Louis for Women

Boston / Chestnut Hill

This ad is for all those who ever wonder if your United Way gift is really appreciated.

United Way

Thanks to you, it works, for ALL OF US.

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7 CITIES/BOSTON

(Continued from page 462)

Copley Place, *100 Huntington Ave., 02116*
Cuoio, *170 Faneuil Hall Marketplace, 02109*
Divino, *35 Newbury St., 02116*
Dorfman, *24 Newbury St., 02116*
Fancies, *Hotel Meridien, 250 Franklin St., 02110*
Fiandaca, *18 Newbury St., 02116*
Filene's, *426 Washington St., 02101*
Garnet Hill, *125 Newbury St., 02116*
Jordan Marsh, *450 Washington St., 02205*
Lafayette Place Mall, *1 Avenue Lafayette, Suite 3.300, 02111*
London Lace, *167 Newbury St., 02116*
Louis for Women, *470 Boylston St., 02116*
Marika's, *130 Charles St., 02114*
Neiman-Marcus, *5 Copley Place, 02116*
North Beach Leather Department, *Filene's, Chestnut Hill, 02146*
Priscilla of Boston, *129 Newbury St., 02116*
Rae Brewer, *167 Newbury St., 02116*
Roberts/Neustadter, *69 Newbury St., 02116*
Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, *Copley Place, Space #50, 100 Huntington Ave.,02116*
Serenella, *134 Newbury St., 02116*
Shreve, Crump & Low, *330 Boylston St., 02116*
Tiffany's, *Copley Place, 100 Huntington Ave., 02116*
Williams-Sonoma, *Copley Place, 100 Huntington Ave., 02116*

RESTAURANTS

Chez Nous, *147 Huron Ave., Cambridge, 02138; 864-6670*
Dining Room and Bar at the Ritz-Carlton, *15 Arlington St., 02117; 536-5700*
Harvest Restaurant, *44 Brattle St., Cambridge, 02138; 492-1115*
Legal Seafoods, *Boston Park Plaza Hotel, 50 Park Plaza, 02116; 262-3023*
L'Espalier, *30 Gloucester St., 02116, 262-3023*
Maison Robert, *Old City Hall, 45 School St.; 02108; 227-3370*
Panache, *798 Main St., Cambridge, 02138; 492-9500*
Restaurant Julien, *Hotel Meridien, 250 Franklin St., 02110; 451-1900*
Ristorante Toscano, *45 Charles St., 02118; 723-4090*
Santarpio's, *111 Chelsea St., 02128; 567-9871*
The Seasons Restaurant at the Bostonian Hotel, *Faneuil Hall Marketplace, 02109; 523-3600*
29 Newbury, *29 Newbury St., 02116; 536-5137*

USEFUL ADDRESSES

American Repertory Theatre, *64 Brattle St., Cambridge, 02138*
The Boston Garden, *150 Causeway St., 02114*
Busch-Reisinger Museum, *29 Kirkland St. at Quincy, Cambridge, 02138*
Fogg Museum of Art, *32 Quincy St., Cambridge, 02138*
Gino's *(hairdresser), 20 Holyoke St., Cambridge, 02138*
Hasty Pudding Club Theatricals, *12 Holyoke St., Cambridge, 02138*
Institute of Contemporary Art, *955 Boylston St., 02115*
Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, *280 The Fenway, 02115*
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, *465 Huntington Ave., 02115*
Zica's *(manicurist), 95 St. Mary's St., Brookline, 02146*

N-M Copley Place.

GREAT CITY
BOSTON

GREAT DESIGNER
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DIANA

A regal city, sitting amid those preposterous hills,
San Francisco is an American favorite.
With its prestigious opera and ballet companies,
its stronghold on homegrown "California cooking,"
and its plethora of fabulous urban arcades,
this is a place to savor, explore, return to. . .
By Kathleen Madden

If great cities are determined by the number of songs that have been written about them, San Francisco rates as one of America's greatest. Everyone loves San Francisco: left-their-heart types or folks with flowers in their hair. Something about San Francisco brings out the best sort of adventurous eclecticism in its people: this is the city where a house becomes a local landmark because windows are filled with teddy bears. Where "the crookedest street in America" squiggles down Russian Hill, where Trader Vic's flowered drinks are as fashionable as the most elegant eating at Masa's. Narrow Victorian townhouses come painted black, lavender-grey, and red, highly individual mixes of extravagant color. Gays have turned Castro Street into something chic, and soul-singer Boz Scaggs has opened the Blue Light Café for down-home barbecue, and authentic chili.

This is the city where two young attorneys have just gone from dealing in problems of law to ones of manufacturing and marketing. From a sleek Jackson Square showroom, they're selling a new line of embryo-cell skin-care products, the Forelle Skin Treatment Collection, which they're marketing this fall across the United States. Their body lotion, cleansers, facial mask, day and night creams come packaged in appropriate white and black pinstriping.

In San Francisco, going to an off-the-wall musical revue called *Beach Blanket Babylon* is a popular pastime. *Beach Blanket's* most famous effect takes place when one cast member's five-foot-tall hat, shaped like the San Francisco skyline, lights up on cue. *Beach Blanket,* under various evolving titles (currently, *Beach Blanket Babylon Goes to the Stars and the Prom*), has played for eleven years.

But to many Americans San Francisco is—and always will be—a great shopping city: it offers up, with equal ease, America's department-store giants, sleek European boutiques, the best sort of homegrown stores. Hills not to the contrary, this is a walking city. . .a place, for the most part, of street-front stores, not car-park malls.

One can go to the Italian North Beach section for the best pasta, or to North Beach Leather for a great bomber jacket or dress. Not too far away, in North Beach's shop across from The Cannery (former factory, now an urban shopping-and-eating arcade), one finds velvety suede zippered jackets, women's black leather trousers, the best sort of pearly grey leather skirt.

Or on the way into San Francisco from the airport, one can stop at the downtown towers that rise in an extravagant skyline by Embarcadero Center. This bay-hugging area is where San Francisco began in the 1840s; today, it's filled with offices, an outdoor theater, the Hyatt hotel, some one hundred seventy- *(Continued on page 468)*

NCISCO

THE FASHION ELEMENT: *Everything that makes evening dressing outstanding this fall—the narrowness, the unique ornamentation, the very real sense of glamour—everything, and more . . . in Bill Blass's long, close-to-the-body black velvet evening dress; the shaped sleeves embroidered with flowers of white crystal beading. For the biggest evenings in any city, anywhere—a guaranteed scene stealer! Dress, about $2950. Martha; Balliet's; Swansons on the Plaza; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; make-up, Francois Nars. Accessories, last pages.*

7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 467)
five shops and restaurants—with everything from Tannery West leathers to Athlete's Foot running shoes to Peck & Peck classics. From Embarcadero, a jungle of Chinatown food markets is near at hand, plus chic downtown shopping.

Downtown, one starts shopping at Union Square: at I. Magnin, Saks, Macys, Neiman-Marcus...and emerges, about a month later, to consider other neighborhoods. On Union Square, Neiman-Marcus is housed in a sleek Philip Johnson/John Burgee-designed building—which is worth a visit in itself: its extraordinary glass-dome center is an inheritance from another building that once sat on this site—the 1896-built City of Paris store. Since 1981, Saks Fifth Avenue's curved glass entrance has pulled in shoppers, lured them away from the pleasures of park grass and flower stalls.

Macys Cellar—and its brand of razzle-dazzle department-store foodery—started first in San Francisco, on Union Square. In The Cellar, on any day, one is apt to see video tapes on how to use a Cuisinart, chefs' demonstrations complete with butter/garlic smells, people lining up for lunch at Mama's Restaurant or for Mrs. Field's cookies.

Macys, in San Francisco, is not simply The Cellar but also, very much, a fashion store: in Macy's Shop On Union Square are some of the city's most adventurous fashion pieces—from Stephen Sprouse, Krizia, Giorgio Armani, Matsuda, Catherine Hipp, or Yohji Yamamoto. This fall brings more of Macys than ever before—at the across-the-street former Liberty House: an expanded space for men's clothes, children's clothes, electronics.

For some of the world's most glamorous accessories, one heads straight to I. Magnin's mezzanine: where leathery smells from Hermès' saddlery compete with those from Bottega Veneta's basket-weave handbags. Ferragamo is here and Fendi, plus a Chanel boutique—for signature handbags, ropes of pearls and faux sapphires.

I. Magnin is a San Francisco tradition (since 1876), a symbol of the city's love of quality: on the store's brass, black lacquer, and tan marble first floor, Baccarat glass urns in the Caron boutique hold scents brought back from the turn of the century. I. Magnin carries Galanos clothes exclusively in San Francisco; it's where to head for a big silver-fox fur or for Ralph Lauren's most refined home furnishings.

Downtown, too, means Post Street—and Gucci or Mark Cross leathers, Gump's best-of-the-Orient pleasures, over fifty Galleria at Crocker Center shops and restaurants. In the Galleria, pots of sweet peas and orchids sit outside Floratek; at Japonesque, switchless modern lamps—or black, sculptural letter openers—come wrapped like works of art. The Galleria plays host, with equal ease, to Gianni Versace's sleek Italian men's and women's wear in no-color boutiques and to the nostalgic charm of the Old Poodle Dog Restaurant: a place of fringed silk lamp shades, rose-damask cloths. (Old Poodle Dog—first opened in 1876 and just moved to the Galleria—is California's oldest French restaurant.)

New and old sit comfortably side by side in this city. The corner of Geary and Grant is the spot for Comme des Garçons' futuristic men's and women's fashion boutique, as well as for the soon-to-open Eileen West Shop. There, among the natural granite, the rosewood flooring, and freestanding columns, among sleep clothes, dresses, and new Eileen West sportswear, are clothes for only-at-home special nights: powdery-pink charmeuse robes, narrow black-velvet pants and tulip-front tunics. For more rugged wear, one heads around the corner—to Banana Republic's store on Grant Street: to the best of dressing "gear"—khaki jumpsuits, safari jackets, shorts.

These shops on Grant and Geary may be signs of San Francisco's future; Jacqueline Perfumery speaks of San Francisco's past. In the same St. Francis Hotel spot since 1928, this shop offers—among the perfumes and toilet waters—Christian Dior and Lancôme cosmetics, French glass atomizers. Nearby on Geary Street, Britex has stacked bolts of fabric from floor to ceiling

Grace, romance, engineering drama: low fog gilds the Bay as Golden Gate Bridge spans the emptiness above

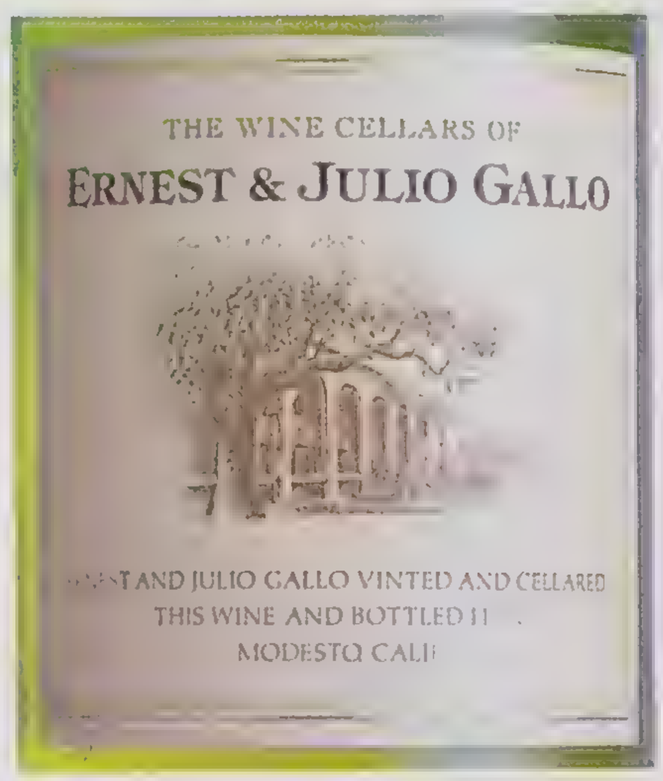
of its four-story shop for thirty years now. Today, Britex sends fabric swatches to customers around the world, sells black silk tulle embroidered with rhinestones (at $450/yard), antique buttons for earrings, highly fashionable—and glitzy—appliqués: in the form, say, of a sequined bow tie. Knowing tailors come here for couture fabrics—often the same ones that have been used that season by famous designers like Bill Blass or Anne Klein.

Among all downtown streets, Sutter may be the most specifically San Francisco. On four Sutter blocks, one can outfit a house, man, woman, child with great style; find YSL, Vuitton, Pierre Deux, or Laura Ashley. For Obiko, Bay Area artist-designers make most of the handwoven, hand-painted, one-of-a-kind women's clothes—highly sophisticated, easy-fitting, almost weightless layerings. Jessica McClintock's pale-grey Post-Modern interior sets off romantically flirty silk-jacquard dresses: this is where to come for clothes for a special occasion—some of them made especially for the event. *(Continued on page 474)*

Eugene Mihaesco

"SAN FRANCISCO! Open your Golden Gate. You'll let no stranger wait outside your door," go the words to The City's rollicking official song. Typifying San Francisco's open-arms welcome is Charlotte "Tex" Mailliard, Deputy Chief of Protocol and mover-shaker behind many a civic shindig.

"When company comes," says Charlotte Mailliard, "you do your best. And if company comes every day, you do your best every day."



Among her bests, a gala state dinner for H.R.H. The Queen of England, the Valentine's Ball at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the traffic yellow and black pyjama separates from the Adolph Schuman Collection at I. Magnin. "A hostess," she says, "needs to be seen!" Among her best wines to get a party started are the award-winning varietals of Ernest & Julio Gallo, celebrated among the local wines of northern California: "They're in my party-planning notebooks!"

Crepe de Chine cocktail and evening pyjama, white blouse with black piping and tie. By Adolph Schuman for Lilli Ann, at I. Magnin.

Ernest & Julio Gallo Gewürztraminer. Light, fragrant, a hint of fruitiness. A wine to enjoy before, during or after a meal.

I. Magnin

I. MAGNIN

BLACK TIE evenings are frequent all year in San Francisco, often joined to dinners beforehand or supper after at such famous restaurants as Modesto Lanzone's at Opera Plaza or at Ghirardelli Square. Favorite San Francisco choices are the glorious pasta, the veal with porcini. The standout among California wines is Ernest & Julio Gallo Limited Release 1978 Cabernet Sauvignon, crafted from grapes grown in the nearby Sonoma Valley and aged in costly oak. In San Francisco dressing means I. Magnin, where you'll find Jonathan Hitchcock, and more by the best American and European designers.

Ernest & Julio Gallo Limited Release 1978 Cabernet Sauvignon, the most celebrated of California varietal red wines.

Beaded short evening dress and silver lamé bodice long dress, both by Jonathan Hitchcock at I. Magnin. Modesto Lanzone, in wing collar, toasts the evening with music loving patrons at Modesto Lanzone's at Opera Plaza. Men's apparel from I. Magnin The Man's Store.

I. MAGNIN

A SAN FRANCISCO EVENING, EVERYTHING RIGHT AND JOYFUL, FROM THE WINES OF ERNEST & JULIO GALLO TO THE CLOTHES FOUND AT I. MAGNIN. The northern California style is elegant, adaptable to new ideas, always entertaining. San Franciscans delight in showing guests their best.

I. MAGNIN

SAILING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY. For a visitor it's as easy as hiring a boat and crew for the day and taking a picnic aboard. The menu reflects San Francisco's international flavor: duck salad with shitake mushrooms, native California caviar, local and imported cheeses, sourdough bread. You can order it from Narsai's Market at I. Magnin. The wine is dry, delicate Sauvignon Blanc by Ernest & Julio Gallo. Add to your Jag sailing gear at I. Magnin, too!

Ernest & Julio Gallo Sauvignon Blanc. Please a couple or a crowd. It goes with a picnic aboard, a luncheon at home.

Jag cotton sportswear from I. Magnin Contemporary Collections and I. Magnin The Mans Store. Jers. the Lindbergh jacket shown with sleeves zipped off over Jag Express shirt. Coventry trousers. Hill the Excelsior jacket over crewneck gym shirt. Elsmore Drill pants.

I. MAGNIN

ROMANCE IS FOR THE PRESENT in "the cool, grey city of love," as San Franciscans know it. From a hilltop Victorian bay window or the Leland Stanford Parlor at the Stanford Court Hotel, you'll see dramatic evening fogs off the Pacific Ocean, hear plaintive foghorns in the Bay. ❧ This is the hour of the "little evening," almost any night of the week. Time to put on your Jackie Rogers black velvet from I. Magnin, chill and uncork Ernest & Julio Gallo Limited Release Chardonnay, noted for its rich, oak-aged flavor and smooth finish. ❧ Beware the moment! This is when a visitor will recall, "I left my heart in San Francisco!"

Ernest & Julio Gallo Limited Release Chardonnay turns a meal into a romantic interlude.

Black velvet dress by Jackie Rogers, I. Magnin Fine Dress Salon. Baccarat "Malmaison" stemware, Ricci silver cooler, at I. Magnin. Photographed at the Stanford Court Hotel, for people who understand the subtle differences.

GALLERIA
AT CROCKER CENTER

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Casual Corner
Especially Petites
Gallen-Matti
Gianni Versace
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SHOES
Capezio
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JEWELRY
Conway Jewelers
Myrna Jewellery
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SPECIALTY
Cardology
Crabtree & Evelyn
Edwards Antiques
Floratek
From Fruits to Nuts
Galleria Fine Art & Graphics Co.
Godiva Chocolatier
Great Earth Vitamins
i. Natural Cosmetics
Japonesque
John Walker & Co.
LeSportsac
Malm Luggage
Marimekko
Mrs. Field's Cookies
Paper-Mania
Parfumerie Boutique
Ravits Watches & Clocks
Waldenbooks
The Wok Shop

RESTAURANTS
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SERVICES
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Eastern Newsstand
Galleria Shoe Repair
Galleria Tailors & Cleaners
Johnson Optical
Montgomery Street Travel Service

OVER 50 SHOPS
AT 50 POST STREET
Two blocks from Union Square

SAN FRANCISCO

7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 468)

Jeanne Marc has her signature print dresses, quilted jackets, and for clothes that are now carried by stores around the country.

Newest on Sutter Street: a Wilkes Bashford—this one for women—opened last month directly across from Wilkes's standout store for men. What that means is the best of American designer sportswear, accessories, European designer names galore: fashion from the likes of Giorgio Armani, Chloé, Ferre, Sonia Rykiel.

In Wilkes Bashford's chic tile-floored men's shop, Claude Montana leather jackets are lined up near piles of cashmere pullovers and pale shirt stripings from London's Hilditch & Key. This is where San Francisco men head for pieces from Alexander Julian, say, or Ralph Lauren.

Once fully outfitted, those men (and women) then head to Sutter Street's Williams-Sonoma for the perfect kitchen gizmo, cookbook, or copper pot. (Williams-Sonoma, too, is San Francisco-based.) La Ville du Soleil offers a total world unto itself, a grown-up's notion of a sophisticated toy store: it's stocked with everything from beribboned straw boaters . . . to the most exquisite of lace-and-satin boudoir pillows. Owner Lillian Williams decorates this shop with a stage dresser's flair: French marionettes hang from the ceiling, more-than-human-size animal figures whimsically populate the store.

When spirits flag, out-of-towners retire to their downtown hotels: nearby shopping provides enough of a reason to stay in the area around Union Square. The Campton Place Hotel, just off the square on Stockton Street, is a barely year-old place of great charm, where stylish guest rooms open off the bright light of a center atrium. With only 126 rooms to serve, hotel staff remember names, bring room-service orders piping hot, offer to unpack suitcases on check-in: clothes can be pressed here, any time, any day. Campton Place's dining room comes with velvety taupe upholstery, flowered Wedgwood china, sophisticated American cooking: soft-shell crabs, roast chicken stuffed with pine nuts, scrumptious strawberry rhubarb pie.

New, old, the best of San Francisco: the great-lady Clift Hotel, now under Four Seasons' management, has undergone a complete face-lift this year. In four months, $5.5 million were spent on the Four Seasons Clift: walls were knocked down to make for big bedrooms, rooms were brightened by chintz fabrics and classic furniture, given Four Seasons' intelligent details—

Details, last pages

Say goodbye, heart: Baghdad by the Bay on a summer's foggy day (above); the cable cars are back (right), and Nob Hill's got 'em; (below) one of San Francisco's gussied-up Victorians

A back-alley Chinatown market (above) in 1885; the spires of Sts. Peter and Paul's Catholic Church (right) rise above San Francisco's notorious North Beach District

big robes, bathroom scales, plenty of toiletries. Under French Room sky-high ceilings and shaded chandeliers, pink table napkins are folded in fan shapes, chairs are covered in petit point.

Guests' shoes get polished at night at the Clift—as a highly civilized regular hotel service. It's somehow fitting for this town.

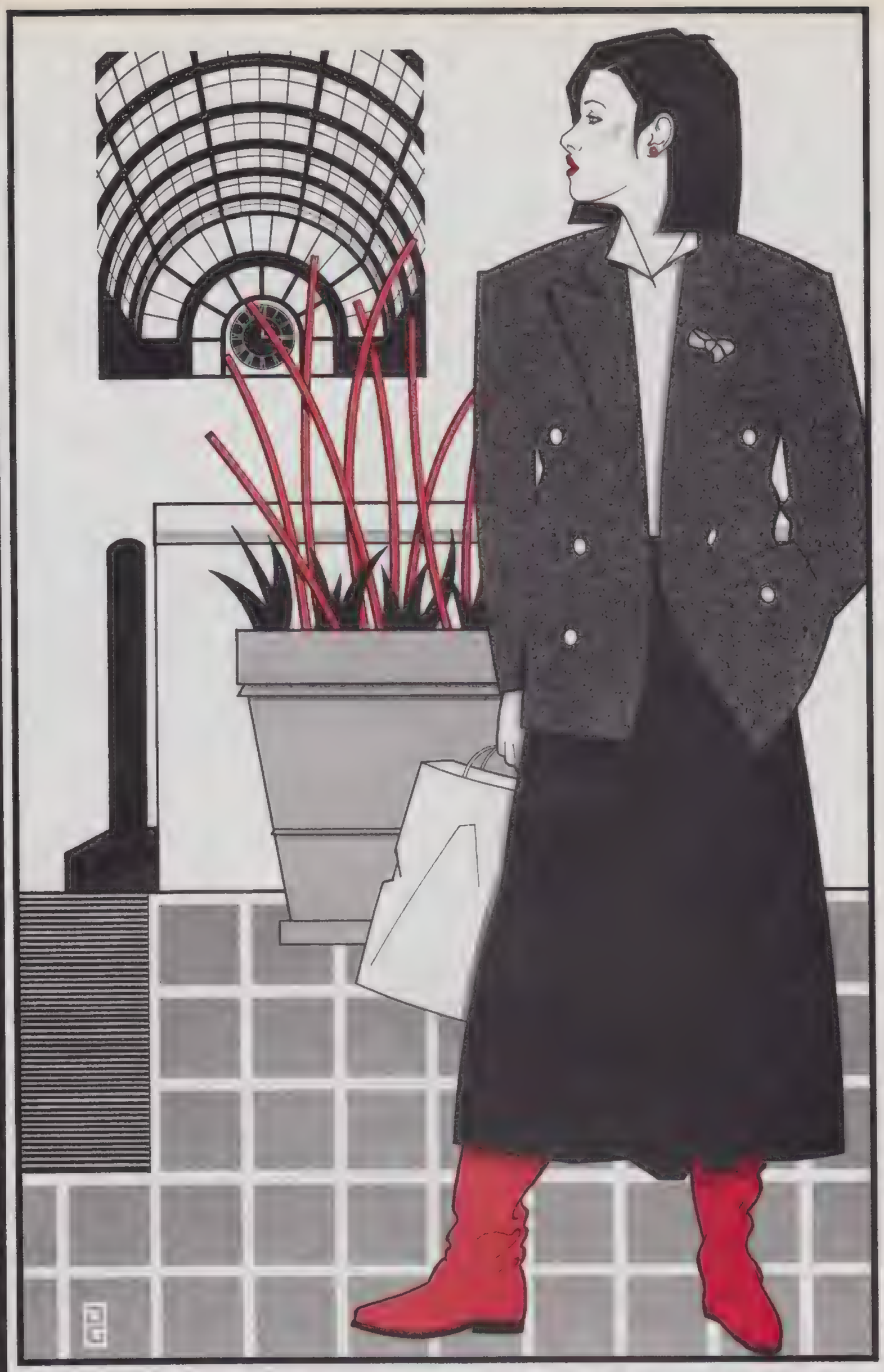
The season in San Francisco officially begins in September—with the opening of the Opera, accompanied by an annual black-tie, seriously gowned ball and appropriate partying. This season opened with Verdi's *Ernani* and Luciano Pavarotti, whom San Franciscans have almost adopted as their own. October brings *L'Elisir d'Amore, Madama Butterfly, Elektra, Anna Bolena*: opera in San Francisco is a tradition, a chance—still—to dress on Tuesday nights.

"Culture," at this moment, comes in all guises, at all levels: mime groups, street-theater extravaganzas, artist-architect collaborative projects for public spaces (such as at the Embarcadero Center), world-famous symphony and ballet companies, new art at John Berggruen or Fuller Goldeen's Grant Avenue galleries.

After eighteen seasons, The American Conservatory Theatre (A.C.T.), sells out The Geary Theatre. One of America's most respected classic repertory companies, it has fostered such actors as Marsha Mason, David Dukes, Amy Irving. This winter, A.C.T. offers Molière and Wilder, Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*, J.M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*.

Artistic "alumni" are a proud heritage here: San Francisco has played host, in various eras, to everyone from Bret Harte and Mark Twain to William Saroyan, to Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac. Today, the area's still a writer's spot. . .and the names would fill an eclectic *Who's Who in Literature:* Jessica Mitford, M.F.K. Fisher, Herb Gold, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, best-selling Danielle Steel. Robin Williams got his pre-*Mork* start here; Natalia Makarova is almost always in residence.

What people will hear about this winter in San Francisco—for starters: *Venice: The American View*, one hundred twenty heavily romantic oils, watercolors, etchings, and pastels by such Americans as Whistler, Prendergast, and John Singer Sargent—on view (until January 20) at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor; or Paul Klee and David Hockney in a fiftieth anniversary celebration at San Francisco's Museum of Modern Art. Eugene Kupjack's quite perfect miniatures will be shown at the third annual Fall Antiques Show, which takes over Fort Mason Center for six days, starting October 30. The Magic Theatre opens in October with the West Coast premiere of Jonathan *(Continued on page 476)*



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Refreshing. Civilized. Most definitely San Franciscan

7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 475)

Reynolds' wicked satire *Geniuses*, followed by a season of six other plays—with, most likely, one by Sam Shepard.

A diversity in the arts, in this day and age, requires active support: Charlotte Mailliard—whirlwind, transplanted Texan, party giver *par excellence*—currently sits on over twenty city/charitable/cultural boards: The War Memorial Board, board of governors of the symphony, trustees of the Museum of Modern Art.

"All of it has to be supported," she says. "That's the hard part, the money: about six hundred forty thousand people and all this is going on. We have some very generous corporations in San Francisco, but we don't have as many as, say, New York. They do get tired hearing from us."

A woman who grew up in a world of Texas politics, a longtime friend and jogging partner of Mayor Dianne Feinstein, she served the city in an unofficial capacity for years. "It doesn't make much difference; I don't care what I'm called," she laughs. "As long as you call me." Charlotte Mailliard is now San Francisco's full-time (unpaid) deputy chief of protocol.

"People ask me why I don't get paid for what I do," she says, "and I've really thought about it, simply because so many people ask me. I think—and I may be wrong—but I can go to the Bank of America, to Transamerica, and they know what I'm doing for nothing. They listen; I'm not just going after some little bit of this and some little that. I've done my homework; I know how much something is going to cost. And I wouldn't be involved in it if I didn't think it would make a difference."

As San Francisco's Sol Hurok, what Charlotte Mailliard does, with unsurpassed ability, is give parties: big-bash fund-raisers, city functions welcoming the Queen of England and Prince Philip, the King of Sweden, the President of Austria. For seven thousand Democratic convention delegates and alternates—plus spouses—this summer, she impresarioed a City Hall reception, with giant displays of California grapes, wines; confetti, and banners falling out of the sky; and appearances by Beach Blanket Babylon's San Francisco skyline hat, the symphony's string section, and choruses trilling "I left my heart in San Francisco." Fireworks are difficult indoors, but Charlotte Mailliard does them, too.

"This is a city that likes to have a good time," she says of her fund-raising, non-city functions. "I'd rather just ask for people's money than ask them to come to an

event that isn't absolutely spectacular. This is a small town; the same people go to all these events. If it's not fun, they won't come the next time, and I really need them.

"Some people just get involved; it's probably in their genes, they can't help themselves. I come from a very small town in Texas; I got up every day thinking that you decorated the gymnasium. Now, fortunately, I can decorate City Hall."

San Franciscans like their exercise outdoors, rather than in classes: be that playing tennis at one of the almost always available courts in a vest-pocket park... or following outlined exertions along the Marina's parcourse. Over one hundred thousand people turned out this spring for the Examiner Bay-to-Breakers marathon—a new record in this running city; Mayor Dianne Feinstein jogs in Golden Gate Park. On weekends, Golden Gate is a sea of roller skaters; others head for bikes to rent, paddle boating on Stow Lake, horses at the Golden Gate Park Riding Stables. Tall trees block out the city from one's sight; all that's left is a world of eucalyptus smells, cypress, calla lilies. Golden Gate gives up a bit of everything: waterfall, Japanese tea garden, the De Young Museum's Kress collection with Rubens and Van Dyck. There's even a bit of home-on-the-range at Golden Gate: bisons in the buffalo paddock.

When "quality of life" is spoken about here, it's said with a straight face. While young women fill shopping carts with easy-going clothes at Esprit de Corp's high-tech outlet shop, Esprit employees get noontime workouts at their own parcourse—with lawn tennis courts, running track, and even a volleyball net. San Francisco comes with its own acknowledgedly gourmet vegetarian restaurant: at Greens, one eats salads, rich breads, squash that's been grilled over mesquite, while looking out on a sailboat-filled harbor. At the entrance, a blue sign announces, "We Support the Nuclear Freeze"—but all politics and styles come to the Greens: lunch-dressed ladies, three-piece suits, kids in jeans. Here and there, a shaved head appears—Greens is Zen-Buddhist run. And one's apt to go away unfilled if he hasn't made a lunchtime reservation.

For eating well, there are endless breads to take home from the Tassajara Bread Bakery counter; on Union Street, Il Fornaio provides pasta, sauces, their own biscotti. Berkeley-based Cocolat has twenty-four kinds of truffles. Should a San Franciscan want to sin, a single truffle boxed in gold is a noticeably rich indulgence.

Along Sacramento Street, the pleasures of living well stack up in abundant supply: antiques or attractive odds and ends for one's Presidio or Pacific Heights house, pieces to outfit *(Continued on page 478)*

Photographer: Walter Swarthout

Drawing by Antonio

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(Continued from page 477)
the most fortunate of children. At Dottie Doolittle, hand-painted children's furniture sits cozily by toddler's dresses smocked by hand and Paper White Ltd. baby dresses with fine embroidery. At the across-the-street branch of the shop are the Ralph Lauren, Esprit, and bright Merona tops and pants to cover older kids in the family. On Sacramento, The Land of Counterpane—"a bookshop dedicated to young readers"—offers eight to ten thousand children's books at any time, afternoon story-telling sessions; at the Gingerbread shop is a wholly enchanting assortment of kids socks and shoes (up to women's size 10, men's size 6—"a lot of kids have big feet"). There's everything from baby-size loafers here—in Gucci-like black patent—to the brightest-of-bright high tops.

For somewhat more adult treasures, Sue Fisher King has waffle-weave robes in Necco-wafer colors, Italian pottery pieces, highly refined linens. In Virginia Breier's Gallery, two doors away, there's everything from inventive "wearable" art to Peter Shire-designed spatterware, to New Mexican folk art. A half-day goes fast on Sacramento Street—especially if it includes lunch at the marble-topped tables of Tuba Garden; it ends best with a quick dash around the corner to Presidio Avenue and Bloomers for peonies, branch orchids, forget-me-nots. Tubs of cut flowers line the floor in dizzying assortment.

Pacific Heights blocks are quietly green, its houses some of San Francisco's grandest: this is the Getty's neighborhood. Pacific Heights now even has its own small "neighborhood" hotel, The Sherman House—opened this summer. In what was an 1876 mansion and carriage house are fifteen suites—a world of upholstered walls, wall safes, linen sheets, eighteenth-century antiques. Some black-granite bathrooms come with wood-burning fireplaces. Rooms, quite fittingly at Sherman House, cost between three and six hundred dollars a night.

Fresh, light food; home-grown inventiveness; plenty of charcoal grilling: these are the stuff of the new California cooking—"cooking," not "cuisine." " 'Cuisine' implies years of tradition," says Alice Waters. "Dishes that are tried and true. I don't think it's developed to that point yet. We're just trying to find out what there is to eat, what the foodstuffs are, and the next stage is to try to cook with that."

If a style of cooking could be said to have a single beginning, *(Continued on page 480)*

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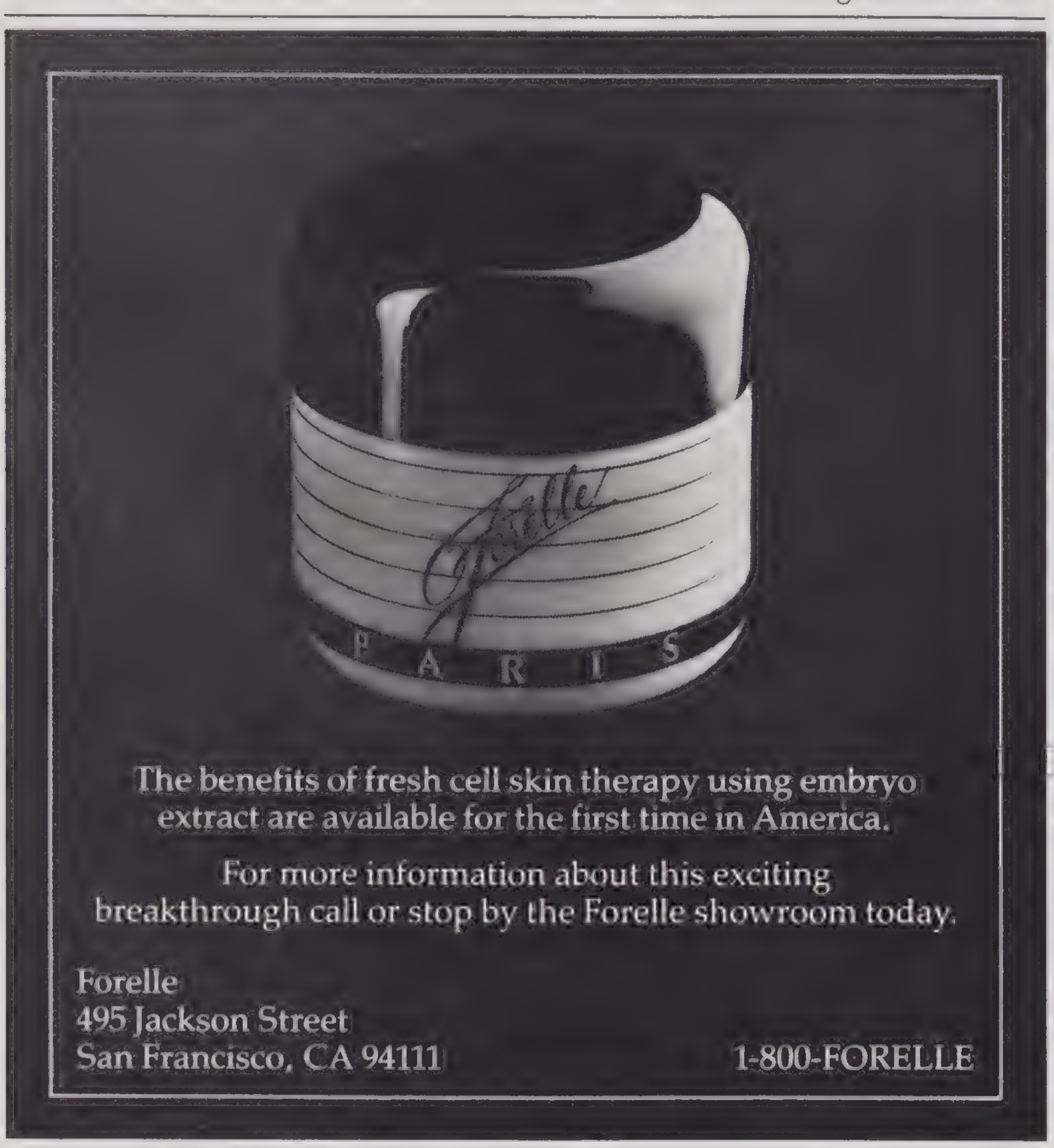

7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 478)

that non-cuisine pretty much began twelve years ago here at Waters' Chez Panisse restaurant, a rustic-looking Berkeley world of unmatched china, white linens, serious dining. Chez Panisse, by original intention, was to be small enough "to run itself"; Waters' fame has long since ruled out that notion. She now oversees Panisse and its easier-going, no-reservations Café Panisse upstairs. Two chefs command the restaurants' separate kitchens.

Chez Panisse is not for free spirits or the determinedly independent: a sign by the restaurant's entrance states firmly that "This Door Stays Open" to fresh air; no charge cards are accepted, no smoking. Each evening, a single menu is offered at $40 *prix fixe*, and mimeographed bulletins are issued weekly advising what's up: anything from steamed salmon with rose-petal butter and spring vegetables...to wilted salad and grilled quails. Each of five courses is something of a surprise, a new juxtaposition. "You've got to please yourself, no matter what," Waters says. "Then you have to keep stirring it up, changing the ideas around enough so that people are always a bit off guard."

What Alice Waters has created, in the process, is a new guard of young chefs; after time in Waters' kitchen, they are going on to their own places to continue changing San Francisco's eating style. Look at many of the Bay Area's new and best restaurants, and there's Chez Panisse in their family trees: Jeremiah Tower, for one, worked as a chef under Waters, and now is the man behind the standout Santa Fe Bar and Grill in Berkeley, Stars (an "American brasserie" just opened near the Opera Plaza), and the Balboa Cafe—known for its great lunches served by fluorescent jukebox. Louisiana sausage and string potatoes at Berkeley's Fourth Street Grill come from the hands of Mark Miller, another Panisse graduate; Joyce Goldstein, last spring, started Square One. From her open kitchen, each day, she devises wholly different menus: pastas, grilled meats and fish, eating that's wonderfully eclectic.

Of this new chef's lineage, Waters says, "It all connects back to people like James Beard and Julia Child; mine came from Europe and from various cookbooks—I'm just passing that on." The boom in chef/owner restaurants, furthermore, isn't only offering new eating choices, Alice Waters feels, it's also changing the dining establishment. "When the fancy restaurants take notice, I think *(Continued on page 482)*

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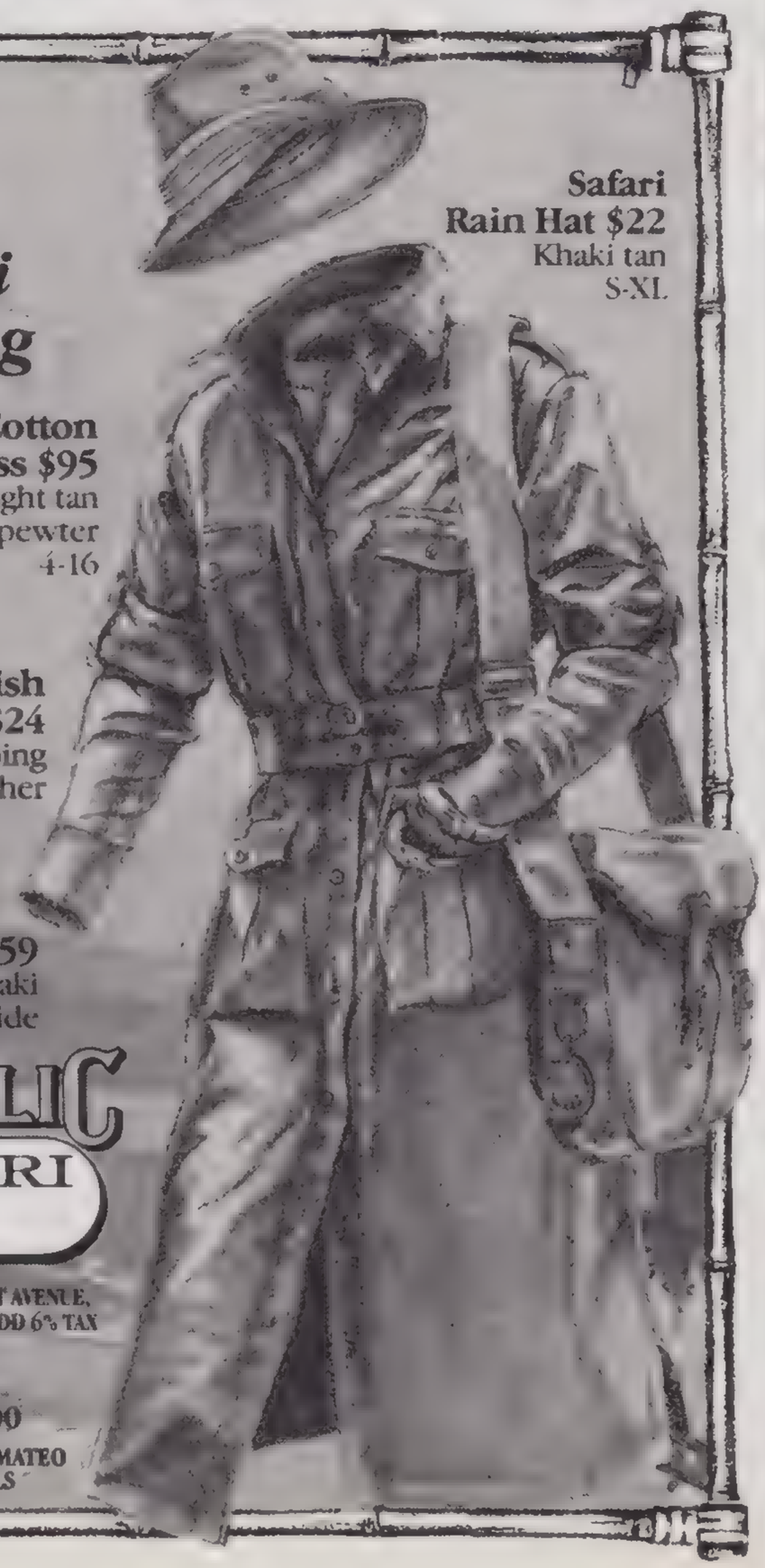

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7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 480)

that's good. They have to turn around and say, 'Oh, they're serving garden lettuce, maybe we better check into our garden'; they're hiring different cooks—people that are not so staid, a young group who have more interest in serving fresh food. I think it's a very good sign, and it's happening all over the United States. Maybe a bit more slowly some places.''

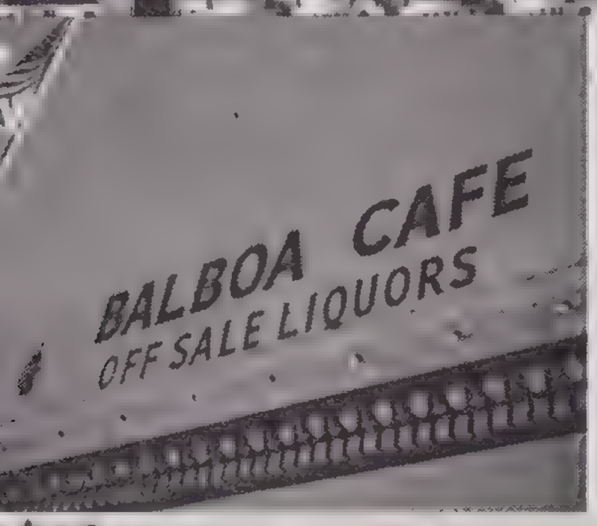
Waters—small, young looking—essentially finds her pleasure in feeding people. ''All the schooling in the world is a lot less important than what kind of relationship you have with the food. There's some nurturing in there, too; I have much more desire to feed people than to work on an artistic creation in the kitchen. Some chefs who have worked here, men, haven't quite understood that with me. I'd be happiest standing there at a single crepe burner, someone opposite me with knife and fork.''

Alice Waters has a year-old daughter; other kitchen members have babies; she's thought, half seriously, of packaging Chez Panisse baby food. Two of her daughter's first dining experiences—beyond milk and cereal—were from Alice's kitchen. The child ate well: ''pork in apple sauce, a little bit of quail with puréed peeled grapes.''

What's new in San Francisco? Well, convening Democrats have gone, but the cable cars have returned. After an almost-two-year, $60 million refurbishing (new cables, new tracks), these symbols of San Francisco are back in gear, climbing the steep side of Nob Hill: good news for the city—and out-of-breath tourists.

By cable, foot, or taxi, Nob Hill is always worth the trip: for dinner or late-night piano music and drinks at L'Etoile in The Huntington Hotel; for European-style staying at the Stanford Court; for the map-like view of the city from the Mark Hopkins Inter-Continental Top of the Mark, where buffet lunch is an out-of-towners' tradition. TV's *Hotel* uses Nob Hill's Fairmont Hotel as its on-camera symbol; these days, at the Mark Hopkins, one's apt to find cast, crew, white lights, and Loni Anderson—filming *Partners in Crime*. In an invariably scenic city, visiting film crews are less the exception than the rule. San Franciscans still watch—seven years after the show's last episode—*The Streets of San Francisco* (and Michael Douglas) each week in reruns.

In honor of the cable cars' return last summer, San Francisco staged a city-wide party; Charlotte Mailliard wrote to the Chamber of Commerce, to corporations,



Houses (top), zigzag up a hill; an offspring (left) of Chez Panisse; Mayor Dianne Feinstein (below)

"Don't be a scrooge. Let everybody off to come out and have a giant all-day picnic."

Corporate sponsors of the refurbishings—at $100,000 each—held private on-cable-car parties; there were picnics all across the city, the Stanford band paraded, Tony Bennett sang.

The notion—"the world's biggest party"—is a very San Francisco-like one.

Napa Day-tripping
By Karen Anderegg

The wine country of California is an hour-plus drive north of San Francisco, through the Valley of the Moon into a different world: on a scale of 10, give it a 7 for unspoiled, a 9 for beautiful, and a 9.9 as the source of the best American wines today.

Three days gives you time to tour various wineries at a relaxed pace and come back believing you've been away at least a week. There's something about this area of broad, flat vineyards backed by low mountains that feels like Europe, yet provides the ease of an American vacation.

No matter what your schedule, go straight to the vineyard of your choice for a tour, a wine sampling, and a picnic on the grounds. An ideal plan would be to pick up some Chardonnay at Grgich Hills, then continue on to *(Continued on page 484)*

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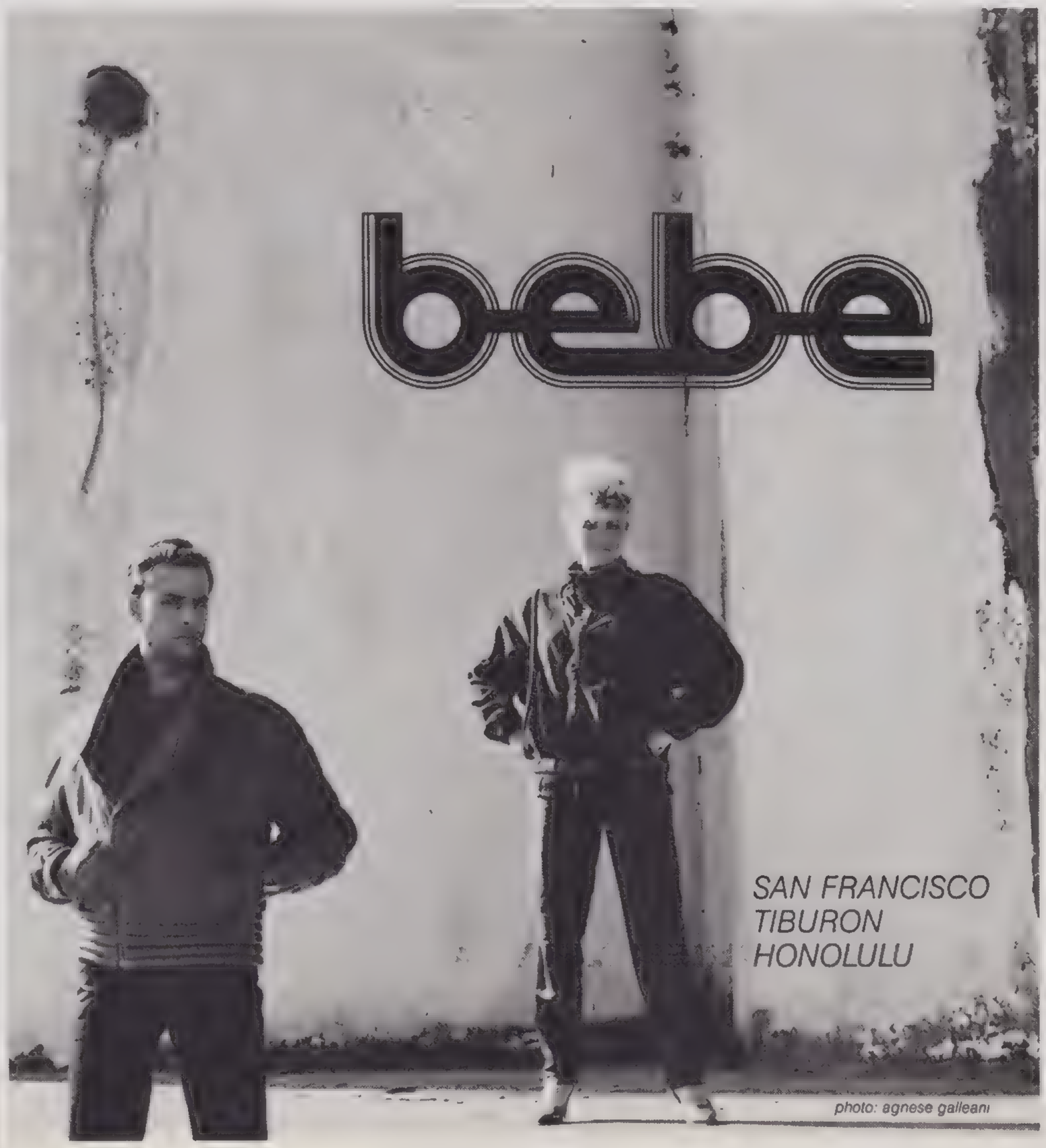

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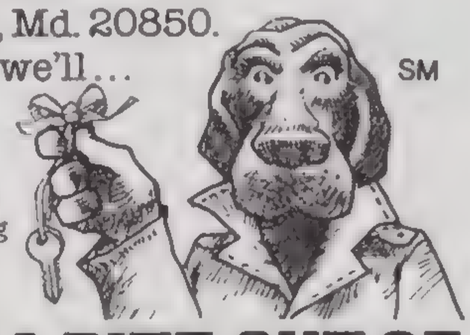

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7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 483)

Rutherford Hill (cute T-shirts, a postcard view of the valley) or even Hop Kiln in Sonoma (shades of *Shoot the Moon*) for more lyric picnicking. (To paraphrase, "a wine's first duty is to be red"; in wine country, a picnic's first duty is to be catered—a service delectably available to those who remember to plan ahead.)

The scale of the area is what makes one comfortable—Napa's vineyards all lie within the circumference of half an hour's drive; the Sonoma and Alexander Valleys are also an easy drive from most inns. What is particularly pleasing is the consistently gracious behavior of virtually all the winery personnel. (Important to note: While many vineyards welcome drop-in visitors, a considerable number require an appointment, especially on weekends and holidays. And not all offer free tastes.)

Among my favorite wineries for some of California's very best Chardonnays: Acacia, Château St. Jean, and Grgich Hills. Mike Grgich is a Yugoslav who—like many vintners—has the irresistible charm of a person who is doing exactly what he loves most. His 1977 Chardonnay Sonoma won 1980's big Chicago tasting of over two hundred wines, among them many of the great white Burgundies....Schramsberg, near Calistoga, makes only Champagne, the one that President Nixon took to Beijing. It's delicious, and hard to find, because much of it is sold to U.S. embassies. The best is the vintage Schramsberg Reserve ....At Tom and Sally Jordan's extravagant winery in Sonoma they are producing an excellent Cabernet Sauvignon, deliberately styled after Bordeaux. Their vineyard and château, too, are styled after those in Bordeaux—and on as grand a scale.

A big, more commercial vineyard, which provides a contrast to the "boutique wineries," is Sterling—located in a white Moorish-modern castle spread-eagled on a hillside reached by gondola lift....Like many others, Stag's Leap Wine Cellars (which did brilliantly with its Cabernet Sauvignon in some of the early tastings against grand cru Bordeaux) is small and efficient. Drop in and, as at most of the smaller outfits, you may find the owner doing his own labeling and, inevitably, eager to talk about his wine.

This is American ingenuity bolstered by centuries of French experience, and the French have not only given advice but joined the effort: first at Chandon, more recently in the joint Château Mouton-Rothschild/Robert Mondavi venture, and the far-west

"branch" of Louis Roederer Cristal, whose first U.S. Champagne can be sampled within a year or two.

Then there's the happy discovery of restaurants serving food that matches the high quality of the wines. Nechutnys, the chef of Miramonte in St. Helena, formerly of Domaine Chandon's still excellent restaurant, studied with Paul Bocuse in France. (Miramonte has two attractive suites above the restaurant for those who reserve well ahead.) . . . At The French Laundry, in Yountville, the whole Schmitt family is involved: Sally is the chef, Don oversees the superb California wine list, and the kids (good-looking blonds in their twenties) serve. (A Memorial Day weekend reservation here must be made a couple of months in advance.)

More: though Masa, the original superchef, has left Auberge du Soleil to open his own restaurant in San Francisco, the site, nestled in the curve of a hill beneath Rutherford Hill winery and above the valley, remains spectacular, and so is the food. . . . Le Rhone, which pulled up its San Francisco stakes for wine country, and Rose et Le Favor in St. Helena are both among the top restaurants. . . . The Calistoga Inn in Calistoga has excellent fish, and a casual crowd. . . Try Mustard's in Yountville for gourmet grill. . . And El Diner, also in Yountville, is where to go for the best, freshest, hugest portions of Mexican food. (Expect to wait for a table—worth it—and switch to beer, here.)

St. Helena and Calistoga are sleepy little Western towns, fun to wander through. For provisions, the Oakville Grocery in Oakville is an unlikely, dusty-yellow Edward Hopper-style building outside, but pure Dean & DeLuca inside. The Napa Valley Olive Oil Manufacturing Company in St. Helena is a much more modest place, offering wonderful local walnuts and olive oil, as well as picnic stock: a wide range of salami, olives, cheeses.

The Wine Country Inn outside of St. Helena makes for a perfect stopover: convenient central location; vast comfortable rooms with local oak furniture; casual service, which means no phone in the room, no room service. Breakfast, on the "earthy/crunchy" side—fresh muffins, fruit, and juice in the general dining room—is self-service. There are more luxurious options, such as Silverado in Napa, but those places, while nice, are everywhere: in California, why not try what's Californian?

To read: *The Connoisseur's Handbook of Californian Wines* (Knopf), by Charles Olken, Earl Singer, and Norman Roby. It's an exhaustive book, with critical evaluations of specific wines, wineries, and information on the districts.

(Continued on page 486)

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7 CITIES/SAN FRANCISCO

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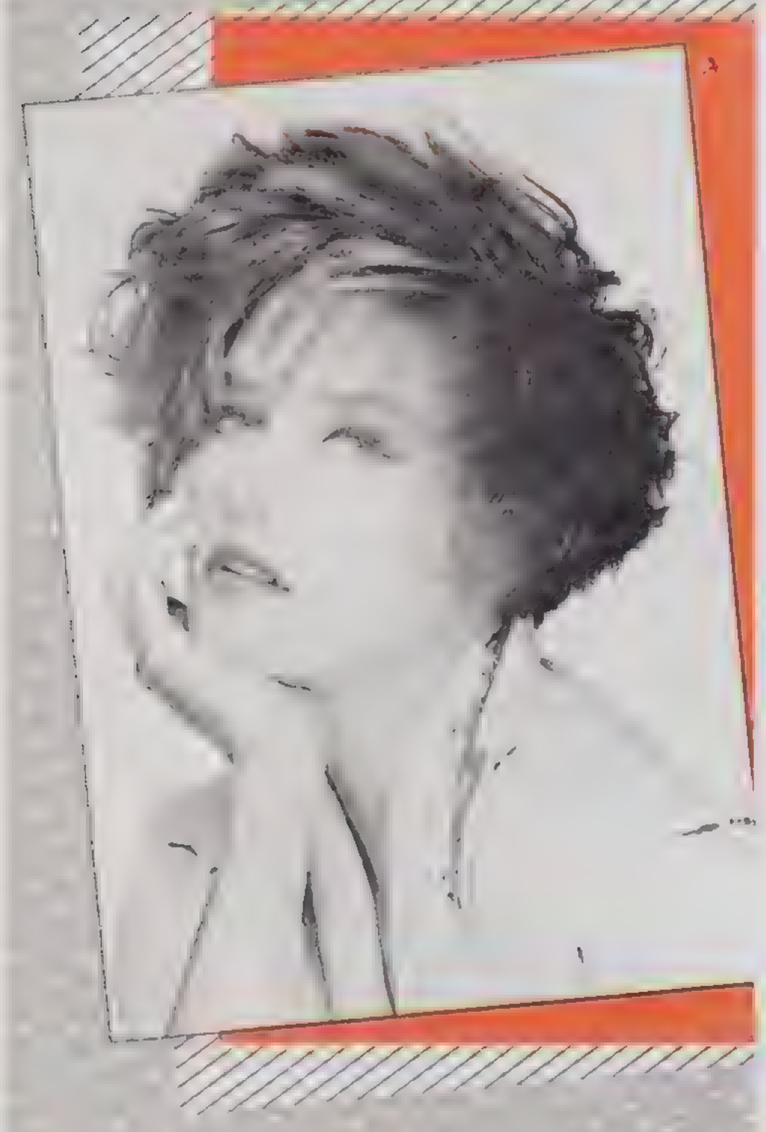

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style talk

Here, an interview with one of NYC's top hairstylists...

A new understanding of women's needs, demands: the impetus behind the latest thinking, the new directions in hair, from Suga of NYC's Suga Salon, who did the models' hair on pages 578 to 599...

Hairstyling: a new approach... "The way we think about hairstyling is changing. Women no longer expect to be limited to just one style. As we know, the basis of any hairstyle is the haircut—that hasn't changed. What has changed is that we expect that cut to do more than one thing. A woman should be able to get several looks out of a cut, as quickly and easily as possible."

Haircuts: a new way of thinking... "In addition to giving you more than one look, a good haircut should give you ease in achieving those looks. I don't think anyone should spend more than fifteen minutes styling her hair. Another indication of how good the haircut is: how good hair looks between cuts. The best compliment a woman can get is to be on her way to see me for a cut after eight weeks and be stopped on the way and asked, 'Where did you get your hair cut?' A good cut looks good—even as it grows out."

A difference in lengths... "The newest way to cut hair is with a variety of lengths on one head, which gives women the versatility they want. Two of the most popular ways to do this are by cutting the hair very short at the sides and nape and leaving the crown long, or by cutting the hair into a bob—straight and blunt at the sides—and then layering the top. This allows you to pin the hair up or pull it back and have the look of shorter hair in the front. With the shorter style, you can use a little gel or mousse and spike the longer hairs for a different look or slick them back for even more variety."

New ways with texture... "I like the practicality of combining various textures within one style; but I don't necessarily like the look of it. You don't want people to say, 'Oh, your hair is half permed!' But a little body wave in the back of the head, say, or at the crown, could give some women the extra body they need."

Innovations: the news in products and their use... "The products we're using a lot right now are mousses, which look like shaving foam, and gels, which are stronger and might be better for people with fine hair. A gel is also good if you want to concentrate it in one spot—just at the roots say, as you pull the hair away from the head to give a style more volume. Mousses spread easily and are better to use all over the head."

Equipment: the latest basics... "When it comes to equipment, I think people should use their fingers more—to detangle wet hair, to style hair, 'scrunching' it to bring out waves and curls, setting pincurls, lifting hair at the roots for volume. In addition, it's good to have a wide-tooth comb to use on wet hair; and, if you blow dry, a round brush two inches in diameter to curve your hair. If you're not very dexterous with a brush and dryer, you might want to use electric rollers or sponge rollers to give hair some shape. If your hair is wavy or curly, get a diffuser. This is simply an attachment you put on the end of a blow dryer to cut the wind, so your hair won't straighten out as you dry it."

Determining personal style... "Your face shape, hair texture, age, way of life, and body shape all play a part in determining which hairstyle is best for you. There is nothing wrong with wanting the trendiest looks—but you will most likely have to translate them, or modify them, to suit you personally. The popular short-at-the-sides style might not work for women who need more hair or more volume to frame a narrow face or to balance a broad body. These women might need to grow their hair a bit longer at the sides, or seek another style.

"You have to realize, too, that when you see a style in a magazine, there is a hairstylist right at hand whom you do not see, who is there to create and keep on recreating the style. Sometimes you'll find that you can't duplicate these styles...Sometimes, even if you can, you'll find they simply won't last all day. Again, you have to translate the look into a style that works for you."

What's coming... "This season, with all the menswear clothing, you will still see a lot of short hair. Usually, though, after short hair comes long hair and vice versa. Probably in a year or so hair will be getting longer—I won't say long, but longer. But no matter what the length—or lengths or texture—the haircut should make a woman look like a woman. And a woman should look attractive." ▽

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THE BEST OF Wines

Splendido! All the warmth and heady pleasures of Italy—by the glass

By Martin Gersh

The Italian red table wines from Piedmont, Tuscany, and Umbria that you will soon encounter here are so outstanding that I find myself wondering whether even the considerable praise I have heaped upon each and every bottle does them, in the end, full justice. This extraordinary group includes many Riservas that exemplify what a Riserva is all about: a wine that evolves in a painstaking manner requiring extensive aging at the winery (usually four to six years), thus making it costlier but also far longer-lived than the "normal" version of that wine. As for the rest, even the Antinori Tignanello 1980 and the excellent non-Riserva Barbaresco 1979 of Scarpa with which we shall start received at least three years of overall aging.

All the wines reviewed below met my four criteria for selecting distinguished reds: solid structure, fine complexity, seductive taste characteristics, and impressive durability. I haven't a shred of doubt that every one of them will live at full strength for fifteen years beyond its inception—and many will do far better than that. By and large, they are readily available and well worth what you will pay for them. Though most are not exactly household names, they deserve to be. They come from long-established firms that continually strive to come up with better and more efficient ways to vinify their products without curtailing their quality. I have judged all of them by precisely the same rigorous standards I have always applied to the greatest French reds from Bordeaux and Burgundy. Therefore, I do not designate wines of this caliber and country of origin as "fine Italian wines" but rather as fine wines that just happen to be Italian.

A final comment, singling out the Barolos: In my August 1982 Vogue column on the subject of Barolos I mentioned that among three long-range personal goals I had little hope of achieving was that of drinking and telling you about every good Barolo made today. Since then, approximately thirty additional worthy Barolos, including the nine dazzling examples evaluated here, have come my way and received my enthusiastic recommendation—a profound satisfaction, even though I am still not much nearer to attaining my ultimate goal!

RECOMMENDATIONS

Tignanello 1980 (Antinori) Probably the most delicate and benign of the six vintages of this wondrous Tuscan wine produced to date—a true aristocrat whose finely integrated taste elements contain suggestions of peaches and plums. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration 6-6½ hours. $14-$16. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings in order to prevent fading.)

Barbaresco 1979, I Tetti di Neive (Scarpa) Well-structured, vibrant, ample-bodied, with a terrific, really dense strawberry-like fruit constituent, this is a formidable Barbaresco of great merit. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $9-$10.

Barbera d'Asti Superiore 1979 (Contratto) Like most Barberas, this red from Piedmont shows quite aggressive acidity for several hours after it has been uncorked. However, you will be amply rewarded for assiduously following my aeration instructions when you discover it to be a stunning, tremendously animated, smooth-textured wine of adequate body with an astringent Framboise-tinged fruit aspect and good aging potential. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. Aeration: 3½-4 hours. $5-$6.

Chianti Classico Riserva 1979 (Villa Antinori) A superior Riserva of good size, notable for its sumptuous red plum fruitiness—deeply satisfying in all ways. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 10-11 years. Aeration: 3¾-4¼ hours. $5.50-$6.50.

Barolo Riserva 1978, Vigna Bianca (Fontanafredda) Huge, penetratingly fruity, its spicy flavor reminiscent of red currants and enhanced by a salty-sweet finish, this is a superb, glamorous Piedmontese wine. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 15-17 years. Aeration: 6½-7 hours. $12.50-$13.50.

Chianti Classico Riserva 1978 (Badia a Coltibuono) An intensely concentrated, first-class Tuscan wine with outspoken, slightly smoky black currant fruitiness emphasized by a long-enduring second taste. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 5½-5¾ hours. $7-$9.

Barolo Riserva 1978, Vigna Lazzarito (Fontanafredda) Young, titanic, finely knit, with an opulent red raspberry fruit component—a magnificent Barolo that epitomizes everything this wine can be when both nature and the winemaker have done their best work. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 18-20 years. Aeration: 8¾-9¼ hours. $12.50-$13.50

Barbaresco Riserva 1978 (Pio Cesare) A scintillating, premier-quality Barbaresco with dense, really magical *fraise des bois* fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 15-16 years. Aeration: 6¾-7¼ hours. $18-$20.

Barolo Riserva 1978 (Pio Cesare) Velvety, meditative, revealing a harmonious fusion of all its taste elements, including a vivid black currant fruit aspect—a wonderful, ample-bodied Barolo. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 16-17 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $19-$20.

Barbaresco Riserva del Centenario 1978 (Giuseppe Contratto) Vital, enchanting, featuring multifaceted red raspberry fruitiness marked by a distinct tang. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 5¾-6 hours. $11-$12.

Barbaresco Riserva Speciale 1978 (Bersano) Bewitching, redolent of red currants, highly animated yet so graceful—a great beauty reminiscent of a monumental Burgundy such as Clos de Vougeot. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 17-18 years. Aeration: 7½-8 hours. $16-$17.

Barolo 1978 (Fontanafredda) An exceptionally handsome, powerful, traditional Barolo of satiny texture whose generous fruitiness lingers long on the palate. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $11-$12.

Brunello di Montalcino Riserva 1978 (Il Poggione) From Tuscany, this is a splendid, worldly red wine of substantial size and pinpoint concentration characterized by great finesse and rare charm. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 16-17 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $32-$35.

Barola Riserva Speciale 1978, Vigna La Rosa (Fontanafredda) A spectacular bottle of unsurpassed stature—immense, bold in its thrust, richly fruity, displaying a delightful touch of sweetness in its finish. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 18-20 years. Aeration: 8½-9 hours. $12.50-$13.50.

San Giorgio 1978 (Lungarotti) Stylistically akin to a fine Bordeaux from an excellent vintage year but with a little Italian zing to it—a fascinating, eminently civilized wine from Umbria. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 14-15 years. Aeration: 6¼-6¾ hours. $18-$19.

Barolo Riserva 1978, Ginestra di Monforte d'Alba (Prunotto) An exemplary Barolo—massive yet surprisingly alluring, with exquisite red cherry fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 14-16 years. Aeration: 6½-7 hours. $14-$15.

Barolo Riserva del Centenario 1978 (Giuseppe Contratto) This is a dignified, silken-textured wine with tremendous inner strength, exhibiting a beautiful, deep, plum-like fruit component among its many fine attributes. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 14-15 years. Aeration: 6-6½ hours. $16-$17.

Barolo Riserva 1978, Vigna La Delizia (Fontanafredda) Flawlessly structured, moderately large-bodied, showing prune-tinged fruitiness—a glorious bottle from Piedmont. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 5½-6 hours. $12.50-$13.50. *(Continued on page 500)*

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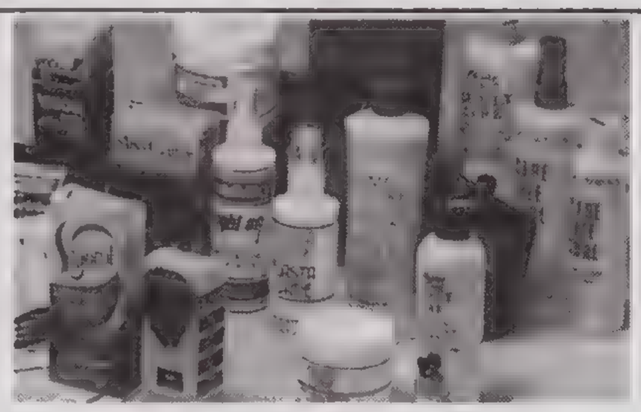

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ITALIAN RED WINES

(Continued from page 494)

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Chianti Classico Riserva 1977 (Badia a Coltibuono) Youthful, big, warm-blooded, possessing a beguiling red currant fruit element and outstanding complexity—a wine of exceptional authority. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5½-6 hours. $7-$9.

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Chianti Classico Riserva 1975 (Badia a Coltibuono) A stunning and noble example—full-bodied, impeccably balanced, with delicious prune-plum fruitiness and a long-lasting second taste. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 11-13 years. Aeration: 4½-4¾ hours. $13-$15.

Vino Nobile di Montepulciano Riserva 1975 (Fassati) Polished, gentle, well-integrated, with a ravishing red plum fruit component—a particularly fine wine. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 6-7 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $9-$10.

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Chianti Classico Riserva 1971 (Badia a Coltibuono) Stylistically akin to a French Médoc, suave, very grand, revealing a sumptuous ripe plum flavor, this is a majestic, soul-satisfying Riserva. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 11-13 years. Aeration: 3-3¼ hours. $17-$19.

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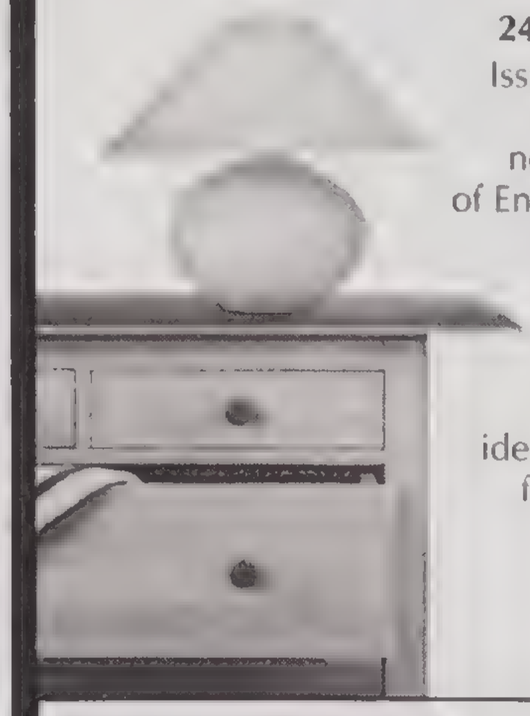

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Fall forecast: a return to classic flowers, elegant tables...formality that's fun

By Barbara Kafka

Madderläke (25 East 73rd Street; 212-879-8400), one of New York City's more avant-garde florists—providing decorations for parties for rock stars and socialites—has moved from outré designs to a more classic country look for fall. They are choosing deep, natural colors that mimic autumn leaves. Around the open, spontaneous-seeming arrangements they are placing perfect fruits as objets d'art....For a centerpiece—the simple beauty of gleaming red apples in an earthenware bowl is a charming solution for fall. I like to use Lunéville pottery which now comes in a radiant yellow with hand-painted darker red flowers as well as the traditional eighteenth-century style, pink and red roses and tulips on white background. It is available at La Cuisinière (867 Madison Avenue, NYC; 212-861-4475).

The art of the great party

Janet and Roger Yaseen are a pair of the greatest hosts we know. In addition to being a stockbroker, he is national president of the Chaine des Rôtisseurs (a superior French-based gastronomic association) and a connoisseur of fine wines. She is a fabulous cook, an orchid gardener, and a tireless provider of original and amusing hospitality. They have created a maisonette, a duplex, on the ground and second floors of a Fifth Avenue, New York City, apartment building as a perfect setting for both intimate dinners and large parties.

The ground-floor rooms give onto a large garden with a terrace where, this summer, fifty people—surrounded by flowering azaleas and shaded by a variety of mature trees that block out the view of surrounding buildings—ate a buffet of a grand *aiöli*: platters of cold poached fish, marinated snails, a vast array of many-hued steamed vegetables, with the classic garlicky mayonnaise, *aiöli*, as well as a rich peppery-red *rouille*. The waiters, attractive young people who serve at all the Yaseens' parties and have fun doing it, carried out the Provençal theme by wearing blue-and-white-striped Mediterranean sailors' jerseys, white pants and espadrilles, and sported black-crayon silent-movie mustaches.

Even when it is too cool to eat in the garden, it is still used as a place for smoking and barbecuing. A favorite hors d'oeuvre is long-marinated duck breast, smoke-cooked until hot but still rare inside and then thinly sliced on a diagonal to make a spectacular beginning to a meal. You can try it yourself from the*(Continued on page 504)*

At the Yaseens' table: the opulence of Ming porcelain figurines, exotic lobster with ginger

Great chefs *may insist that no salt be available to diners, but at home—as we may be cooking with less salt now—salt belongs on the table. Well-dressed tables are returning to open salt cellars. A Paris hostess we know uses extra salts from her collection as containers for miniature flower arrangements. A few superlative examples, above, from bottom, counterclockwise: eighteenth-century gadroon-edged, blue-glass lined silver; Green Bilston enamel, c. 1785, (James Robinson, NYC); Regency salt with beaded edge; George II silver, c. 1743 (F. Gorevic & Son, NYC); Tiffany Favrile glass.*

Photos *from top, clockwise:* JEFF MCNAMARA, TOHRU NAKAMURA, BETH BAPTISTE

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ENTERTAINING

(Continued from page 502)

recipe that follows. You will see that it is very rich and almost irresistible. It will make you wonder how the gloriously red-haired Mrs. Yaseen stays so slimly elegant.

Sometimes the Yaseens' parties are about serious food and wine; sometimes they are a hoot; but always the food is marvelous, and the hosts are organized and relaxed enough so that everyone can have fun. Every year, they give an end-of-the-bin party serving up the odd bottles of wine left from cases. Their odds and ends are worth fighting to taste. (What else would you expect of people half of whose TV room is a glass-enclosed, temperature-controlled wine cellar?)

This year, the party began with five tête-de-cuvée Champagnes, among them the rare and wonderful 1971 Dom Pérignon Rosé. Then there were five California Chardonnays. For most tasters, the high point of the evening was the group of seven premier crus Bordeaux and the La Tâche, Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, 1969. The Bordeaux were Château Latour, 1945 (its greatest year), 1959, and 1961; Château Petrus, 1961 and 1964; Château Lafite-Rothschild, 1961; and Château Mouton-Rothschild, 1961. The hosts' and your editor's favorite part of the tasting came with the group of eight sweet white dessert wines from Sauternes, the Moselle, the Rheingau, Hungary, and California. Each guest received a scoring sheet for comments. What could have been an overly serious evening was lightened as eager gastronomes wandered around in search of the taste they wanted, chatting as they went.

JANET YASEEN'S SMOKED DUCK BREASTS

Serves six to eight as first course

Honey Marinade

⅓ cup salt
½ cup sugar
10 cloves
2 teaspoons crushed black peppercorns
⅓ cup honey
Optional: 1 teaspoon potassium nitrate (to keep meat red)

3 whole Muscovy duck breasts, halved and boned
3 cups hickory chips soaked in water

Combine marinade ingredients in large pot with 1 gallon water. Simmer 10 minutes; cool. Place duck breasts in marinade. Weigh down with large plate to keep them submerged. Leave in refrigerator for five days.

In bottom of barbecue with cover and air vents, place an aluminum foil pan to catch drippings. Place a thin layer of charcoal untreated with chemicals around the drip pan. Light the charcoal and wait until it has burned down slightly. Spread damp hickory chips evenly on the charcoal. Place a grill over fire and pan. Place breasts skin-side down on grill. Cover and open vents half way. Smoke-cook (cool temperature, about 130°.) for 1½ hours without turning.
Slice duck thinly on the bias and serve alone or on bread with lots of napkins handy. ▽

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Lusty pleasures—Spanish nibbles, a Paris tart, the best tomato sandwich—the high price of eating out

By Barbara Kafka

I've never known an artist who didn't love to eat and most are good cooks. There seems to be an affinity between art and food. There are a legion of stories of restaurant owners in France who got rich by taking paintings from impoverished artists in exchange for dinner. Some are apocryphal; but the famous collection of La Colombe d'Or in St-Paul-de-Vence really was partly formed that way.

It isn't the only restaurant that has made a commitment to art. The small and charming Chanterelle (89 Grand Street; 212/ 966-6960) in New York City's SoHo—an area rich with art galleries and artists' lofts—has new menu covers each season designed by area artists. As each season goes by, the restaurant's creative food also improves. In Berkeley, California, Alice Water's famous Chez Panisse has always had its graphics—the seasonal menus and stunning posters—now collector's items—that announce celebrations such as their garlic festival. The Four Seasons restaurant in New York City just this year commissioned a huge and spectacular painting by Rosenquist to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary and to adorn the private room whose huge wooden doors open out onto the Pool Room.

Another restaurant dominated by a large painting is at The Ballroom (253 West 28 St., NYC; 212/ 244-3005), whose amusing mural by Marion Pinto has life-size portraits of its painter and art-dealer customers in the restaurant's previous location on West Broadway. The Ballroom has a wing with a cabaret; but, to my greater pleasure, there is a restaurant—Rojas-Lombardi's at The Ballroom. The long bar is topped by casseroles of scintillating tidbits festooned with an overhanging array of homemade sausages and a variety of hams. These are served on tiny plates, as *tapas* in the Spanish style, to have, ideally, with dry sherry.

Felipe is a fabulous cook, and each and every dish has its own distinct, full flavor. Some of the traditional items may be too strange for your way of thinking—the two-inch-long baby eels no thicker than spaghetti cooked in fruity Spanish olive oil with garlic, for instance. I think they are divine. Even my most conservative friends adore the shrimp grilled in their shells and the rich assortment of vegetables. If you can stop yourself from eating *tapas* before you are full, try Felipe's tiny roast suckling pig.

Italian cooking is to a great extent a matter of superior ingredients simply cooked in a way that respects their innate taste. *Giuliano Bugialli's Foods of Italy* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) is based on his scholarly understanding of this basic principle. Aided by a lavish quantity of brilliant color photographs by John Dominis, Bugialli goes through the ingredients one by one; gives a little history and many recipes, most unusual like "Pasta al cartoccio, Spaghetti Baked in Parchment Paper," a few loved standards. It feels as good as a trip to Italy.

Another armchair trip (or an actual guide if you have the good luck to be traveling) is Patricia Wells's *The Food Lover's Guide to Paris* (Workman Publishing). She makes me wonder why I don't live in Paris. She describes pithily the markets, restaurants, cafés, food and wine shops. She shares my preference for the bistros and restaurants with enough history to seem inevitable rather than contrived. Our tastes seem to agree so often that I find hers admirable. Reading this is as good as a novel any day. If you can't leap off to Paris and your mouth is watering, you will be relieved to find that Ms. Wells has included a *(Continued on page 508)*

Bugialli's crusty bread, ruddy tomatoes, arugula tangle, napped with olive oil

JOHN DOMINIS Sketch by JENNIFER BARTLETT

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(Continued from page 506)

smattering of favorite recipes from the restaurants and shops. (See her typically simple tart, *right*).

A book that does a similar job for New York is Irene Sax's *Cook's Marketplace New York* (101 Productions), although it doesn't include restaurants. It is fascinating to compare the two books as a comparison of two cultures. The Wells book is about an essentially unified cuisine with a common history and set of standards. The Sax book is about a multitudinous variety both of people's backgrounds and of their culinary desires. With her book in hand, you can find the ingredients and equipment to cook anything from Indian to French to Italian.

Don't get me wrong; I love what I do; but there are certain social liabilities to writing about food. The first is the oft-repeated: "I can't have *you* to dinner." Honestly, I cook for people all the time; it's a relief and pleasure to have someone cook for me. No one understands and appreciates other people's culinary efforts more than I do. I am not a critic on my social time. People are more important to me than food. Basically, I like to eat simply. Feel free to invite me anytime.

Finally, there is the mildly truculent: "You write about restaurants? Do you know what dinner for four cost me the other night? Why don't you people do something about it?" As people go out to restaurants more and more, often several times a week, they become more aware of the cost. Going out occasionally may be a great, festive event. More often, it is just one of the pleasanter aspects of daily living, and so it's the checks at mid-range restaurants that annoy the most.

Some meals are overpriced and exploitative. Too many restaurants mark up the prices on wine extravagantly. Nevertheless, most restaurant owners want to give fair value; however, they have costs to be met that have little to do with the price of the food and, increasingly these are the same all over the country. Rents are high; utilities—which restaurants use in enormous quantities for cooking, refrigeration, and air conditioning—are exorbitant; chefs are more highly trained, in greater demand, and higher paid than ever before. So, if you're annoyed, try to understand, and remember, it's not my fault.

An equally difficult question to answer is "What is your favorite wine?" When and with what? Is it a glorious summer day where I can laze in the sun with a salad and a fruit and a buddy? Then, a cool, crisp Sancerre or a romantic Simi Rosé or Cabernet would be ideal. At a formal winter dinner when I've cooked my little heart out, I want to serve an elegant Bordeaux, a superb Napa Cabernet. The question brings up a hundred variables. Barbara Ensrud in *The Art of Wine with Food* (Congdon & Weed) does a heroic and charming job of answering the question intelligently. Read her; you couldn't have a nicer or a better guide.

LEMON TART FROM LE LOIR DANS LA THÉIÈRE (Tarte au citron, le Loir dans la théière)

ten-inch tart

A ritual at this cozy tea salon in the Marais is to wander over to the counter where all the pastries are displayed to see what's fresh, and what looks appealing. The only problem is that as soon as you sit down, another fresh dessert arrives from the kitchen, looking even better than the one you ordered. I love lemon, and this tart really hit the spot the first time I visited Le Loir dans la Théière. It also brought back Proustian memories of a lemon cookie I used to make as a child. The pastry, with a hint of lemon and almonds, is easy and versatile. You can, if you like, make it several days ahead and refrigerate it.

Pastry:

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons unbleached, all-purpose flour
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup almonds, ground to a fine powder
Zest of 1 lemon, grated
Pinch of salt
½ cup unsalted butter, cubed, at room temperature
1 egg
1 teaspoon rum
1 teaspoon milk
1 teaspoon unsalted butter, for buttering tart pan

Filling:

4 eggs
1 cup sugar
Zest of 2 lemons, grated
Juice of 2 lemons
1 cup almonds, ground to a fine powder
4 ounces unsalted butter, melted

In medium-size bowl, combine flour, sugar, ground almonds, lemon zest, and salt. Mix till well blended. Make a well; add butter, egg, rum, and milk. Knead till blended (pastry should have consistency of soft cookie dough). Wrap pastry in plastic wrap and rest in refrigerator for at least one hour. Butter a 10-inch pan. Flour your hands and use them to press the pastry into the buttered pan. Set aside.

To make filling: In a medium-size mixing bowl, combine the eggs, sugar, lemon zest, lemon juice and ground almonds, and mix until well blended. Add melted butter, mix again, then pour filling into pastry shell. Bake in center of preheated 400° oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at room temperature.

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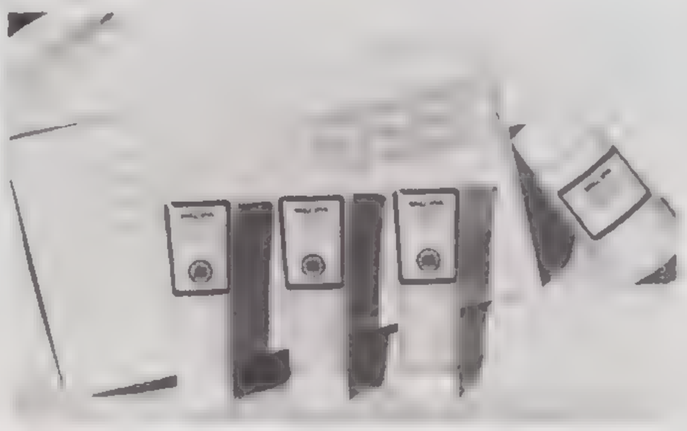

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GAZETTE

Tableware by architects. . .decorator fabrics by the book. . .country French. . . columns craze. . .freewheeling 'fifties look

By Barbara Plumb

Architects take their talents to the table. Above: candlestick by Meier, $210; plates by Stern, Spear, and Meier ($52-$145). Left: plate by Gwathmey Siegel, $46; glass and dish by Meier, $47.50 and $125. Below: china by Venturi ($31-$52). All Bloomingdale's.

Big-name architects create exciting table accessories

Swid Powell, a new firm started by two alumnae of Knoll International, has just introduced a stunning collection of architect-designed tableware and giftware. Unlike the creative tradition of the Wiener Werkstätte and the Bauhaus in Europe and Cranbrook in the United States, the glue that binds this group of designers, who are creating objects for the home, is not a common philosophy or a school but free enterprise. Nan Swid and Addie Powell, agreeing that "beautiful accessories for contemporary homes were missing from the market," commissioned an international group of architects whose work they admired. "I found I was buying fine old things when I really am a modernist at heart," Nan said. "What I wanted, instead, was a portrait of my generation."

In November of 1982, Addie and Nan called together their chosen group, including such widely known American architects as Richard Meier, Robert Venturi, Charles Gwathmey, Robert A.M. Stern, Stanley Tigerman, Laurinda Spear, Frank Gehry, and James Stewart Polshek, as well as Arata Isozaki from Japan and designer Andrée Putman from France. Their challenge was to create a new collection of china, crystal, and silver objects. A month later they get together again and presented their products to Nan and Addie—and to each other. "We were afraid they would be very clinical, harsh on one another," Nan said. "But exactly the opposite happened. The designers were so gracious and lovely that it was almost funny."

The resulting collection of sterling silver and silver–plate serving pieces and candlesticks, porcelain dishes, and hand–blown lead crystal stemware is exciting in its range and elegance. Though each piece is signed by its designer, Swid Powell wanted to launch a manufacturing, not an art, business. "We are not interested in doing art objects and sculptures," Addie said. "We are interested in bringing the best names to a broader market."

TOHRU NAKAMURA

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WHAT TOOK TIME TO CREATE

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LIVING

GAZETTE

A source book of fabric samples from the best decorator showrooms

This fall's great news and names in fabrics

This autumn's fabric news will delight both amateur and professional decorators. Unlike those in European cities, where there are fabric shops on the street open to all customers, fine designer fabrics in America are sequestered in so-called decorator showrooms where a designer or decorator must not only do the buying but in most instances grant permission to go inside at all. Mary Gilliatt, an English writer and designer, has changed all that by giving anyone in America a crack at the best fabrics.

She has compiled a source book of fabric samples from the best decorator showrooms as well as those for wall coverings, tiles, carpets, and paints. Her book, entitled *Mary Gilliatt's Mix & Match Decorating Book* (Pantheon) also suggests decorating schemes for every room in the house. Many of the fabrics and wall coverings can be ordered through Mary Gilliatt's Mix & Match Decorating Company, Inc., P.O. Box 827, Gracie Station, NYC 10028.

Christian Schlumberger, who owns six on-the-street fabric stores in France under the Deux Portes label, has just opened his first shop in New York City. It offers a wide range of European and American fabrics.

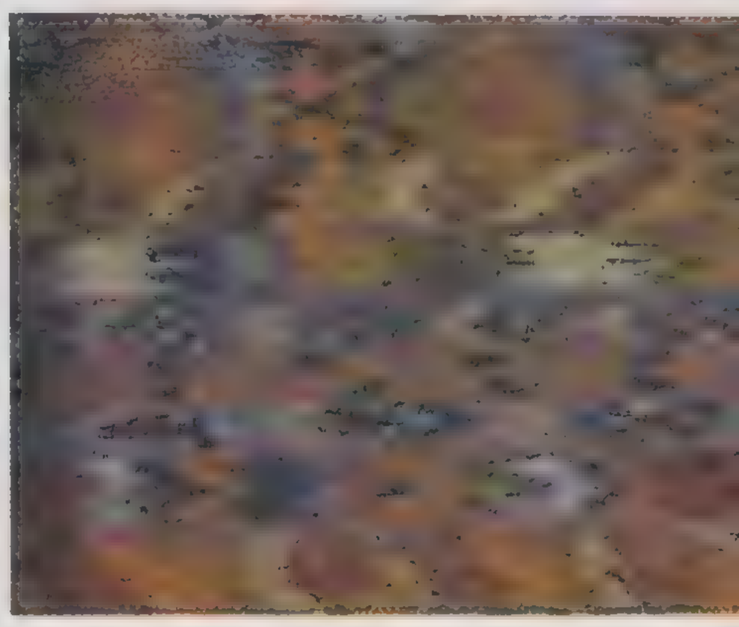
Missoni has introduced a line of home-furnishings fabrics. Their designs and remarkable palette that have become fashion hallmarks have been strengthened by mixing natural cotton and linen with synthetic yarns.

Josef Hoffmann fans will be pleased that his turn-of-the-century fabric designs have been revived in the original colors.

If you want to decorate with the latest fabrics, rugs, wall coverings, tiles, paints, and you have neither the time nor designer-access to the showrooms, over 1000 samples (some *at left*) can be found in *Mary Gilliatt's Mix & Match Decorating Book*. Many of the materials can be ordered by mail.

From England comes this cheerful cotton chintz called "Tea Rose," (*left*), suited for draperies or upholstery, designed for Designers Guild of London by Tricia Guild; $35 a yard, at Christian Schlumberger, New York City.

"Simona" began life as a Missoni dress fabric but the subtle, striated design was so well received that Ottavio Missoni decided it was a good candidate for upholstery, which he executed in a heavier jacquard weave; $67.50 a yard, through designers at Ian Wall Ltd., New York City.



Though architect Josef Hoffmann, one of the founders of the Weiner Werkstätte in Vienna, designed "Streber" in 1904, it looks crisp and modern enough to have been done in 1984. It was commissioned for the Palais Stoclet in Brussels. The original silk has been translated into viscose for tougher wear; $73.50 a yard, through decorators at Ian Wall Ltd., NYC.

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Photo: Linda Alaniz

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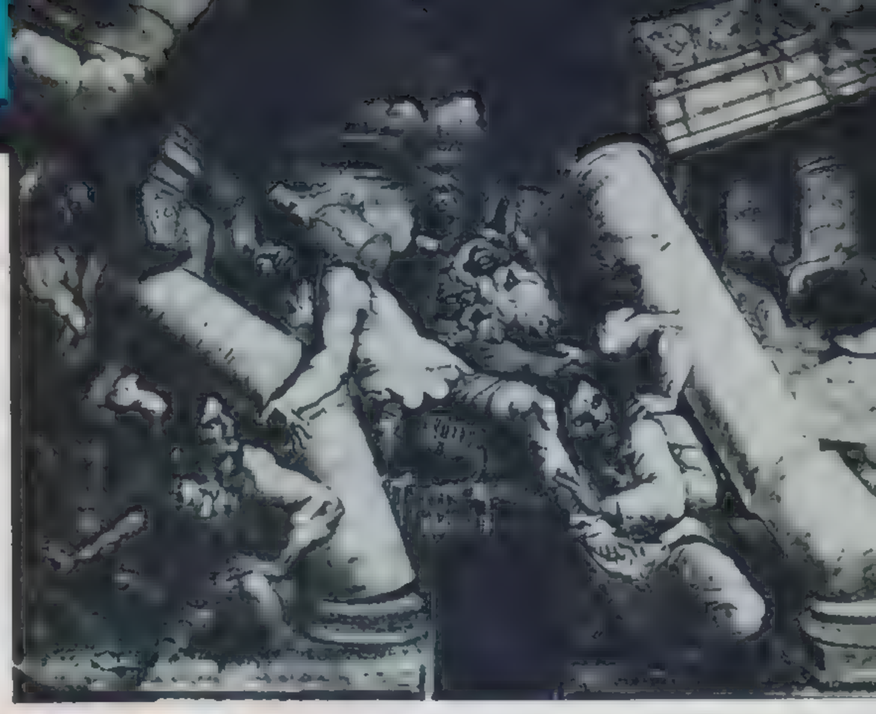
LIVING

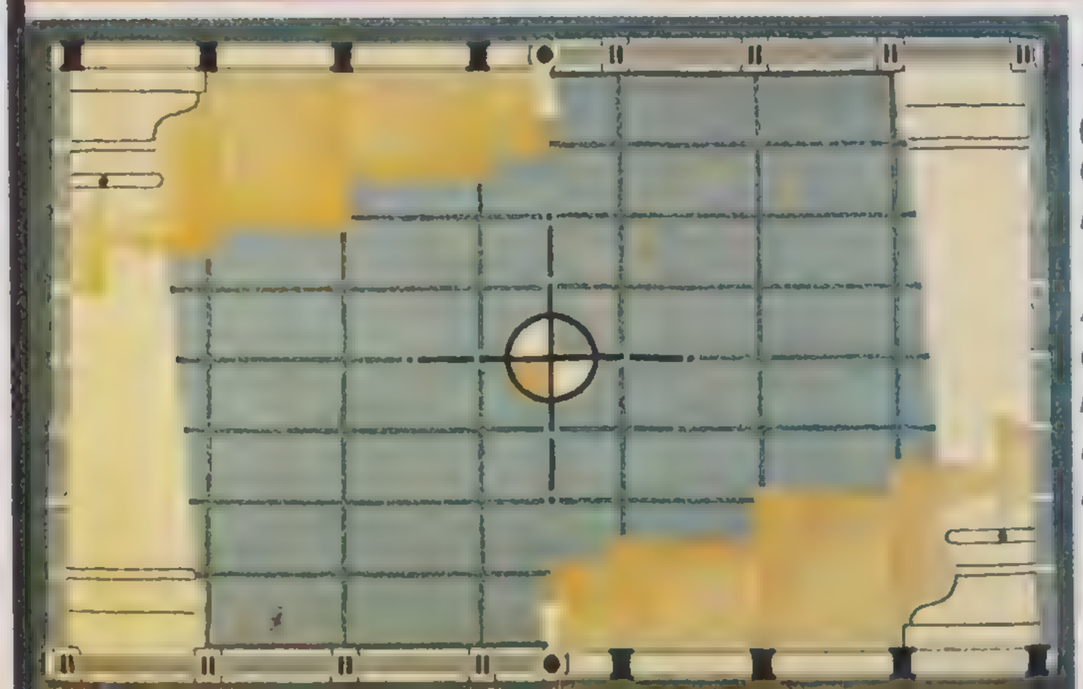
GAZETTE

Architects turn sentimental and find columns a capital idea



Columns may have become for architects in the 'eighties what obelisks were for decorators in the 'sixties—icons to reveal their stylistic attitudes. The current proliferation of columns perhaps comes as a reaction to the 'forties and 'fifties, when the architect-as-functionalist held sway and boxed in columns, dismissing them merely as "posts" or "continuous vertical supports." But what lured architects back to the column has little to do with its utility, much with its complexity. Singly, a column evokes either a person or a tree. It draws the eye as a focal point. It creates shadows. Just by modulating the profile of its shaft or its capital, its shape can be transformed.

Columns run rampant in today's interiors



Rows of columns, while conjuring the forest, also perform such very practical functions as screening and defining space. Even when columns are in a series, the singularity of each becomes apparent and in a sense challenges us to relate to it. We use them in gardens ornamentally to suggest holding up the sky and to frame a view.

Paradoxically, now that we no longer need columns structurally, they have become all the more cherished. "A column is the mass you want to throw your arms around, like a person or a tree," architect Robert A. M. Stern says. "It gives you a lift as it rises dramatically above you. And, of course, the column is filled with dreams of the past. It is not this year's Hula Hoop."

The fall and rise of columns (top to bottom): Giulio Romano's painting, c. 1535. In NYC's DeMarco restaurant, 1881 columns, metallic sheen. Architect Christian Hubert encased cast–iron columns in tapered concrete. Rug with column design by Robert A.M. Stern.

LIZZIE HIMMEL HENRY SMITH-MILLER TIM STREET-PORTER

VOGUE, October, 1984

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GAZETTE

A sumptuous new book documents the appeal of country French

A sampler of Provencal style *(top to bottom)*: Planked door and shutters enhance facade. Old rustic beams, eighteenth, nineteenth-century furniture. Wrap-around murals, intricately carved armoire. Landscape keys muted blue of fireplace tiles. Eighteenth-century rush-seated banquette.

Ask most Americans to name their favorite part of France and chances are they will chorus "Provence." One would have to be very jaded, indeed, to resist its rich green terraced landscape, herb-scented air, blazing sun, red tile roofs, rustic furnishings, lusty food. The visual essence of that meridional Eden has been captured in *Pierre Deux's French Country—A Style and Source Book* by Pierre Moulin and Pierre LeVec and Linda Dannenberg (Clarkson N. Potter).

Since 1967, the two Pierres have parlayed a small antiques shop on Bleecker Street in NYC's Greenwich Village into a chain of stores around America. Though the sophisticated shops sell antiques, decorative objects, and clothing, it's the vibrantly colored printed cottons from the Souleiado firm in Tarascon for which they are best known.

The decorating philosophy of the two Pierres is to show "the real country French, as opposed to so-called French provincial." They show examples and give a historical perspective on color, fabric, pottery, furniture, gardens, and dwellings of the region. They also depict how the French country look can be successfully adapted in America, and offer a shopper's guide to antiques dealers and stores featuring country French.

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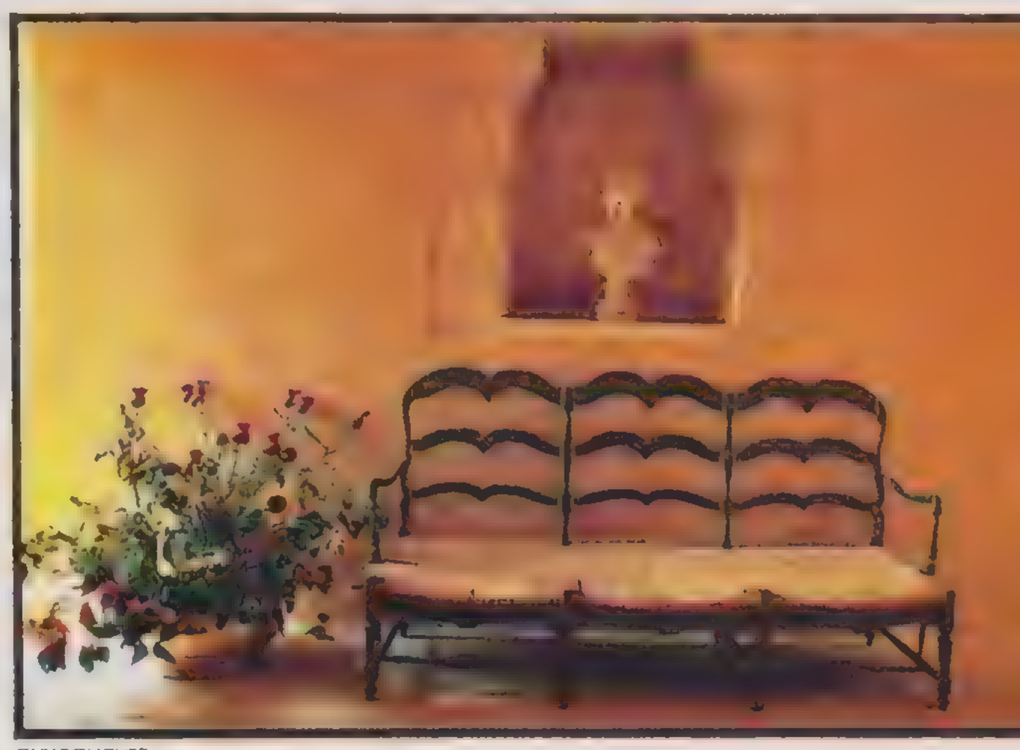

GUY BOUCHET

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US SKI TEAM

GAZETTE

Market zooms straight up for furnishings of the fabulous 'fifties

Top: Jørgen Hovelskov's 1957 harp chair. Right: Wrought-iron chair, boomerang table, airplane glass dish. Bottom: Eames's wire chairs, Knoll's table, starburst chandelier

No period of modern furniture design in this country has come close to the free-wheeling exuberance, excitement, and true ground-breaking creativity of the 1950s. The artifacts and history of this postwar revolution are documented in a compelling and lively book,

Amoebas, fins, human kidneys, boomerangs, airplane wings—the organic/aerodynamic essence of the 'fifties

Mid-Century Modern by Cara Greenberg (Harmony).

The technology developed during the Second World War suggested new ways of molding plastics and aluminum. Designers Charles and Ray Eames, the most influential of the decade, came up with new ideas for molding and laminating plywood. Such durable and maintenance-free materials as fiberglass, acrylics, polyester resins, and foam rubber were demobilized at the end of the war.

Designers like the Eameses and Eero Saarinen took this new technology and created from it the most innovative and some of the most beautiful furniture of the century. They had the discipline to keep the organic forms, so popular in the period, in check. Other designers indulged in such wacky shapes as boomerangs, human kidneys, and amoebas, now considered hallmarks of the time, along with fins and aerodynamic forms.

TIM STREET-PORTER

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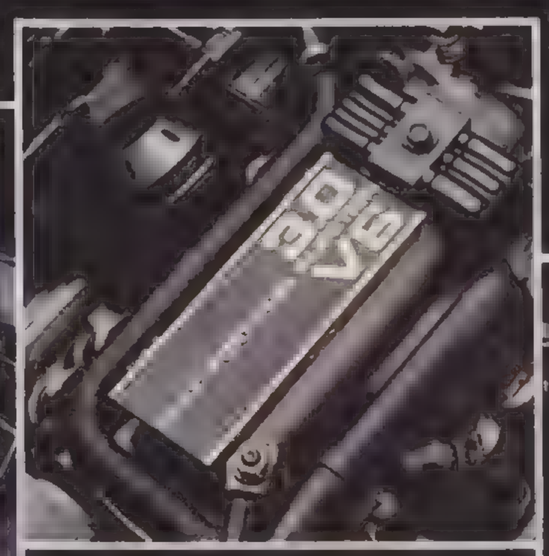

Under the hood. The outside promises performance. And Calais really delivers. Choose the standard electronically fuel injected 2.5L four-cylinder, or optional 3.0L multi-port fuel injected V6. Both with front-wheel drive. Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide.

Bottom line. How do you top off a car as exceptional as the new Calais? With an exceptional bottom line, that's how. You'll discover Calais is well within your reach. Test drive one at your Olds dealer.

There is a special feel in an *Oldsmobile*

Let's get it together... buckle up.

Women & Cars

By Laura Flynn McCarthy

Tips to help you think fast, stay calm—even in an accident

If you're like most American drivers, you can expect to be involved in six or seven minor accidents (in which no one is seriously injured) in your lifetime, according to safety experts. When you're in an accident—even if the damage is only a dented fender—chances are you're going to be a little shaken up. But, clear thinking on the spot can mean a stronger case for you when you file your insurance claim, so it pays to prepare yourself—and your car. Here are some tips to keep in mind.

●**Be well-supplied.** Stock your glove compartment and/or trunk with flashlight, first-aid kit, emergency flares, reflectors, pencil and paper, the names, addresses and phone numbers of persons to call in an emergency, and an insurance card (having made sure that your insurance is intact).

●**Take photographs** of your car in perfect condition to have available as evidence that damages did not occur before the accident.

If you hit a moving car (or pedestrian):

●**First, check for injuries**, call the police and an ambulance if necessary; perform first aid only if you have been trained. Try to make the injured as comfortable as possible.

●**Move the damaged cars off the road,** to ensure the safety of passing motorists. "A minor accident can cause a monumental traffic jam, or cause other motorists to have accidents," says Richard White, public-information specialist for AAA. "If you can't move the cars, make them as visible as possible by turning on emergency lights and flashers and the dome light, if it's dark outside. Set up flares or reflecting triangles. Direct traffic from the side of the road, not the middle."

●**Exchange information** with the other motorists involved, including drivers' licenses and license-plate numbers, years and makes of cars involved, the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the drivers, passengers, and any available witnesses, and the name of the person to whom the car is registered. You should also exchange names of insurance companies and agents (on the insurance I.D. cards) but do not discuss the kinds of coverage that you have. If police attend the accident, list the officer's name and badge number and the precinct where the report is to be filed.

●**Take notes.** While it's still fresh in your mind, write down everything you can think of related to the accident: the weather, road conditions, the speeds at which you were driving. Draw a diagram of what happened and write a description, using as many details as you can. All of this information can help the insurance company with your case.

●**What *not* to say.** "Never admit guilt," says White. "The other person may be upset and you may feel bad and say, 'It's my fault.' Once you say that, it's very hard for the insurance company to defend you. Also, your perception might be a little off and you might think you're guilty when you're really not."

●**When and where to report an accident.** Any accident involving injury or death must be reported to police. Minor accidents must be reported to police if the cost of the combined damage to the cars exceeds a certain amount designated by state law. (These figures vary greatly; in Alabama, for example, the damage-limit is $50; in Alaska, it's $500.) All accidents must be reported to your state-transportation or motor-vehicle department within a certain time limit (commonly, ten days) set by your state law. Accident-report forms are available from transportation offices, local police, or your insurance agent.

If you must leave the scene of an accident prematurely (if the neighborhood or the other driver seems dangerous, for example), try to take down the license number and description of the car you hit and report the accident immediately to the police. If you fail to stop after an accident and cooperate with the other driver(s), you may lose your license or face criminal proceedings.

If you hit a parked car (or other private property), try to find the owner; if you can't, leave a note with your name, address, and telephone number and take down the license number, make and model of the car you hit so you can tell them to the police.

If you hit a domestic animal, or large wild animal, or street light or other public property, call the local police immediately or the department of conservation to remove the remains. Your insurance should cover the cost of replacing the street light.

The best way to deal with an accident? Do your best to prevent one by making it a habit to check your car before you pull out of the driveway: adjust mirrors, make sure tires are inflated, lights are clean, windshield wipers are in good condition; and most important, protect yourself by wearing a seat belt. ▽

Sometimes a great notion

Bernard-Henri Lévy, France's electrifying thinker, provocateur, Renaissance man, is giving philosophy a human face

By Jonathan Cott

Bernard-Henri Lévy burst into international prominence in 1977 when his attack on Marxist politics, "Barbarism with a Human Face," was published in France. Instantly he was seen as a leader, at age twenty-six, of France's "nouveaux philosophes," a small group of political thinkers disenchanted with radicalism, and shocked by worldwide brutalities into a new call for ethics in modern society. Lévy was brash, precocious, as passionate as only converts can be (in his early twenties, he was an advisor to the socialist government of Bangladesh, and to François Mitterrand).

Now an editor at the prestigious French publishing house Grasset, Lévy has written four best sellers since "Barbarism," and has just published his first novel, "Le Diable en tête." His searing condemnation of French anti-Semitism, "L'Idéologie française" (The French Ideology), will be published here early next year. Lévy also had a leading role in the film version of Louis Aragon's "Aurelia"—and has said that he would like to direct a film of his own in the future.

Here, a conversation with Lévy on his new novel, his wish (granted, it seems) to be a Renaissance man, his feelings about being a Jew in modern Europe, and the gulf that separates philosophy from life.

AVEDON

Jonathan Cott: *You've just completed a novel after writing a number of philosophical treatises. Why did you turn to fiction?*

Bernard-Henri Lévy: I think that a philosopher tries to write a novel when he's become exhausted with his own "voice." Which means that he stands in his usual territory, but not on his usual spot. My novel's territory is that of my other books, but instead of remaining obsessively in just one position, as I did before, I now occupy the center, all four corners, and the edges as well. My novel is called *Le Diable en tête,* which in French has two meanings, *The Devil in the Head* and *The Devil Up Ahead.* It's the history of one century—ours—and it's about one central character and takes place in France, America, Rome, Barcelona, Beirut, and Jerusalem. And it consists of five different voices—two of them women—each of whom holds a piece of the story. And not one of them is some character who's thirty-four years old, has brown hair, and is a philosopher like me. But because I think of myself as a philosopher, and because I was tired of "me," I decided to write a work of fiction.

JC: *What does philosophy mean to you?*

BHL: I really don't know [laughing]. Actually, to me, a philosopher is, first of all, someone who deals with the philosophical tradition by reading Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Karl Marx. Which means that a philosopher is not a man of wisdom, not a sage who says marvelous things about life and death, not a person who reads Faulkner in a clever way. Just as a painter deals with the history of painting, so a philosopher lives inside the books of philosophy. He's someone who feels more at home with Spinoza—just as a painter feels more at home with Fra Angelico—than with his best friends.

JC: *Is that true for you?*

BHL: Sometimes. Of course, no one is ever always the "true" philosopher, just as no one is always the "true" painter. There are moments in my life when I feel more at home with Plato than with anyone else . . . but not all the time! Sometimes I'm clever, and sometimes I'm stupid. Sometimes I'm a philosopher and sometimes I'm a novelist.

It's important to say, however, that a philosopher should also use his books—his philosophical weapons—to attack life and death problems. So you take your raw materials and work on them with your tools of production; and these tools are Spinoza and Marx and Camus—these are the philosophers who nurture me the most now.

JC: *So it's a two-way process: being at home in a philosophical universe, then using the knowledge of that universe and applying it to the problems of the workaday world. What happens then?*

BHL: Nothing. For a long time, philosophy pretended to help people to live and to die. But I think that it does neither.

JC: *Then what is the function of your work?*

BHL: It helps me deal with my neurosis . . . . But maybe it has a political effect, too. I'm not sure. Yes, in France, my works, and those of a few other philosophers, did enable people to hear the voices of the Russian and Eastern European dissidents because ten years ago a Russian dissident was immediately taken to be a C.I.A. agent. And in France—though it may sound surprising to many Americans—the Bible isn't really considered to be an important book; and I think that my work *The Testament of God* made some people realize that it was—though that doesn't mean I take it to be important in the way the evangelicals in America do.

JC: *Speaking of the differences between France and America—in America, one often notices people shifting their identities, so that an Orthodox Jew will become, say, a Moonie and then a Born-Again Christian and then a follower of God knows whom. And his or her clothes and hairstyles and dietary habits will change accordingly. But in France, I've observed that when one's ideology changes, one's choice of cafés and restaurants and tailors does not.*

BHL: It's true. When an American believes something, he adapts his body to it. But not in France, because here there are intellectuals who believe in the semi-autonomy of the world of ideas—a true separation of the body and the soul. I'm joking, but not that much. Here, you can undergo a complete change of ideology *(Continued on page 528)*

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BERNARD-HENRI LÉVY

(Continued from page 524)

without developing stigmata. So the question is, who takes ideas more seriously—the Americans or the French: the former who adapt their way of life to their ideas, or the latter who think that ideas are too important to mingle with their personal lives? Think of Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Sartre—Sartre changed his way of thinking ten times over, but never his way of dressing!

JC: *In the eighteenth century, philosophers like Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot wrote tracts, essays, plays, letters, novels, and music. You're obviously sympathetic to that intellectual tradition.*

BHL: I'm more than sympathetic, it's my dream! It's my model of intellectual life—a cosmopolitan, polyglot way of being.

JC: *It's interesting that Voltaire was an anti-Semite and an anti-Christian.*

BHL: He was an anti-Semite *because* he was anti-Christian. And I'd even go so far as to say that Voltaire was the founder of modern anti-Semitism. Before him, anti-Semites said, "We hate Jews because they killed Christ." After Voltaire, they said, "We hate Jews because they *invented* Christ." And that would become the anti-Semitism of Karl Marx, of Hitler, and of Moscow today.

JC: *Were you brought up in a religious home?*

BHL: Not at all.

JC: *How did you happen to get back to your Jewish roots?*

BHL: Through books. First of all, the Bible, and then the works of the contemporary French Jewish philosopher Emmanuel Levinas. And the reason I turned to them was because of a missing chapter in my book *Barbarism with a Human Face*. If you take a look at the table of contents, you'll see that each section of that book has four chapters, except for the first, which has only three. There was a chapter I couldn't write at that time—I tried over and over. So I published the book without it. And after a while I realized that I hadn't written that chapter because of my neurotic repression of the question of Judaism. (I'm not a Freudian, by the way; but that was how I understood it.) And that chapter was about the question of *The Evil*. I couldn't think about *The Evil* with the weapons I had then. . . Plato and so on. I needed to be reminded that I was a Jew.

JC: *Sartre wrote a famous essay in which he claimed that being Jewish was simply a function of other people saying that he was.*

BHL: Yes, and I think it's one of the stupidest things Sartre ever wrote. When I wrote *Barbarism with a Human Face*, I thought like Sartre. Today, no.

JC: *What is the connection between your sense of philosophy and Judaism?*

BHL: I think that Judaism is a response to Marx and Hegel. Moses versus Marx. What I see in Judaism is an answer to "the Philosophy of History"—the notion that history has a meaning and a direction. Judaism suggests a conception of history that is much more erratic and chaotic. It's a movement *against* history. After all, if history had a "sense"—as Hegel supposed it did—then there wouldn't *be* any Jewish people around anymore, they would all have been assimilated. But they remain—and they remain reading and thinking and standing.

JC: *Do you feel yourself more French or more Jewish?*

BHL: I don't feel myself belonging to *any* community or place. I believe in Judaism, but I don't *belong* to the French Jewish community—though sometimes I agree and work with them. But I'm not a Zionist and don't believe in the Holy Land. In fact, I feel more at home in New York City and Rome than in Paris or Marseilles, though I like it here, of course. But I really identify myself in terms of the books I read and write. I'm the son of books—of blossoms—more than the son of roots.

Jonathan Cott *is author, most recently, of "Conversations with Glenn Gould" (Little, Brown) and "Dylan" (Rolling Stone Press/Doubleday), and is a contributing editor at "Rolling Stone."*

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SAKOWITZ

Diet trap

EATING OUT NEED NOT TURN DIETING INTO DISASTER...

BY JUDITH S. STERN, SC.D.

Dining out is one of life's great pleasures. It can also be a "trial by food" for those of us who are trying to control our waistlines or who must limit our intake of fat, salt, or sugar.

It is difficult not to over-order and over-eat: The menu is large and varied; all the dishes sound interesting; the complete dinner tempts one to eat even larger quantities of food.

A gourmet experience need not be a nutritional disaster. The important point is that you must plan ahead and keep your wits about you when the menu is in your hand. You can order meals that count in at approximately 600 calories—no matter what the restaurant's national persuasion—if you keep in mind that you are in charge, that the restaurant is in business to cater to you. View the menu as a set of suggestions, not commands.

The better the restaurant, the more the waiter expects to discuss the meal in advance. Cross-examine him on the preparation of various dishes and then feel free to request changes in certain items. If the menu changes are "impossible," you should suspect that the restaurant is thawing prepackaged meals.

Have food served in the order and style you want. For example, request that sauces and salad dressings be served on the side. That way you control exactly how much you're eating. Feel free to have appetizers served as main courses to help control portion size. If you've requested your fish broiled without butter and it arrives dripping with butter, send it back.

There are occasions when you want to be able to feel free to eat more—for me, it's a three-star restaurant in France. If you know as much as a week in advance that you will be going to a very special restaurant, try "calorie banking": Cut back food intake or increase your physical activity by just 100 calories a day. In seven days, you'll have banked 700 calories (dessert and the chef's special sauce). This technique is psychologically much more effective than having to cut back after the fact.

Strategy starts even before the menu is in hand. The choice of a restaurant can help. Few feel safe at a smorgasbord. It is easier to order carefully in a Japanese or seafood res-

taurant than in a French or Italian restaurant. My favorite lunch is sushi. Portions are small; sushi is low in fat. But no food is nutritionally perfect. If you are watching your sodium intake, you may want to forego the soy sauce. Order fresh fruit for dessert for fiber and vitamin C. Plan to include dairy products for calcium in the rest of your meals (or take a calcium supplement), as well as dark green leafy or deep yellow vegetables for Vitamin A.

Be sure to count your liquid intake in the meal's calories. In general, dry wine has fewer calories than sweet wine and straight liquor fewer than mixed drinks. Sparkling water and club soda have no calories; for extra zip, try them with a lime twist or a drop of bitters.

Carefully monitor the nibbles—they tend to be high in sodium, fat, and calories. A single potato chip is only 10 calories, but can you eat just one? Even the garnishes add up. Save 20 calories by eliminating the maraschino cherry from a whiskey sour.

If everyone is ordering an appetizer, order a low-calorie one that takes time to eat: an artichoke with lemon juice, a mixed green salad, or consommé served piping hot.

But avoid the salad trap. Salad ingredients tend to be low in fat and low in calories; however, salad dressing, if applied liberally, can turn a salad into a caloric calamity. Ask for salad dressing (usually 80 to 100 calories a tablespoon) to be served on the side or mix your own. But be a miser with oil (120 calories per tablespoon), generous with vinegar or lemon juice (less than five calories per tablespoon).

A key to not overdoing it while eating out is portion control. Unfortunately, in the restaurant world, bigger is often thought to be "better." Share an entrée with a friend (often the waiter will divide it for you in the kitchen). Or remember the trick of appetizer as main course.

If you're at a buffet, get an overall view of what foods are available before choosing. Portion size can be controlled. If you only plan to eat half of a baked potato, take only half. Even if desserts like pies and cakes are pre-sliced, a third of a slice can be taken. Once it's on the plate, even iron-willed dieters begin to waver. If eaten slowly, small tastes go a long way and allow you greater variety.

Finally, airline travelers often consider themselves held captive to "airline food," but you can plan ahead. For example, if you order in advance, TWA, United, and American Airlines will serve quite palatable seafood or other low-calorie plates. I pre-order these meals even when I fly first class since a first-class airline meal can easily be 3000 calories, and it's harder to say no when food appears automatically. When you make your reservation, inquire about special meals; and when you board, tell the flight attendant which meal you pre-ordered and where you are sitting.

Wherever you're "eating out," remember: plan ahead, and don't be afraid to ask for special treatment.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis. For more caloric details, she recommends "The Complete Calorie Counter for Dining Out" by K.F. Ernst (Jove).*

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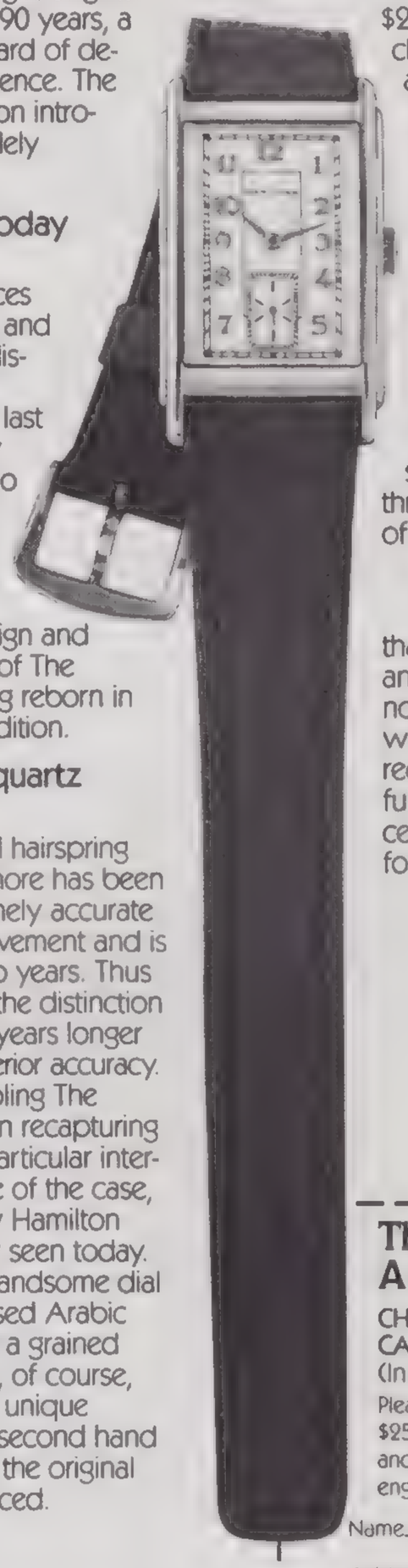

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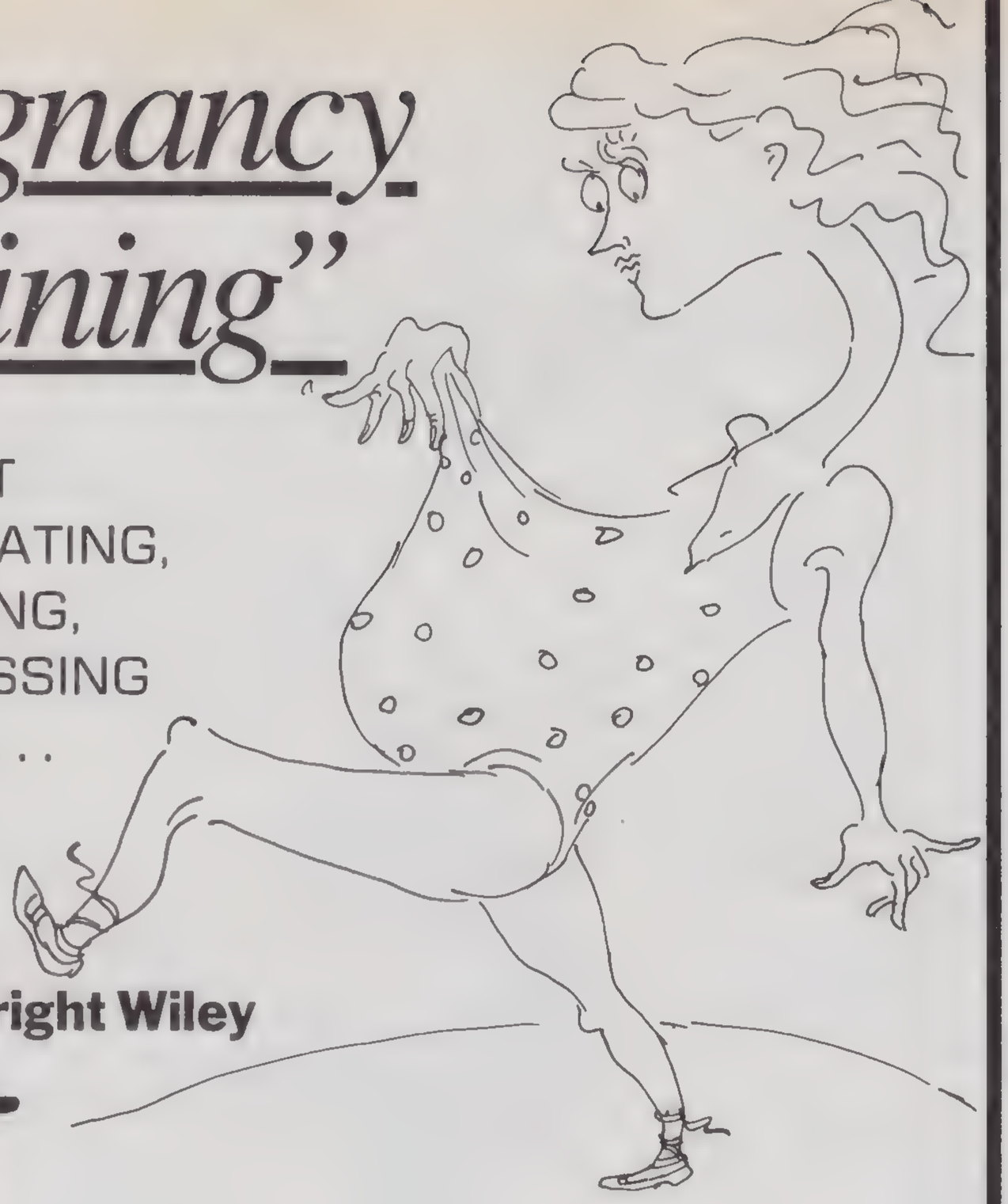
Pregnancy "training"

THE LIGHT SIDE OF EATING, EXERCISING, AND DRESSING FOR TWO...



By Kim Wright Wiley

I must admit that until I became pregnant my body had always been my own and, for the first twenty-eight years of my life, it served as a very reliable mirror of my diet and exercise habits. Periods of overzealous partying meant predictable bloating; periods of self-restraint were rewarded with visible collarbones and a smaller, firmer waist line.

Mine is by no means a *perfect* body, but it is a *controllable* one. So it alarmed me to find that, as early as the third month of pregnancy, my body began, literally, taking on a life other than its own. My shoulders drooped, my back swayed, I entered every room pelvis first. But I vowed not to dissolve into milk and blubber.

Right after I learned I was pregnant, I revised my exercise regime. My doctor agreed it was doubtful I'd be able to keep up with the jerky, bouncy rhythms of my normal workout; so I switched to a walk-swim routine. I figured those sports would carry me through the final months of pregnancy, and I wouldn't lose the aerobic fitness I'd worked so hard to attain.

I also signed up for pregnancy exercise at the local "Y." I was afraid the class wouldn't be tough enough. "Exercise for the pregnant, the elderly, and those recovering from surgery," the brochure said; I was huffy that pregnant women were classified with the old and sick. After fifty minutes, I felt as if I were both. After this, I thought, childbirth would be a snap.

Pregnancy once may have been called "confinement"; now it is like going into training. The women in my class rivaled athletes who devote months to intense workouts and self-denial in order to be in top form for one supremely important event. I'd been in and out of exercise programs, but never had I been in a "countdown," doing every lunge and stretch for a specific reason. It was a little unnerving to know I only had a few months to get it right. Pity the expectant mother who is not determined to get it *all right*. There is great pressure to be not only pregnant but pregnant and perfect.

My diet—which under normal circumstances contained ample portions of the four food groups, as well as ample portions of foods which defy categorization—was less of a problem. I had no unusual food cravings, no morning sickness. I eliminated caffeine and chocolate; but my doctor had me make only two major diet changes: cut out alcohol, and drink more milk, which didn't exactly put me in great social demand.

One of the toughest aspects of pregnancy training: just at a time when your body is going through so many changes, you're forced to give up all your "props"—such as alcohol and junk food—which normally see you through your personal crises.

Pregnancy training, although demanding at the time, is a healthy offshoot of our new realization that the pregnancy belongs to the woman who is having it. I would never advocate going back to the days of doctor as magician-hero. Still, I have to wonder—as I work out with feverish intensity and read books as if I were cramming for an exam—if we have not made pregnancy the new proving ground. Is it *(Continued on page 534)*

MARGUERITA BORNSTEIN

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Zyderm Collagen is also used with caution in people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy.

Treatment is deferred in people with active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes and hives), or with infections, until the condition has been controlled.

Also, the safety of treatment during pregnancy or treatment of infants and children has not been established.

Possible reactions to treatment. An understanding of the safety of Zyderm Collagen is based on five years of clinical data (from 1978 to the present); safety beyond that time period is not known. Ongoing research, however, will continue to provide such information.

A small number of people (approximately one in one hundred treated patients) experience adverse reactions to Zyderm Collagen. Most are of an immune nature and consist of redness, swelling, firmness and/or itching at injection sites. About half of these reactions occur during treatment despite a response-free skin test; the other half develop when the response to the skin test is not noticed or reported. While most of these reactions last between two weeks and four months, they have occasionally lasted longer.

In addition, fewer than one in one thousand treated patients develop a recurrence of an outbreak of herpes simplex or an infection at an injection site.

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Fewer than one in ten thousand treated patients experience scab formation at isolated treatment sites, as a result of apparent small vessel laceration. This scab formation can result in scarring.

Approximately one in one hundred treated patients experiences brief episodes of treatment-associated reactions, including mild swelling and bruising at treatment sites. These episodes usually last only a few hours or days and have not been shown to interfere with the success of treatment with Zyderm Collagen.

Consult your doctor. Ask your physician about Zyderm Collagen treatments. He or she can best evaluate the appropriateness of treatment for you, and answer any additional questions you may have.

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One other thing. Zyderm Collagen treatments will not replace a face-lift because each procedure is performed for a different reason. A face-lift surgically removes sagging skin, whereas Zyderm Collagen fills in lines. Zyderm Collagen is often used, however, to fine-tune the results of a face-lift.

Like your own collagen, Zyderm Collagen doesn't last forever. Over time, improvement gradually fades because your skin will continue to age.

Of course, when you see the results after completion of treatment (an average of two to three office visits), you'll want to maintain the smooth contour of your skin—with just a simple visit to the doctor for a touch-up (generally within two years of the initial treatment).

Depending on the number of visits required, the initial series of treatments can cost as little as $300 to $500. Touch-ups, if desired, are considerably less.

You should consult with one of 7,000 dermatologists, plastic surgeons and head and neck specialists who've been specially trained to administer Zyderm Collagen treatments. You are encouraged to call if you need the name of a qualified physician in your area. Our toll-free number is 800-227-4004 (in Hawaii and Alaska, call 415-856-0200, collect; in Canada, call 800-361-9640). If you'd like, you can also listen to an information tape or talk with a product specialist.

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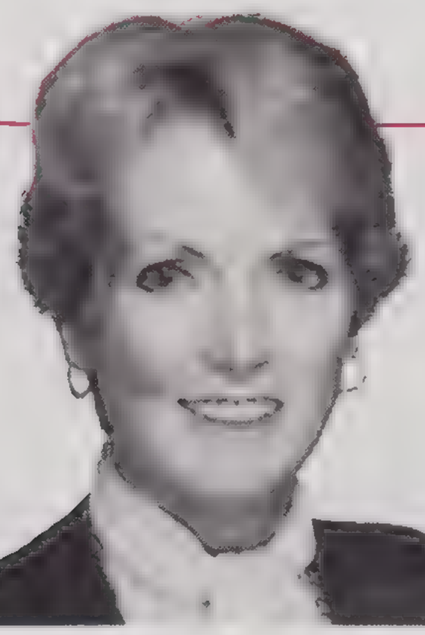
3/84

Boni T.M.
SKIN RENEWAL LOTION



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V-1

PREGNANCY "TRAINING"

(Continued from page 532)

necessary to deliver a marathon physical performance along with a baby? Is this kind of childbirth really *natural*?

The problem of dressing for two

There has to be a logical, even scientific explanation for the horror of maternity clothes. Anyone looking at them would conclude: the first symptom of human gestation is upper-arm swelling—why else would *all* maternity dresses have puffed sleeves?

I escaped the nausea of early pregnancy; but I didn't escape the obsession to look cute. Even though I swore off bows, pleats, and plackets, I didn't foresee that ultimately my own body would betray me. Daily I became more dimpled and swaybacked—hardly the best image for a business woman.

I switched to ethnic clothes. Everything from serapes to kimonos seemed to fit well, as did anything manufactured by The People's Republic of China (when they say that one size fits all, they aren't kidding).

Ethnic clothes, however, while fine for casual wear were a disaster in the office. My manager clearly considered it bad enough that I had chosen to make such an unseemly biological statement; he was in near cardiac arrest at the thought I was making a political one, too.

By my seventh month, I hit the catalogues. The sudden prevalence of catalogues aimed toward the needs of expectant working women is relatively new—aided by the general trend toward older, more affluent mothers. (I was never sure if their promise of a speedy delivery was a pun or not, but you do order through a twenty-four-hour/800 number—useful if you wake up in the night craving clothes.)

The real problem, I decided, with maternity clothes is that they attempt to *conceal* the pregnancy. This becomes increasingly difficult—and increasingly ludicrous—over time. No bow can disguise the fact you're taking on the challenge of your life.

I devised one simple grey-velvet tunic with absolutely nothing at the neckline. I paid that tunic the ultimate tribute: I'd have worn it even if I had not been pregnant.

Which only goes to prove that dressing well is not unlike making love during pregnancy: Your options are severely limited, but it can be done. ▽

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Travel Now

Grand hotel at sea... a museum boom in Hollywood... the ultimate Tokyo

By Richard Alleman

東京

Tokyo. From its traditional temples to its costume-crazed street dancers (*above*), the city is an exhilarating fusion of East and West, past and future. It's also one of the most confusing places on earth—a mega-town where few streets have names and almost all signs are in Japanese. To ease the confusion, *Tokyo/Access* is an innovative new guidebook created by Access Press of L.A. in collaboration with Japan's C. Itoh Fashion System. With Japanese texts alongside the English (a boon to asking directions), *Tokyo/Access* covers hotels, restaurants, museums, theaters; has marvelous maps and illustrations; is especially strong on architecture and shopping. *Tokyo/Access* is being launched this month at Bloomingdale's in NYC—where the entire store celebrates Japan through November 4. Besides Japanese designer fashions and furnishings, "Japan at Bloomingdale's" has a slew of exhibits—from Japan's ancient makeup arts to its trendy TV commercials. If you can't make it to Tokyo this month, at least make it to Bloomingdale's!

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More than the name of a bridge, Brooklyn is an intriguing city that many travelers miss because they never budge from Manhattan. Revealing the best of Brooklyn, a handy new guide/map called "Brooklyn On Tour" shows where everything is, suggests walking and driving tours, gives important addresses, phone numbers. Available for $1 from The Fund for the Borough of Brooklyn, 16 Court St., Brooklyn NY 11201.

DC DAZZLER

Turning heads in Washington, the new Regent hotel. With its nifty neo-Beaux-Arts façade (left), the Regent is superbly situated on the edge of Georgetown. Among its luxuries: suites with fireplaces and whirlpool baths, Daimler car service, glamorous courtyard. Weekend rates—$150 for one night, $250 for two nights (single or double occupancy)—include breakfasts. *See page 543.*

Hooray for Hollywood!

For visitors to Los Angeles, the new Hollywood Museum at 7051 Hollywood Boulevard is a movie-buff's dream. Displaying rare memorabilia, props, set pieces, photos, and costumes, the museum has such treasures as the super-seductive gown Marilyn Monroe wore in *The Seven Year Itch, left.* Open 10:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M., daily; $4.50 for adults, $2.50 for kids. . . . Meanwhile, the Hollywood Bowl has just dedicated a museum tracing the famed concert hall's musical and architectural history. Featuring a film, changing exhibits, listening booths, the Bowl Museum is open 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M., Wednesdays through Sundays. Admission is free.

dreamboat

Promising the luxuries of a grand hotel at sea, the sleek new "Sea Goddess," above, makes her Caribbean debut October 20. The ship has just fifty-eight suites—all are "outside," have color TVs, VCRs, direct-dial phones, twenty-four-hour room service. There is a posh pool, health club, futuristic hydraulic deck for impromptu diving/swimming—plus an elegant restaurant where passengers dress for dinner, book tables as they would on land. Sailing out of St. Croix, the "Sea Goddess" plans two seven-day itineraries: one features famous island golf/tennis resorts; the other, glamorous ports such as St. Barts, Mustique, Iles des Saints; both provide lots of shore time. Cost: $3300 per person, sharing a suite. ***See page 543 for details.***

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GRAND HOTELS

Hôtel Plaza-Athénée

IT'S THE ESSENCE OF PARIS: MYSTERY AND LUXURY

BY BARBARA KAFKA

Paris is the city of grand hotels. It is, after all, the home of César Ritz's first great establishment on the incredibly beautiful Place Vendôme. There is also the large, businesslike George V; the Crillon with its views over la Place de la Concorde, the most elegant nighttime glitter of fountains and spaces in the world. There are the charmingly deluxe smaller hotels like the Bristol and the Lancaster. There is the vast, supreme, and somewhat seedy grandeur of the Meurice. For me, however, there is first and foremost the Plaza-Athénée.

When I was a child, I used to watch with awe and envy as the great wardrobe trunks were brought up from the basement of our apartment building in New York City. The trunks would be swung open, revealing one half with drawers and one half with hangers that clamped onto a rod. There, my parents' clothes would be neatly packed away between layers of pink tissue and sachets. Then a large square suitcase of alligator with its own protective snap-on covering of grey duck would have shoes tucked into pockets around the edge and hats placed tenderly in the empty center. Finally, a makeup case fitted with silver-topped bottles and silver-backed brushes would be closed around a smaller case containing my mother's jewelry.

A bottle-green Chrysler limousine—its interior made festive with pink roses in Baccarat vases—would pull up and we would clamber in, my mother in a fur coat and my father with a pearl-grey snap-brim hat. I, meanwhile, was being tortured by my new navy-blue Breton bowler, its elastic cutting into the tender skin under my chin. We would ride to the Fiftieth Street pier, followed by a taxi heavily laden with the baggage. After much bustle, the stateroom would be found and the trunks opened in the *(Continued on page 542)*

MIKAEL T. ZIELINSKI

The Plaza-Athénée's courtyard: "a French village in the middle of Paris"

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MÉXICO IS READY...
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PLAZA-ATHÉNÉE

(Continued from page 540)

corridor outside. Soon the all-ashore gong would sound and, reluctantly, I would go home, alone in the limousine, imagining the delights of the ship and the mysterious city of luxury, Paris.

After interminable weeks (no airmail) a letter, written on pale-blue crinkly paper, would arrive to say that my parents were fine and hoped that I was, too. In the upper left-hand corner, in darker-blue type, appeared the name and address of the Plaza-Athénée. For me, it represented all that mystery and luxury: it represented Paris.

When I finally went to Paris, I was a student, and I stayed at a delicious hotel on the Quai des Grands Augustins that no longer exists. It had sagging treads on the stairs and aged ladies carried my bags to my room as I protested. The room was inundated with twenty kinds of roses. Big cabbage roses on the wallpaper, tiny tendrils of roses on the chintz of the chairs, roses on the cretonne at the windows, yellow roses painted on the milk glass of the lamps, and more roses in the bathroom. Beyond my floor-to-ceiling French windows was a tiny balcony overlooking the Quais, the Seine, and the Palais de Justice. I could even see the filigreed white spires of St. Chapelle. I was very young and had no further thought of the Plaza-Athénée.

It was only later, more grown-up, that I thought the time had come to try the Plaza. It was no longer an era of wardrobe trunks; but I had dressed myself way beyond my younger, drip-dry self. As my taxi pulled into the driveway that extends between two sidewalks parallel to the Avenue Montaigne, I was excited. An elegant doorman in grey met my taxi and attended to the luggage. A *piccolo* (small boy) in matching grey spun the revolving doors beyond the black-iron fences, and I found myself in a vast cool room with huge flower arrangements and beautiful women who made me feel grubby.I went up to the *réception* to claim my reservation and once again I was an elegant lady. I was greeted and, since I had made the reservation mentioning my father's thirty years of fidelity to the Plaza, a dossier was opened. There, I could see his history of stays—all documented by an orderly sheaf of reservation forms. Would I like his rooms? Afraid of the cost—considerable, it turned out—but unwilling to flout tradition, I said yes.

I was then ushered to a suite just over the zinc-and-wrought-iron canopy that protected the entrance of the hotel. From here, I could peek down at celebrities and statesmen arriving in lavish limousines. There was a huge bedroom and a large salon filled with Louis XV furniture covered in subtle tones of damask. There was an Aubusson on the floor. There was a bathroom for any guests I might have (I immediately got on the phone and invited everybody I knew in Paris for a drink). There was a little private entrance hall and, above all, there was the palace of my bathroom. For the first time in a hotel, I exper-

For formal dining, the Plaza-Athénée's main restaurant, *above;* the Relais Plaza (not pictured here) draws Paris's glamorous lunch bunch

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ienced huge white terry-cloth robes and towels heated on chrome racks. The old tub was big enough for the tallest man.

Next to the beds, on the wall of the bathroom and strategically sprinkled around the apartment, were little brown boxes that contained a collection of bells. Next to each bell was a descriptive drawing: a maid with an apron and feather duster, a waiter with a tray, and a valet with a pair of shoes for shining in his hand. The Plaza, almost alone of Paris hotels, then and now, has its own *équipe* and kitchen for each floor. This means that breakfast ordered as you wake arrives before your teeth are fully brushed, that shoes placed outside the door at night are returned impeccable. Washing is done the same day, pressing instantly. When flowers are sent, they are beautifully arranged in vases instead of being allowed to wilt in their wrappings. When I called from a business appointment (my, I had grown up) and asked that drinks be arranged for six, at eighteen *heures*, sparkling glasses, ice, hors d'oeuvres, napkins, and the *garçon d'étage* were all waiting on time.

Now, many of the grander suites of the hotel have been broken up to make way for more guests; but the level of luxury is still incredible. The bedrooms are large enough, with charming sitting areas, that, for most purposes, a suite is unnecessary. Between bedroom and bath, the dressing room is done up in a kind of toast-brown cut velours with hundreds of fitted drawers and ranges of closets with hangers for every eventuality of garb. I feel that I am back hiding in one of those vast traveling trunks. The bathroom still has enormous heated towels and giant bathrobes. It also has matching sinks to limit hassles between two adults dressing for dinner.

As perfectly Parisian as is the view up and down the Avenue Montaigne—with its cafés, Porthault across the street, and Dior (what a location for shopping) at the corner—many regular guests, myself included, prefer the rooms on the quiet inner courtyard of the hotel. From here, I look over the festive flower-clothed tables, the outdoor ones with cheerful umbrellas, of the famous Plaza restaurant; and I look across at orange awnings shading windows and balconies festooned with geraniums of a matching color. It is like being in a French village in the center of Paris.

There are other joys to the Plaza. It has a delightful young manager in M. Cozzo. It has one of the best staffs of concierges in the world: there is no plane reservation too difficult for them to make, no theater ticket too hard to get, no restaurant in which they will not find you a welcome, no *couture* showing so closed they cannot get you in—in fact, no reasonable need that they cannot fulfill. The hotel has the best bar in Paris: the English Bar down in the cellar. Quiet, comfortable, leathery, mahogannied, private, and dark, with a good piano player, it is a welcome change of pace from the rest of Paris. For tea or drinks in the late afternoon, the lavish corridor that runs the width of the hotel beyond the reception area is the only place to be.

My only problem with the Plaza-Athénée is that there are times when I want to join the fashionable world for lunch at the hotel's other restaurant, the super-star Relais Plaza, and I find it filled. No, there is another problem. Sometimes, the hotel is filled to bursting and I cannot get a room. Which is how I know about the other grand hotels of Paris. ▽

MIKAEL T. ZIELINSKI

Off Avenue Montaigne, the Plaza's perfectly Parisian facade

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1182 ☐ ANGUILLA, WEST INDIES: General guide and hotel brochure

1136 ☐ BERMUDA: "Bermuda: Take a Break in Rendezvous Time"– from the Bermuda Department of Tourism

1172 ☐ MEXICO: General introduction, points of interest

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TRAVEL

Island out of time

ON MADEIRA: AMAZING LANDSCAPES, SUBLIME WEATHER, THE REFINED JOYS OF A VICTORIAN VACATION

BY ALAN FRASER

Bright-white cottages, batch of boats at Câmara de Lobos—Portuguese fishing village on the island of Madeira

The island of Madeira stands alone in the Atlantic Ocean some five hundred miles off the North-west Coast of Africa—as seemingly alone as any place on earth. It is a perfect cone, with steep black cliffs that rise directly from the sea and continue impenetrably upward until they turn into snowcapped peaks some five or six thousand feet later. The cliffs offer no indentation large enough for a proper sort of harbor—and so Funchal, Madeira's capital, must make do with a nervous piece of the Atlantic arbitrarily walled off by an ancient breakwater. And since there is no land flat enough for an airport, part of the landing strip is literally cantilevered out from a mountainside.

Madeira's apparent inaccessibility makes it a slightly odd place for a resort—despite dazzling tropical foliage and year-round temperatures in the exceedingly comfortable mid-seventies. Because of Madeira's particular remoteness, however, something has been preserved and maintained here that resorts in the rest of the world have lost: the Nineteenth Century Vacation. As two recent visitors discovered, the Nineteenth Century Vacation does not feature deep tans nor an extravagant night life. Rather, it is constructed around proper clothing at all times (including an ankle-length robe at the pool), three sturdy meals a day, an ample tea at four o'clock, and an unflagging appreciation of—and capacity for—scenic views.

Most of these antique rites are best observed at Madeira's venerable Reid's Hotel. An immaculate late-Victorian relic, Reid's is done in light-buff stucco with jaunty green shutters. There is a modest brass nameplate on the black iron gate and a doorman in beige at the crest of the circular drive. In the lobby—a small paneled chamber that could serve as the entrance to a gentlemen's club in London—there is a large black-and-white photograph of Reid's ideal guests, Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, snapped almost forty years ago. The Churchills seem to be having a mildly diverting time. They are dressed in ample cottons—he in a vest, she in a hat—and stand contentedly together on a spacious, sunny verandah. Today's guests can stand on the same verandah and, more than likely, they will find at least a few of their fellow guests attired in the same loose, layered elegance that so became the Churchills.

Reid's was built in the early 1890s, and a diligent staff appears to have spent much of the intervening time polishing the place to its current impressive glow. Guests feel as well taken care of as the hotel. Large wooden breakfast trays laden with fruit and napery arrive promptly to begin the day. Stewards stand waiting on the vast sunbathing terrace below to aid in the all-important selection and outfitting of chaises. Nineteenth-century sunbathing protocol requires one to have an umbrella to protect you completely from the sun as well as your chaise positioned to catch as much of the sun as possible. For lunch, there is a windy outdoor buffet or a glass-walled, blue-and-white-

(Continued on page 546)

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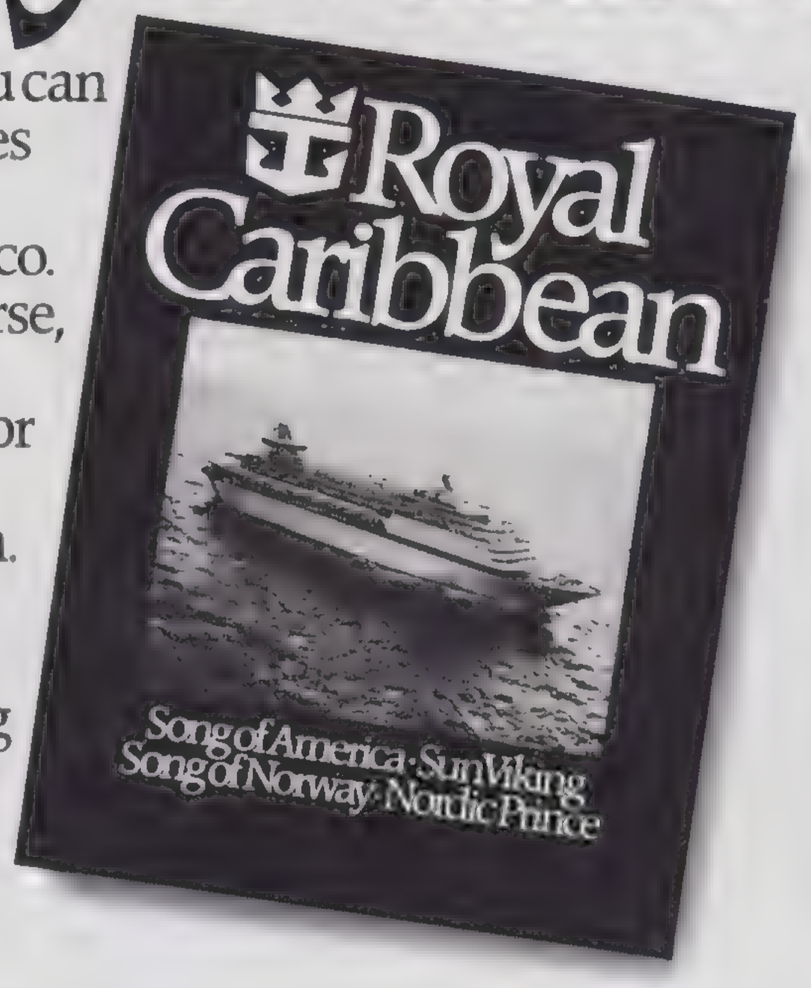

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MADEIRA

(Continued from page 544)

tiled dining room staffed with a corps of waiters in white starched jackets. Dinner is taken in a large, elegant *table d' hôtel* room or, with reservations, in the understated, swank Grill Room on the topmost story of the garden wing, overlooking the coastline.

At teatime, several of the pale, English-country-house-style sitting rooms and the Churchills' verandah fill with smiling guests sitting happily among bustling tea and pastry carts. Senior waiters urge assistants to hasten with this hot water, hurry with that slice of cake. Aside from the fact that the sun is always shining, this could be Brighton.

The entrées at Reid's tend to be veal or fish under sauce. Quite good and sturdy fare and not likely to keep one from a full night's sleep. Possibly the most interesting delicacy is the *espada* or scabbard fish. In the marketplace, these are laid out on counters by the hundreds and look more like black motorcycle belts than fish. On one's plate, however, the meat is white and flaky and tastes very much as if it were a combination of red snapper and sole.

Reid's is set in a ten-acre park with semi-tropical gardens and rambling walks along cliff tops above the Atlantic. There are tennis courts complete with a vigorous silver-haired pro in double-breasted blue blazer; two generous pools—one heated to warm, one to quite warm; and, at ocean level, a hundred or more feet below the main sunbathing terrace, a necklace of sunbathing shelves carved out of the cliffs. Down here, where the air is full of ocean noises and spray, there is a third, wonderful pool. It has been scooped out of the rock and is fed directly by the ocean plunging exuberantly up an open sluiceway. It is also possible to dip into the Atlantic by means of an iron ladder which descends straight into the ocean swells, although only the most elderly of German and British ladies appear compelled to take this lunatic plunge.

Away from Reid's leisurely pastimes, observing Madeira's scenic abundance is the major preoccupation of most visitors. The island offers views of mountaintops, views of forest valleys, views into the extinct crater that recalls Madeira's early life as a volcano and explains its black lava surface, views of fishing villages from sea level and from the cliffs above, views from promontories back along the coastline one has just traveled.

Legions of taxis, tour buses, and guides are always at hand to show off these wonders—and getting to them is an opportunity to experience terror and amazement as is any prolonged attempt to travel horizontally on a largely vertical surface. On Madeira, every journey involves climbing up, speeding down, or wrapping around. Yet the thrill is frequently outweighed by a feeling of admiration for what generations of islanders have achieved over the centuries: literally turning hillsides—too steep for standing, too steep for horses or cows to graze on—into thousands of tiny, perfectly flat, *(Continued on page 548)*

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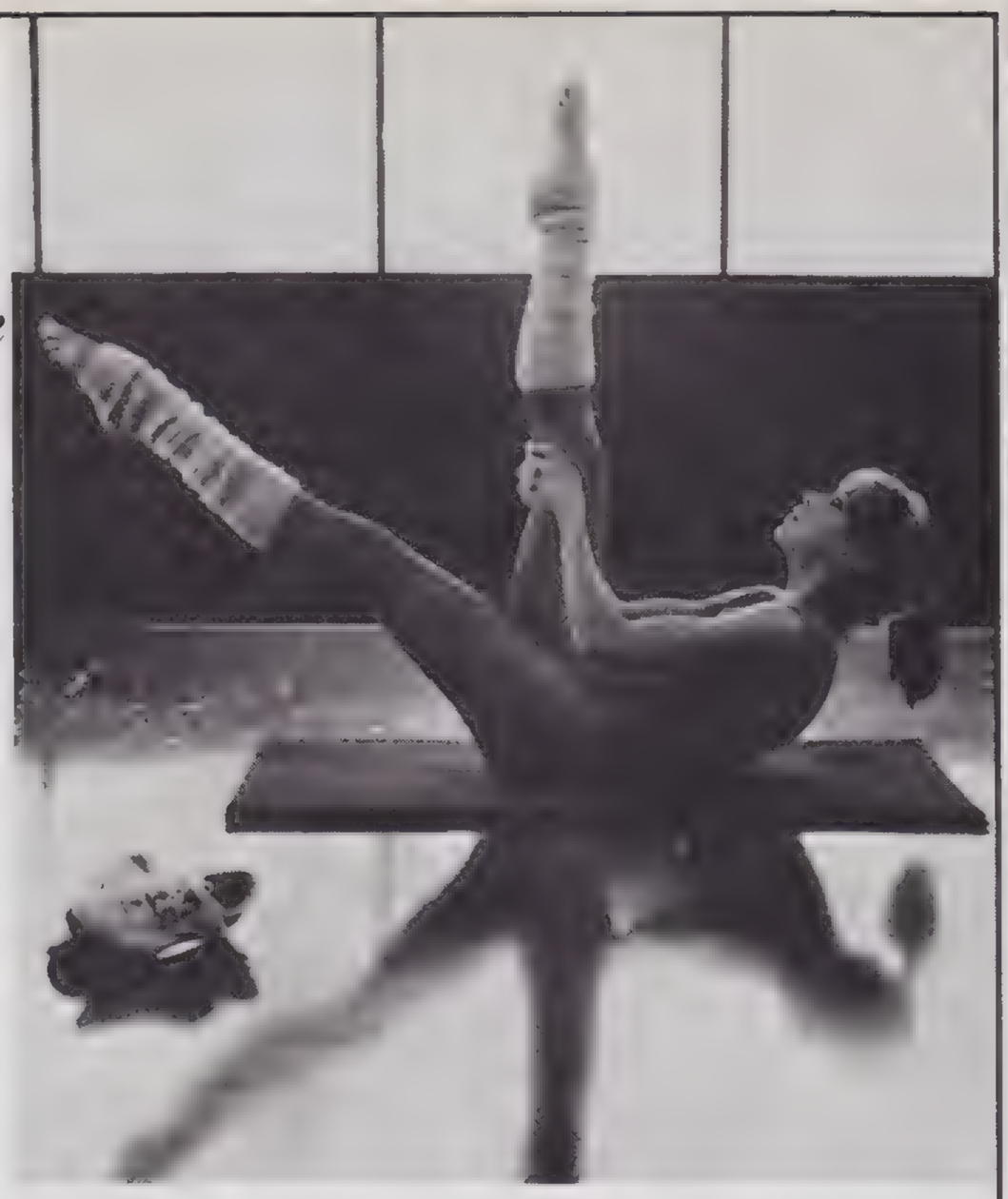

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MADEIRA

(Continued from page 546)

flourishing garden plots.

As is often the case with insular peoples, the Madeirans seem to have the patience and the incentive to cultivate the time-consuming as well as the odd and the antique. Some thirty-five thousand women still work at home and in factories to create the embroidery that used to be the staple of one's grandmother's linen closet. On Madeira, you can buy every conceivable type of embroidered covering—from coasters to bed sheets.

Madeira is also the world's only source of "Madeira"—the Port-like wine that has been a popular export at least since Elizabethan times. Most people are also familiar with Malmsey, a luxurious-tasting Madeiran wine; often required in rich cooking sauces, it is also a pleasant alternative to Port as an after-dinner drink. To dine on Madeira is to learn there are three other Madeiran wines; each, as with Malmsey, is named for the grape from which it is made. There is Sercial, much like a dry sherry and served as an aperitif; Verdelho, fuller and richer and served with soup; Bual, still richer but not quite Malmsey, served with dessert or fruit. In Funchal, there are several wine "lodges" where visitors may sip their way through this intriguing gambit after an informative tour of the cellars—some of which are, surprisingly, in the attic.

In the hills above Funchal, there is a restaurant with a unique manner of serving barbecued beef and, by repute, the island's finest Fado singers. The beef is cooked at an enormous open hearth and served on skewers hung from iron rods above the center of each table. You serve yourself by pulling down individual chunks of hot meat. The Fado singers—men or women soloists—enter with a group of musicians who accompany them on stringed instruments and perform throughout the meal at one end of the large dining room. Fado appears to be the Portuguese equivalent of the Blues—musical laments for love lost or gone wrong—and has a distinct and very seductive Moorish sound. Star performers are greatly admired and even a tone-deaf novice listening for the first time is easily able to succumb to the emotional tension conveyed.

The ultimate appeal of this unlikely island, however, has to do with the fact that Madeira exists at all. Consider this visitor's enduring image of the place. He is standing on his hotel balcony one morning and sees a ship, the first since his arrival, far out on the horizon. Save for the sudden appearance of the ship, the view of the endless Atlantic is the same one he has seen every morning for days. And then, unexpectedly, from out of nowhere, the little ship appears, heading for the island. It is like watching two random figures find each other in space. The ship, a cruise liner from Europe, comes directly into shore and tucks herself up against the landward side of Funchal's rugged breakwater. In all of this, there is an odd sense of comfort and of satisfaction in seeing that the ship is safe, that it has found the island. ▽

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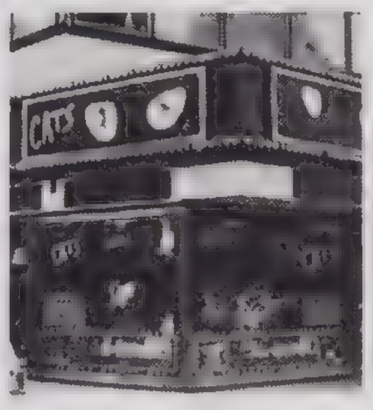

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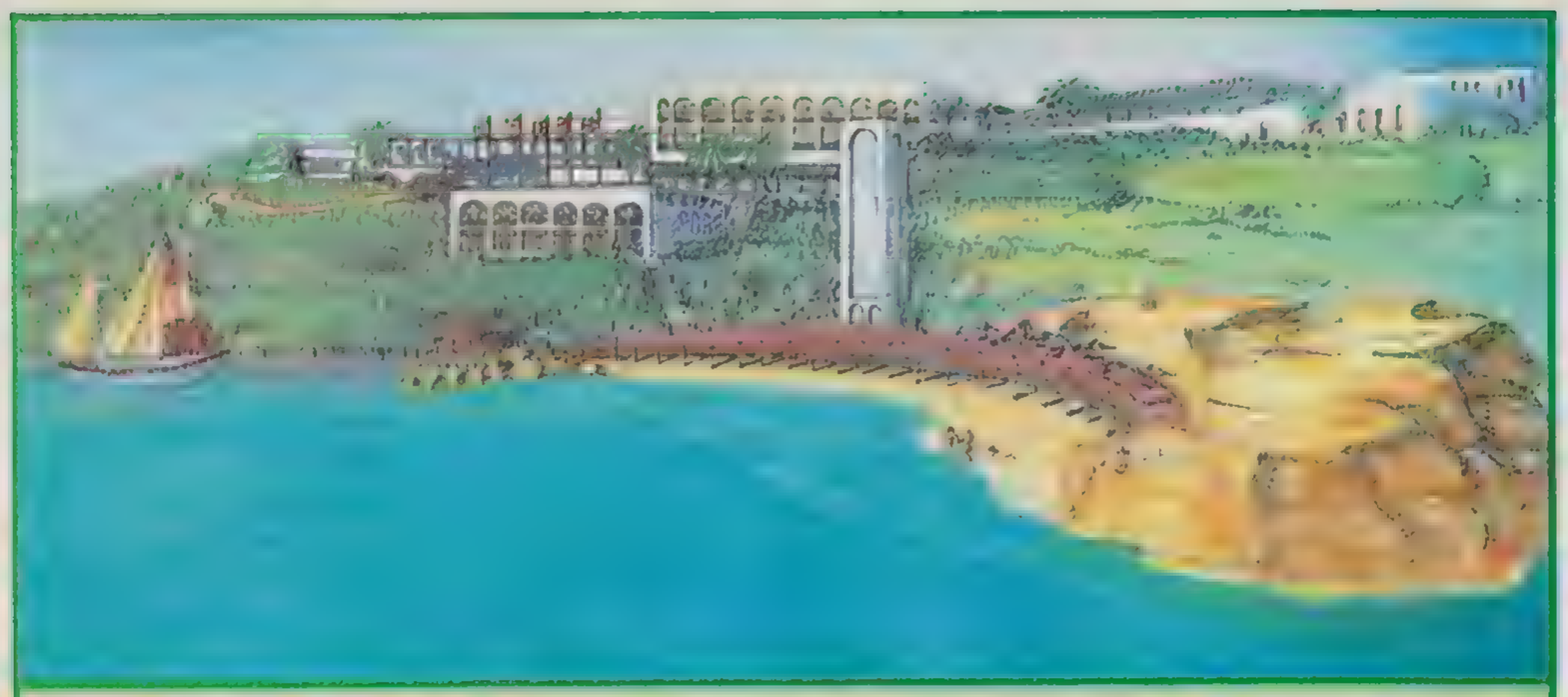

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Beach beauty: the new Malliouhana Hotel

Ah, Anguilla!

A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE CARIBBEAN'S NEWEST RESORT

BY WILLIAM P. RAYNER

A number of years ago I became an honorary citizen of the Caribbean island of Anguilla. The approbation that this tiny (sixteen miles long, three miles wide) island bestowed upon me came about in the following manner. Until about twenty years ago, Anguilla's relative inaccessibility protected it from speculators and developers—despite its magnificent beaches, exotic coves, and lovely little lagoons. Meanwhile, seven miles to the south of Anguilla, St. Martin *was* discovered, and eventually a new sunburst—hub—airport was built there to accommodate the jets that brought the hordes to its shores. At the same time, air service to St. Martin's neighboring islands was expanded. Anguilla began to look interesting as a resort.

While the economics of becoming a resort had a certain appeal to the native Anguillans, they feared, quite sensibly, that unless planned correctly, development could destroy their way of life. So they rejected one offer after another until they got fed up with being wooed and announced to the world through an advertisement in *The New York Times* that they did "not want to become a nation of busboys." The notice went on to say that anyone who sympathized with their position might send twenty-five dollars for which they would be made an honorary *(Continued on page 552)*

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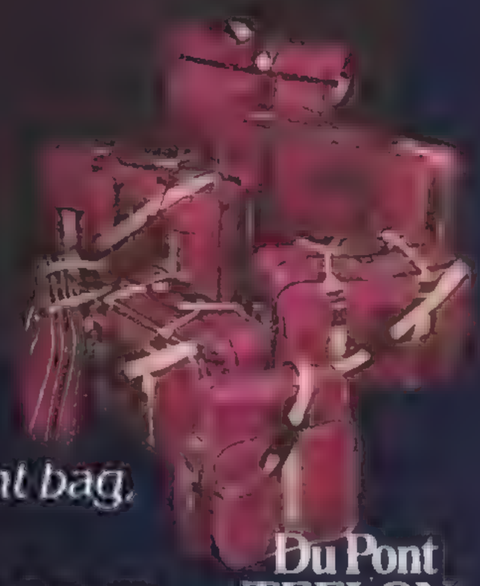

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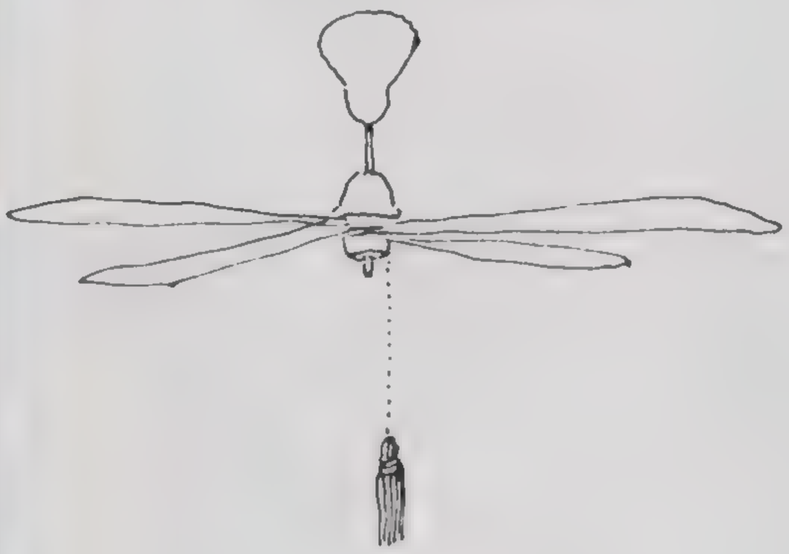
ANGUILLA

(Continued from page 550)

citizen and be allowed to spend one night in the mayor's house. To date, I have not bothered the mayor.

It has taken the citizenry of Anguilla years to find the right developer, and the wisdom of their patience and their insistence on excellence has finally paid off in what looks to be one of the finest hotels in the Caribbean. Scheduled to open officially next month, the new resort is called the Malliouhana (the Carib Indian name for Anguilla) Hotel and has thirty-four rooms and seven suites situated on twenty-five acres of land flanked by two miles of white-sand beaches. The vast rooms of the hotel are fronted by balconies facing the sea, while the enormous bathrooms are decked out in marble and mirror. Top Caribbean-based decorator Lawrence Peabody did the hotel, furnished the Spanish-tiled rooms with rattan, and kept interior colors delightfully cool to



contrast with the hot tropical hues of the island flowers—bougainvillaea, oleander, flamboyant, and hibiscus.

The restaurant at Malliouhana will be under the supervision of Jo Rostang, owner/chef of the Michelin top-rated La Bonne Auberge in Antibes, France. For those of an athletic persuasion, there are three tennis courts and a variety of other sports including wind surfing, water-skiing, scuba diving, snorkeling, and snoozing.

There are two other smaller but charming hotels on Anguilla. The Cul de Sac—a short cab ride away from the Malliouhana—has six cottages, each with living room/bedroom, kitchen, and dining area. Its restaurant features Creole cuisine. Guests here have full use of the Malliouhana's facilities. Another cab ride away, the Mariners at Sandy Ground has a total of twenty-one rooms in its seven Caribbean-Victorian cottages set on a beautiful little beach. Sometimes, in its bay, tramp steamers at anchor give the place a distinctly Joseph Conrad look. The restaurant hard on the beach is very good.

To get to Anguilla, there are three daily scheduled flights from St. Martin; or a private plane can be arranged. For the more adventurous, a ferryboat leaves on impulse. High-season rates at the Malliouhana from December 16 through April 30 start at $225 for a double, $350 for a suite, and $800 for a three-bedroom/three-bathroom villa. ▽

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VOGUE'S View

"Reel life" dressing...T-shirt update...international fashion news roundup.

By André Leon Talley

A little night romance

Alluring new ways to heighten dressing-gown dressing—lace and madcap accessory accents

Ungaro's black lace evening gown, right; Gaultier's "Dandy" gown over slim skirt, far right; YSL's felt pork-pie hat punched with Norma Kamali lace, extreme right

Dorothy lace: it's everywhere. From the tips of hats to rhinestone-studded gloves to tuxedo slippers. "Dandy" dressing and lace intersect—this season—to create a new sense of romance at night. It comes across in different ways: special beguiling alternatives for evening in a season of looks based on sportswear shapes reworked in opulent fabrics. Claude Montana made a big dressing-gown statement for fall. "Glamorous TV dinners is what I had in mind as people don't go out much these days," he says.

Designers Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio at Anne Klein, and Ralph Lauren cut luxe dressing-gown shapes in velvet touched with mink or gold-piped haberdashery wool. Jean-Paul Gaultier casts a witty glance at English "dandy" dressing associated with the formal tone of Beau Brummell.

A complement to the new dressing-gown mood—flirty lace—at Ungaro, in an hourglass strapless dress. Witty accessories heighten the romantic mood. YSL's felt pork-pie cocktail hat and Norma Kamali's lace scarf to tie under a hat: thoroughly romantic!

New-at-home, above: Under a Sulka man's silk dressing gown—worn as a dinner dress—Shu-ba's cotton lace camisole, Maud Frizon black lace tuxedo flats. Slang Fashion, right, Sprouse's "Mary Walk" fake fur hat

Slang Fashion

Amusing accessory notes inspired by traditional style jargon, updated into witty extravagances . . . Stephen Sprouse's "Mary Walk" hat in fake fur. LaCrasia's black kid dinner gloves with lace. Matsuda's black felt riding cap. Manolo Blahnik's black and grey spats. Hand-made kilt socks, Scottish Products, NYC. *("View" continued on page 558)*

TIM SHEAFFER, MARIO TESTINO, PIERRE SCHERMAN, HANS FEURER. Hair and makeup by Gad Cohen of La Coupe. Hair by Didier Malige for Jean-Louis David Salon NYC. Makeup by Leventé for Garren, NYC

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view

T-TURNOUTS

New twists on the classic T-shirt, lifted from the rugged Marlon Brando and Jimmy Dean swagger to sophisticated, seasonless formulas

Clockwise: Zoran's new T-shirt in ribbed cashmere over a black satin sarong; Chanel's lace T-shirt; Calvin Klein's seasonless linen T-shirt.

Anything new about a T-shirt? The charm of an easy T-shirt style for evening, the versatility of crisp linen for winter. . . .

The classic—originally designed in T-shape and worn literally under shirts by men in the early '30's—is a time-honored universal formula that designers love to develop, season after season. Calvin Klein says of his new white linen bateau-neck T-shirts for winter: "It's a contemporary American classic that is as workable in a wardrobe in the winter as it is in the summer. It lends itself to easy layering; it points to my concept of relaxed, easy, interchangeable pieces."

At Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld lifts the T-shirt from the "athletic" and transforms it into something sensual for evening in black crêpe georgette and lace. He keeps the sportswear ease, but gives it a relaxed luxury that works with pants or skirts.

"I think it's the easiest thing to wear. It's totally modern, the T-shirt. When I began designing for Chanel, I thought of translating the obvious into simplistic, yet luxurious forms. Why not a lace Chanel T-shirt?" asks Lagerfeld.

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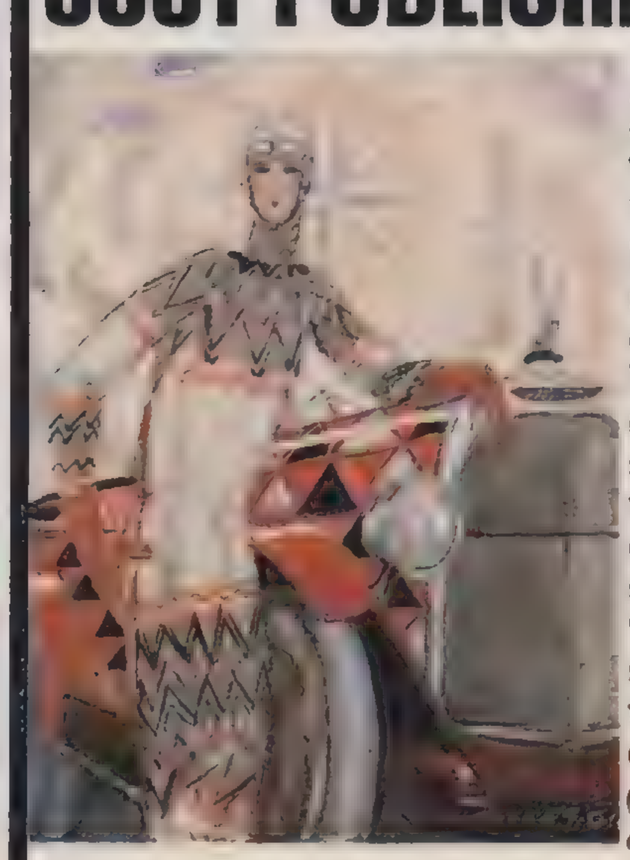

From the Ballets Russes to Vogue, The Art of Georges Lepape, edited by Claude Lepape and Thierry Defert (The Vendome Press). Lepape's elegant style (as in his cover of French Vogue 1925, *left*) reflects an era of swift changes in fashion, art, culture. Cocteau says in the opening: "An era so rich...it seems to belong to the unfathomable domain of Dreams."

(View continued on page 562)

HAIR BY KATHY TODD, PIERRE SCHERMAN, DUSTIN PITTMAN. Hair by God Cohen of La Coupe; makeup by Wendy Whitelaw

I love October.
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autumn gold.

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view

"REEL LIFE" DRESSING

EVENING SIZZLERS INSPIRED BY CELLULOID DREAMS, LEADING LADY SIMPLICITY —FASHION TURNS TO HOLLYWOOD

Great moments: those entrance-making clothes from Hollywood films. During the Depression, the sizzling exaggerations worn by Carole Lombard, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Norma Shearer—to name a few—gave millions of women a sense of glamour and style removed from harsh reality. Women studied Hollywood's leading-lady clothes, on screen and off, for cues about silhouette as well as for charming escapism.

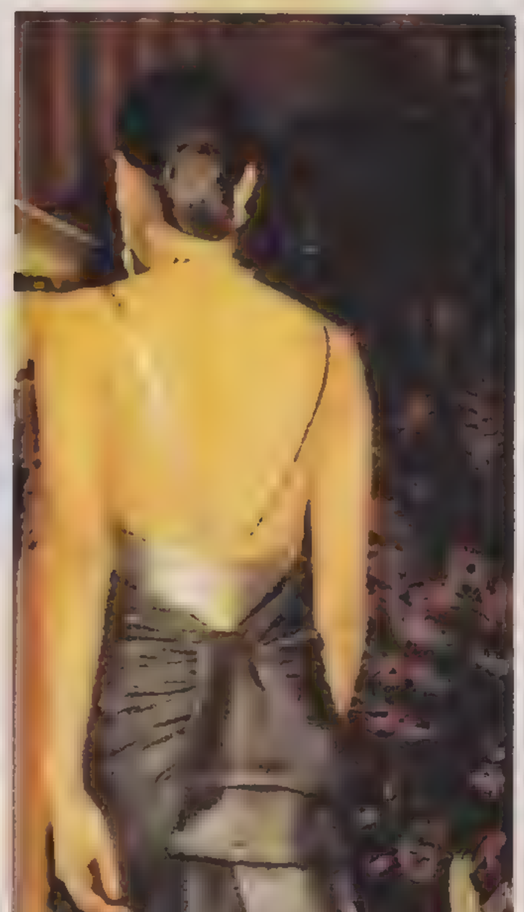
This season, you find reflections of that kind of dazzling Hollywood glamour—counterpoints in a sea of easy-evening sweaters and skirts.

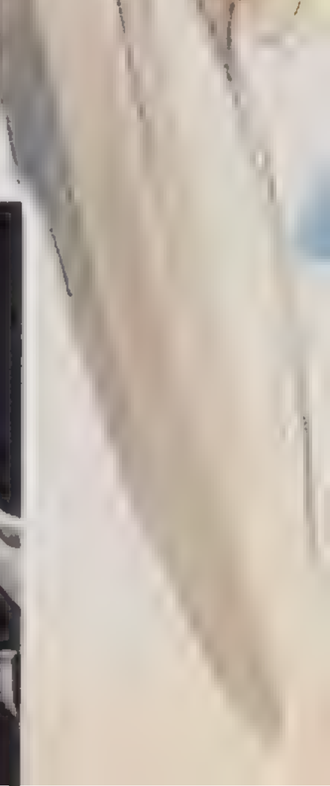
Take Bill Blass. A designer who has always cut "all-out" dinner clothes as an option to his classic easy-evening turnouts. "I grew up hooked on *proper* leading ladies. Kay Francis, Lombard, and young Mary Astor were fantastic for what they wore, on the screen, as well as in their private lives," says Blass.

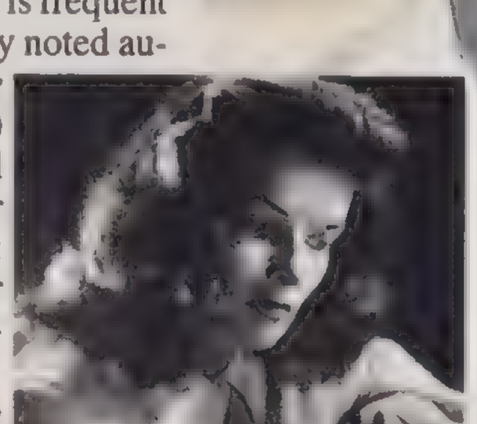
Perry Ellis, at the opposite end of the spectrum, likes the common sense freshness of a leading lady in a white shirt. "After you go mad with color, it's a final simplicity," notes Ellis. "The white shirt stands for something perfectly American. I imagine Katharine Hepburn might show up at a formal dinner in trousers and a simple silk shirt. It's a lasting form, a purity of style."

NEWSWATCH: Three Lives & Co. Ltd., a New York bookstore that takes its name from Gertrude Stein's first published work, is owned by three women—Jenny Feder, Jill Dunbar, and Hélène Webb. Its special feature is frequent literary-salon readings by noted authors. Alison Lurie (*The Language of Clothes*) will read from her novel *Foreign Affairs* October 11th. Future reading: Fran Lebowitz, from her novel-in-progress, *Exterior Signs of Wealth.*

("View" continued on page 564)







Above left: Norma Shearer in Adrian's Leading Lady gown in *Private Lives; top,* Blass's black velvet and sable entrance-maker. *Right:* Loretta Young in serpentine lamé; *center,* Jacqueline de Ribes's draped pewter lamé evening gown with exit-making drama. *Far right, inset:* Katharine Hepburn, a leading lady in crisp white man-tailored shirt; *far right,* Perry Ellis' Leading Lady white silk shirt—"honest American style," he says.

ANTONIO, THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE, PIERRE SCHERMAN, STALEY-WISE GALLERY. Hair and makeup by Gad Cohen of La Coupe

OPIUM.

Pour celles qui s'adonnent à Yves Saint Laurent.

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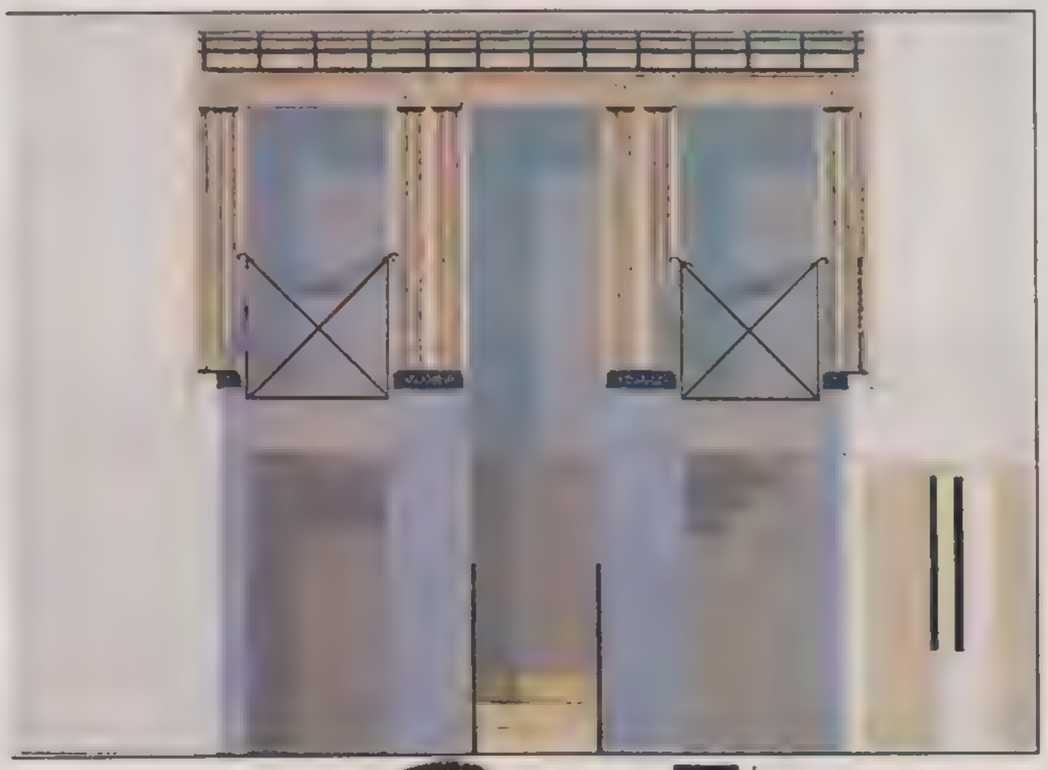
Parfums

YVES SAINT LAURENT

view

Diane's New Fashion Center: Urban Chic

Diane Von Furstenberg, left, creates a new fashion post based on luxurious clothes that answer real-life needs



Above: Michael Graves's drawing of DVF's shop; left DVF's sultry black silk jersey "party dress" with Carmen touches; below, her fuchsia silk rose and Coro's earrings.

She put women back into dresses in the 'seventies. For the 'eighties, DVF's new concept: "Clothes made from luxe fabrics organized for special occasions, time slots in a modern woman's life."

In her new store, which opens in December in New York, her concept is clothes classifications: Smart Lunch, Party, Gala, Hostess, Vernissage are the distinct divisions for "women who want to look rich, luxurious, yet not be self-conscious about it," adds Furstenberg. "These are clothes you can dress down, or up, according to an accessory." Her new shop, designed by architect Michael Graves, has a dramatic neo-classic style. Until it opens, clothes can be seen by appointment at her NYC showroom.

"The clothes I felt had to embrace women from three generations. They should be attractive to my daughter, my mother's generation, and my own age bracket." The concept: expressly timely in a season when women are dressing up.

URBAN ARCHAEOLOGY: A SoHo outpost for unearthing the unexpected. Established by Ivan Karp of the O.K. Harris Gallery, co-owned by Gil Shapiro and Lenny Schechter, the store's current popular item: antique architect's tables in gleaming woods. Fernando Sanchez discovered one here . . . Paloma Picasso found a cast-iron Gothic Revival lamppost for her entrance hall.

("View" continued on page 566)

NEAL BARR, GRILHAULT DES FONTAINES, TIM SHEAFFER, MICHAEL GRAVES. PHOTO/ACME PHOTO. Hair by Shunji Matsuo of Suga Salon, makeup by George Newell

Rive Gauche.
Le parfum des femmes imprévisibles.

Parfums
YVES SAINT LAURENT

view

CROSS CURRENTS

FROM AFRICA TO JAPAN TO NEW YORK: CULTURAL STYLE IN SHARP FOCUS

Blending traditional design with modernity is the subject of Japan at Bloomingdale's, through November 4. Designs for the home, food, stationery, and fashion reflect contemporary Japanese style. Sleek Oriental silk satin pyjamas, *left,* are from Matsuda. Big electronics breakthrough: the Pioneer laser video-jukebox. The modern "body"—like that of a computer. Cost: about $10,000.

Africa is the subject of the NYC Museum of Modern Art's exhibition *"Primitivism" in Twentieth-Century Art,* which celebrates the Western world's response to tribal arts and societies. The show runs till January 15....African ornamentation is the subject of Angela Fisher's book *Africa Adorned* (Harry Abrams), which traces the evolution of everything from hairstyles to Ethiopian crosses, *right.*

NEWSWATCH

Fashion designer Willi Smith and artist Keith Haring will collaborate on sets and costumes for the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane and Co. dancers in a theatrical work for Brooklyn Academy of Music's upcoming Next Wave festival. Music will be composed by Peter Gordon for "Secret Pastures" to be performed from November 15 to 18.

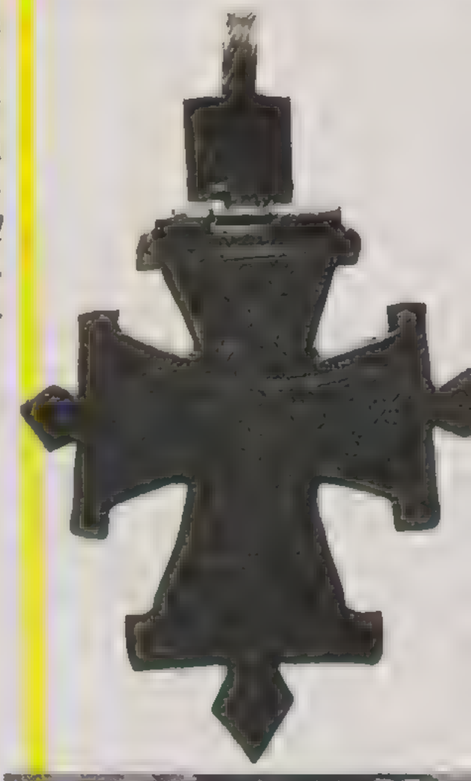
slang fashion: **Norma Kamali's black linen wing-collar wedge-shaped shoes. Lace toreador pants from Ibiza, NYC. Silver lamé foil wigs by Robert Molnar.**

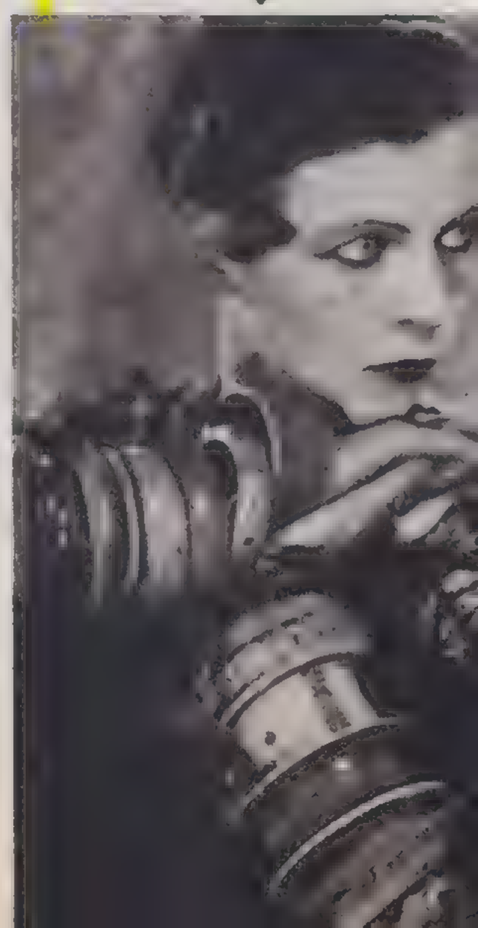
KATHY TODD, RANDOLPH GRAFF, MAN RAY

("View" continued on page 568)

CULTURAL CROSSROADS:

A FASCINATION WITH EXOTIC CULTURE, JEWELRY, AND ORNAMENTS ISN'T NEW. *BOTTOM*, NANCY CUNARD IN HER FAMOUS AFRICAN IVORIES, 1926. ...WHAT IS NEW: AT THE J. CAMP GALLERY, ETHIOPIAN CROSSES, *BELOW*, THAT HAVE EXISTED FOR 1600 YEARS CAN BE TURNED INTO MODERN MEDALS.





Les teintes insolentes du fard à lèvres.

YVES SAINT LAURENT
Beauté

view

Feminine details: what to watch for... finds for ski or for beach...new designer shopping, fashion sagas, famous-face jeans

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

People are talking about...highly feminine, flirtatious, body-conscious dressing: in effect, what's coming for "resort." Designers are working new pastel colorings, makeup-tint pales: Ralph Lauren, for one, takes a soft trousers shape, puts it in Caribbean-water blue...or banana for warm-weather sun. Bits of bareness are showing up, worked in inventive ways: At Perry Ellis, a bow-tied bra with brightly colored shorts; Stephen Sprouse is layering open dresses over bras. A new Zoran-invented seamless dress comes open on the sides like a tabard, simply wraps and ties. What's new? Consistently, a desire for clothes with very noticeable charm. Beguiling news after a fall of "menswear."

"What's new? For resort, clothes with noticeable charm. Beguiling new pieces, not 'menswear'"

This winter, some interesting new answers to the question of "underpinnings." For instance, to use as underwear pieces, there are 100 percent cotton T-shirts (from Hanky Panky) with shoulder pads in them; some cotton/Lycra Nona Summers leotards also come with shoulder pads. The notion? In a fall full of menswear looks and dressing shapes that start with broad shoulders, a way to get that look—from an under layer . . . .

If "femininity" is the season's password for new resort dressing, it's also a notion that's changing the look, now, of swimwear: New suits are coming in some way draped, shirred, or gathered, styled with a cummerbund or a cinched waist. Shapes are streamlined, simple; livened by a brilliant—yellow, fuchsia, royal blue—color or softened by a powdery pastel; given some charm—by a new bareness—cutouts, halters, or criss-crossed straps, or by a small ruffle, bow, or button detail. Traditional thinking has it that a woman headed to a resort and mid-winter pale is more apt to buy a maillot than a bikini. Also news: A lot of men's-undershirts looks (à la Calvin Klein), Hawaiian prints, plus a whole world of coverups that, as cotton interlock shorts, tops, pants, and jackets, are easily more than pieces for the beach—they're essentially sportswear. Most of these—sold in bathing-suit departments—also come in at the less-than-sportswear price: A not unattractive fact.

Designers may be thinking in terms of resort—and spring clothes to come; plenty of women, at this point in the year, are first considering ski clothes. What they'll find, now: New on-slope clothes following any number of fall's fashion trends. Ski pieces are coming in textured matte fabrics, colored neutral grey or black. Neon brights get used for accents. Parkas and pullover tops come with broad shoulders, get quilted to appear even more oversized. For warm-weather skiing, there are new sweatshirting pieces, lightest-weight layerings, unlined—narrow—powder suits: lean, belted jumpsuits are becoming as popular here as they are in Europe. In this Olympics year, new space-age synthetics often replace bulkier down fills; there are zip-off sleeves, snap-off sleeves, High Tech detailings. The season's hands-down best sellers for on the slopes, though, are still the narrowest—simplest—stretch pants. At Ellesse, now, the newest: in tweedy grey/black. In fact,they've become just as popular off the slopes, as well.

What's new? The first Zoran shop ever to come to the West Coast, opening this fall in—not surprisingly—Beverly Hills. Zoran, maker of minimalist pieces, is styling the store itself equally sparely, mostly white: on Santa Monica Boulevard at Wilshire...Designer jeans sales may be sagging these days, but that doesn't daunt Brooke Shields. For spring, she's coming out with her own Brooke Shields jeans—jeans done "in a different way": That means pants in denims, corduroys, lighter-weight cottons, plenty of colors, plus coordinating jackets, vests—the sort of pieces that come in handy if, say, you're running to/from classes at Princeton. Next spring, in Europe, she will launch a European-made collection of Brooke Shields sports clothes—pieces for tennis, jogging.

Fashionable reading? "Patou," by Meredith Etherington-Smith, published this month in the U.S. by St. Martin's Press: the story of Jean Patou, couturier, gambler, man-about-Paris, dresser of, among others, Gloria Swanson, Mona Williams, Pola Negri. Chanel's 'twenties competitor and the creator of today's Joy perfume, Patou was the man who once said, "Women are not dolls to be dressed by designers," and went on to liberate those non-dolls into tennis dresses, sporty cardigans and pleated skirts, long bias-cut satins, short dresses with—a pleasure—no waists . . .
At the other end of the fashion spectrum—but not wholly unrelated in fashion thought: "Real Clothes," by J.C. Suarès and Susan Osborn (William Morrow and Co., Inc.)—a book that mines the style of the best of today's most-functional dressing (uniforms, outdoor gear, clothes evolved from people's work). Translation? "How to step into": everything from surgeons' scrubs to carpenters' aprons, firefighters' uniforms. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

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RIS

PA

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THIS IS AN ISSUE ABOUT SMALL CHANGES AND BIG DIFFERENCES...

AND IT'S BASED ON A NEW WAY OF THINKING ABOUT FASHION AND BEAUTY

There's a sense of things changing this month. From a fashion perspective, the recent couture collections signal the beginning of a new mood, a different focus in dressing. This is also the month when an overview of changes from the world of beauty and fitness comes into the picture: changes that continue to grow in their importance, their influence. And, no question, the climate this October—sandwiched between the excitement of the Olympics and that of a precedent-setting election—intensifies the feeling of change.

What this issue is concerned with: a different way of thinking about fashion and beauty. A way of thinking based on certain modern assumptions. The first of which: that *how* we wear clothes is as important as the clothes themselves. The second, that in our need to be "dressed," to present an attractive, appropriate image for day, we are not willing to sacrifice the ease, the relaxed quality we expect from the best clothes today. And that for evening, we expect something totally different. There's the need, the desire for something purely delicious, for a necessary element of fantasy—all of which comes into play at night. And brings with it another significant change: no matter how fanciful, how colorful the evening dressing, the demand remains constant for a reality in the look of makeup and hair—all clothes today, day or night, are meant to be worn in an unexcessive manner.

Based on these assumptions, it's fair to say that the key to fashion now is a new balance: the low-key ease of day contrasted with a more spectacular turn at night. And, at night, the opulence of clothes contrasted with a woman's own unaffected, personal style. It's a balance you'll see throughout this issue.

Something else that underscores this issue—something else that affects our thinking about fashion now—color. The starting point—the couture—where the message was irresistibly simple—a strong emphasis on femininity . . . and where the biggest difference was color. Color used for maximum effect, for sheer delight, late day through evening. Color that provoked an immediate response . . . even in a suit for day: where the jacket, a long, soft blouson, was in a deep, dark red striped in multicolors; the trousers, of black-and-red checks . . . and where the accompanying coat was brilliant blue, bordered in black, and wrapped with a red fox boa!

For real evening dressing—the essence of the couture—the color (the luxury) was nothing less than amazing. From the accessories: multicolor jewels used with abandon, whimsical hats and hair ornaments, extravagant evening gloves . . . to the most extraordinary evening coats—a ravishing purple satin trench coat bordered in black fox—to the all-out splendor of the dresses: a long, sinuous dress; the top in mauve, the skirt, fuchsia . . . or a strapless tricolor dress—black, electric blue, hot pink—all wrapped in a huge taffeta bow. And that's only the tip of the iceberg.

Where you'll see color here-and-now—and see it in a very unmistakable way: in the world of casual dressing—country/weekend/outdoor casual. And color, in this case, is sizzling—neon, fluorescent colors. But it isn't only a change of color that provokes new thoughts in this way of dressing. These clothes are cut on a new, bigger scale, and with a new attitude. There's nothing "up-country" or woodsy about any of them. Instead, there's a very real sophistication of shape: a new—perfect!—pullover, much longer, looser, with an easy oval neckline in hot orange, or a big-knit turtleneck tunic in hot pink . . . a terrific new coat—7/8 length, wrap-around easy in a striking shade of blue . . . a new padded "parka" in acid green. All, singular pieces to wear over a base of black—or another dark neutral.

Changes in coloring change the character of fur this winter, strengthening the appeal, the luxury. There's a wonderful new range of tawny colors—warm, sunlit—and a new palette of greys from misty to charcoal. Something else that attracts you to fur now: the scale—this is where you find the most oversized shapes, the most luxurious ampleness, and this is where it's most welcome. There are dashing long coats that can slide over a variety of hemlines and new bigger-scale 7/8 length coats that have the same swagger, the same versatility.

Nowhere do small changes make for bigger differences than in the category of easy-evening dressing. There will always be evenings when you have to dress for something "big time," something gala. But, more often than not, the changes you want to make at night are changes of a lesser degree, for an "easier" kind of evening. Changes as charming as an evening bag of black lace threaded on a black silk cord . . . or an evening pump of black velvet dazzled with rhinestones . . . or a pair of wide jewel-encrusted cuffs with presence enough to "turn" a look. For more of a change, an ornamental sweater—one studded with multicolor stones, or a sweater inset with black lace and a lace skirt to match. The most charming change: a short dress at night—one that's flirty, racy and irresistible. And, nine times out of ten, black with a decorative nature.

Traditionally, this is a month when color-in-makeup is a subject of conversation. There's nothing traditional about the news, the thinking in makeup this October. The most advanced space-age technology—literally—is being brought to bear in the world of cosmetics with effects straight out of "2001." For instance, you can now walk into a store, walk up to a cosmetics counter, and—with the press of a button—see yourself "made over" instantly (the image projected on a video display terminal). Beyond this technical wizardry, the level of scientific knowledge and research applied to the products themselves is equally impressive . . . with impressive, measurable results in their use.

The essence of beauty today: the high level of sophistication which allows for a new simplicity, a new freedom. It's a change that's as significant as it is unmistakable. It's certainly true of makeup. And it's equally true of hair. A "modern" haircut—with a little help, perhaps, from one of the new mousses or gels—allows for a never-before ease and freedom. No longer does hair have to be protected from rain, snow, or the slightest breeze. No longer does a woman think twice about swimming or exercise or anything else because of her hair. Now, there is—truly—a better way.

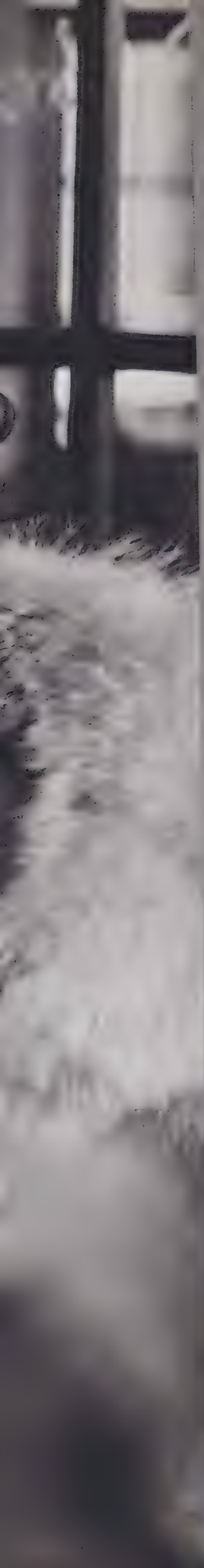
The touchstone for these changes: a different basic assumption—the fact that as much as we care about the way we look, today we care more about the way we feel. That has become the priority. But—and it's proved out all the time—the better we feel, the better we look.

In light of these changes, it's worth remembering: there is still no substitute for the ingredient of delight, wherever it's found—in fashion or in beauty: the delight of something as simple as a perfect white silk shirt, as beguiling as black lace evening gloves, as whimsical as hot-orange socks or an electric-blue mascara . . . the delight of something as relaxing as a long, unwinding, after-work swim or as recharging as a three-mile run . . . or the more immediate delight of something as glorious as the romantic hats of Paris on the next page . . . it's an ingredient at the heart of this, of every, issue . . .

PARIS... IN THE MOST CAPTIVATING MOOD

There's nothing else like it: the experience of the couture. A celebration of what's best, what's truly appealing to its audience. This season even more so: with a new height of luxury, an out-and-out femininity, never more welcome or more inviting. To appreciate the impact, the sheer excitement of these collections, a special twenty-two-page adventure in fashion photographed by Avedon...

The beginning of a glorious adventure... a glorious couture season filled with wonderfully romantic gestures. Symbolized here by the fanciful evening hats of Emanuel Ungaro worn, right, by Vera Singer, Valentine Dolle, Lolita Oberfeld. Key to the look on all these pages—the hair, with its modern simplicity and definition—by Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; and the makeup—maintaining a distinctly modern reference point—created by Tyen of Paris. Details, last pages.



PARIS...

As the adventure

begins to unfold...

you'll see the low-key

ease of day dressing

"balanced" by the

fantasy splendor

of couture evenings.

And—further

emphasizing the

difference in fashion

now, you'll see

everything worn

with the same

unaffected casual

attitude, the same

lack of artifice—

in makeup, hair,

in detail.

Connecting link: the

three young women

on these pages

Daytime ease, *left:*
Lenita, Alexa, and
Valentine—all
in Yves Saint Laurent
(whose day clothes
are used throughout).
***Right*, also from**
Yves Saint Laurent—
the glory of evening.
Under a black cardigan
jacket...a dress
like this!—all color,
all body. Of silk satin
by Abraham.
Details, last pages.

Avedon

Nowhere else color as glorious. *Opposite:* Saint Laurent's ravishing purple satin trench collared and cuffed in black fox. (Fabric, Abraham). Underneath, more color, all set off by beautiful multicolor jewels. And worn here with a minimal makeup, an understated look to hair....As a measure of the new mood in Paris, *near left,* updated version of the famous YSL "smoking." Now, a chrome-yellow satin and gold lamé cutaway jacket, over a sheer embroidered top, vivid purple faille skirt, cummerbund in fuchsia panne velvet. (Jacket and skirt fabric, Abraham); top fabric, Marescot.) Details, last pages.

PARIS...

Avedon

PARIS... The continuing contrast: the straightforward attitude of day; the overtly beguiling nature of evening

Perfectly relaxed, *right:* Saint Laurent's newest pants suit, with a short blouson jacket. Of wool flannel by Gandini....The seduction of color... in Emanuel Ungaro's exuberant dinner dressing, *left.* His distinctive, colorful coat over an unexpected one-piece dress: the brilliant blue angora jacquard jersey tunic "wrapped" and held by a jeweled clip; a ripply black velvet bias skirt. Fabric: top and wool/alpaca coat, Gandini; skirt, Clement. Details, last pages.

Avedon

In Paris: French actress Jane Lobre, right, who's appeared in five François Truffaut films, here with Lenita, a friend in real life

Avedon

PARIS... **In the couture: the idea of a jacket ...expressed very differently. At Chanel, *opposite*, the ultimate! Karl Lagerfeld's black sequined and embroidered jacket over a long, sinuous black silk crêpe dress; the glittered top as bare, as body close as a maillot! Jacket fabric, Lesage; dress, Bianchini....**

Beauty Note: **The message—an underplayed, minimal makeup. Here, from Chanel, Ivory Liquid base, palest French Pink lip color, Nude gloss. The exuberant new fragrance, coming from Chanel next year: "Coco."....**

The romanticism of Ungaro, *near left:* his soft, crushed black velvet jacket over a ravishing silk jacquard print dress—bias-cut, draped, the wrapover skirt held by a jeweled clasp. Abraham fabric. Details, last pages.

PARIS... **Sometimes, there are subtle day-to-night differences. More often than not, the contrast is unmistakable—the way it is here—an all-out change...**

The raciest day dressing, *right:* Saint Laurent's taupe wool jersey jumpsuit (fabric, Racine). Worn here, by Alexa, at "La Closerie des Lilas," Paris.... In contrast, *left,* at Ungaro the most romantic vision of evening: his turn-of-the-century "riding jacket" in black velvet embroidered with silver and gold. The blouse underneath flecked with faux pearls and diamonds; a long black velvet bias skirt. Jacket and blouse fabric, Jakob Schlaepfer; skirt, Clement. Details, last pages.

PARIS...

The exuberance—the impact—of color, day into night. Clearly, the strongest "message," the greatest delight in Paris.
At Ungaro, a unique approach to color—and to day dressing, *left:* the longer wool blouson jacket, in deep, dark red striped in multicolors over trousers of red-and-black checked wool. With one of his sensational bright-color coats and red fox boa! Jacket and pants fabric, Besson.
Beauty Note:
The unique Ungaro touch in a new fragrance—Diva—feminine, seductive....
At Saint Laurent, a nonstop celebration of color. *Right:* One in a series of charming evening looks—a simple, black velvet scoop-neck top, brilliantly striped skirt, and the softness of a ruched underskirt in iridescent color. Velvet by Moreau. Details, last pages.

Avedon

MARTINI

In Paris: Bernard-Henri Lévy—thirty-four-year-old philosopher, best-selling author, actor—photographed here with Valentine

PARIS...

In fashion

today the option

of having it

both ways: having

the ease,

the flexibility

needed in dressing

for day

...and having

it all at night!

Inherently dashing, *left:* Saint Laurent's turtleneck and trousers, with one of his wonderful new jackets in fur—Canadian sable to the waist; a long attached sable tie, complete with tails....In a couture season of remarkable evenings, a standout at Ungaro, *right.* His strapless "cocoon" of a dress in ivory silk satin—softly draped, then gathered in a huge black taffeta bow and train; at the neck, a halter strap of jewels, with a separate golden flower. Satin by Taroni. Details, last pages.

Avedon

ROME...

At Valentino, a celebration— of his twenty-fifth anniversary... with a collection that "celebrates" a very provocative, very body-conscious way of dressing at night....The allure of red, *left*— a key Valentino color in a long silk jersey crêpe dress that's narrow, bias-cut, softly draped and covered in front... revealing in back.... The most definitive body-shaping, *right*, in his sensational crimson evening dress. The top, of shirred silk jersey, as narrow as narrow can get, with a long, full skirt of silk taffeta moiré....

Beauty Note:

As a counterpoint to this degree of color, of dressing—an understated makeup. Here, from Lancôme: a base of Maquimat Teint Naturel in Ivoire carried onto lips; a gloss of Opale Rosé lip color; Pink Ivory and Coral Sand eyeshadows. Details, last pages.

Avedon

PARIS...

Remarkable for its coloring, its narrowness, its sheer impact— Emanuel Ungaro's tricolor evening dress, *right:* a strapless black velvet bodice, the "body" bright-blue satin, draped, tulip-hemmed; and everything wrapped in a huge, brilliant-pink taffeta bow! Clement velvet; satin and taffeta, Taroni... Glorious effects, *opposite,* at Yves Saint Laurent. One of the most memorable: his new evening glove— black suede with an incredible pleated magenta satin ruff. Other striking details: the jeweled earrings. And the makeup— for a change, with an element of fantasy.... *Beauty Note:* Makeup as a special effect. The "special" colors here, from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté: blue worked into the eyebrows— Eye Pencil Duo #6; electric-blue mascara #5; and pink eyeshadow #6. Details, last pages.

Avedon

ROME/PARIS...

An emphasis on what's most tempting to a woman. The temptation of a short dress at night, *left*, Valentino's dark-green velvet —narrow, covered, an alluring bareness in back, with wide "straps" of dark-green chiffon clipped with diamonds. ...The essence of romance, *right*, Yves Saint Laurent's fantasy hair ornament: one big, beautiful lavender satin cabbage rose, cascading plumes of henna and black — delicious! ...*Beauty Note:* A reflection of this same delicious mood in a new fragrance —Paris by Yves Saint Laurent —all roses and romance! These 22 pages: hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; makeup, Tyen of Paris. Details, last pages.

BEAUTY
a new spirit, new freedom

Our thinking about the way we see ourselves is changing. More natural, considerably less constrained by time and artifice, we still care about how we look, but we care even more about how we feel. Actress Jessica Lange symbolizes this attitude—as well as a crucial balance of action, reflection—here, starting a very modern beauty/health conversation that continues for the next twenty pages

Jessica Lange

"The fact that I can go from one reality to another—to work and away from it ...that balance is the greatest thing I've somehow achieved in life"

Brigitte Lacombe

Interview on page 606

Brigitte Lacombe

beauty

the new freestyle

BY ANNIE GOTTLIEB

Everywhere you look today, you see the phenomenon of women in motion. It's Mary Decker dashing for the finish line, Sharrieffa Barksdale clearing hurdles like an antelope, Gerry Ferraro tireless and crisp on the campaign trail, Sally Ride in orbit. It's the executive striding to work in an immaculate suit and a pair of worn Pumas. It's the woman on the Nautilus machines, a bandanna tied round her brow to catch the sweat, her shoulders gleaming like an oiled Greek athlete's, her face rapt in total concentration. It's a whole new mood of immersion in movement and purpose, and it has driven out an old female demon: self-consciousness. We simply don't have time for it anymore, just a moment to glance in the mirror on the way out the door and confirm a delightful paradox: we have all but abandoned anxious attention to our looks—and we're looking better than ever.

This is not to say that women of the '80s neglect their appearance, or scorn the arts of its care. Women never have for long, and never will. Beauty and its rituals are so much a part of feminine identity that the revolutionary denims of the '60s turned out to be no permanent repudiation of allure, just a chrysalis concealing the vulnerable transition from one era of beauty to another. Now that metamorphosis is complete, the new spirit of beauty stands unveiled, and for the first time we can name it. It is no longer carefully applied from without but freely generated from within; it is, simply, not the beauty of an object but the beauty of a subject. Embodying a true revolution in women's sense of self, the new ideal has streamlined our relationship to our bodies, our hair, our makeup, our mirrors, our time. It has replaced self-consciousness with self-awareness, constraint with convenience, obsession with ease, and—above all—fearful stillness with delight in motion.

In 1949, Simone de Beauvoir wrote in *The Second Sex* that she saw woman "hesitating between the role of *object, Other* . . . and the assertion of her liberty," her rightful "claim to the status of subject." The role of "object" *(Continued on page 605)*

Fashion details, last pages

Brigitte Lacombe

beauty: a new spirit

(*Continued from page 603)* —the one looked at and acted on, never the looker or the actor—once bought a woman security, the approval of society and the attention of men. But it did so at the price of dividing her from herself. Her body, personality, clothes, and makeup were shaped into an "object" artfully designed to please men, while inside her the "sovereign subject"—Beauvoir's words—lay bound and gagged lest it *do* something, mar the passive, pretty surface and scare the men away. A woman was a little like a hungry hunter hidden in a blind, keeping quiet, hoping her painted decoy would attract a meal—only the decoy was her public self.

The distinguishing feature of an object is that it is still unless others move it, while a subject is animate, animal; it has an *anima*, a soul, it moves from its own inner volition and joy. What I remember most about trying to be a beautiful object was that you didn't want to *move* too much. You kept the car window rolled up and a scarf over your hair, because the elements were the enemy of that fragile meringue held together by hairspray and a prayer. If you had managed, after an hour of effort, to get your hair and makeup just right, you couldn't kiss, run, swim, sail, or cry without ruining the effect. It couldn't have been driven home more emphatically that as a woman you were meant to be looked at, not to act.

Feminism, of course, smashed the decoy and set the subject free. But many women were dubious about early feminism precisely because it threw beauty out with the "object" mode. To care about your looks at all, theorists argued, was to alienate yourself, to fall prey to fettering anxiety. Better to stride about bare-faced and insist on being loved for your soul. Well, now at least you had a choice between two modes of being a woman. You could be looked at, *or* you could act; you could choose to be a beautiful object, or a plain and vehement subject. Not a very appealing choice. What about healthy female vanity? What about the sensuousness of cool emollients and velvety eyeshadows? What about eroticism? Reluctant to give up those luxurious perquisites of our sex, yet frankly hooked on the clear new taste of liberty, women throughout the '70s vacillated between assertion and allure, or tried to patch the two together with a puzzled feeling that they wouldn't fit. We had yet to develop a style of beauty and of being that the "sovereign subject" could wear as comfortably—and as royally—as her own skin.

Then came the fitness revolution, and it was the turning *(Continued on page 694)*

Fashion details, last pages

Renewal

"I love to swim because, like a runner, you hit another level. Once I get past thirty laps, my body just starts to flow, and the energy becomes pure"

In balance: an interview with Jessica Lange

BY KAREN ANDEREGG

While women continue to take on more and more, we're also learning to let go, realizing that the need to reflect, to repair, to renew is as crucial to our well-being as is taking action. For actress Jessica Lange (*Frances; Tootsie;* this month *Country,* for which she's co-producer as well as—with Sam Shepard—co-star), work consumes to the point of obsession. But she's found that, in life as in physics, for every action there's a reaction, that maximum vitality demands the balance of serenity, and it's that balance—a respect for self, an acknowledged and indulged need for private time—she talks most about here.

Karen Anderegg: *Priorities are shifting; we're all trying to allow ourselves some private time, some peace. Where is it for you? What energizes you?*

Jessica Lange: Usually, it has to do with the land. I have found that there are a few places that energize me, and it's great because they're the two places I have gravitated towards for my houses. One is in New Mexico and one is a log cabin in Minnesota. There's something about the land and the relationship to the land that gives me tremendous energy that I don't get anywhere else. If I'm working on something, as soon as I finish, I get back to one of these places. It's like refueling.

KA: *So getting away is important?*

JL: I don't like being in constant contact with people, being surrounded by a lot of people, which is difficult because the nature of what I do naturally puts me into those situations. It's a constant verbal activity twelve hours a day. It saps my energy, just the tension that's inherent in that kind of work. So, whenever I have a chance to be away from people, I do it. And it's not to say that I don't enjoy people or I (Continued on page 691)

Brigitte Lacombe

SPACE-AGE B

It's the best change ever to take place at a beauty counter–progress to give you a whole new view of yourself—and make it almost impossible for you to make a mistake...

EAUTY

It started with the space program—with high-tech methods of analysis that taught the beauty industry how to track which products are best for you—and why. *Left:* Calvin Tsao's artistic interpretation of a space-age beauty "brainchild"—the Makeover Computer, created by Elizabeth Arden scientists, "inspired" by NASA technology. *Right:* Spaceship that you could say "launched a thousand faces."

Sheila Metzner

color:

Beauty report '84

space-age beauty The brave new world of beauty isn't gimmickry or gadgetry to make you buy more and still more product. It's a high-tech, multimillion-dollar solution to one of the biggest headaches in the cosmetics industry today—too many products, too many questions as to what are really the right products for *you* to get the results you want....

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Information machines that make it virtually impossible for you to make mistakes in your makeup and skin-care choices . . . computers and video-display terminals that with the press of a switch—and not an iota of your own makeup changed—show you exactly how you could look with a feature by feature makeover (including a change of haircolor and even different-shaped brows if you want them) . . . makeup lessons from top-flight artists in the latest techniques with the newest colors that take on new meaning as you can compare instantly and simultaneously how well you're learning as you see four versions of yourself in full color on a specially designed four-quadrant video screen . . . This isn't "pie in the sky" and it certainly has nothing to do with "hope in a jar." This is the brave new world of beauty, about to change the cosmetics counters of the future.

"A quantum leap forward" is the way John A. Cella, Ph.D., vice president in charge of research and development at Elizabeth Arden, describes the introduction, at Arden counters recently, of two prodigious computers: the Elizabeth Makeover Computer, for color makeup analysis as described above, and the Skin Imaging Computer—the most sophisticated evaluation yet of skin's real (not necessarily chronological) condition. Both computers were developed at Arden's special skin and hair research facility, set up in 1974 at the headquarters of their parent, the giant Eli Lilly pharmaceutical company located in Indianapolis.

Originally the machines were "secret weapon" research tools. Why did the firm go public with them? For the biggest motivating reason in any industry—impending competition, with the news that two major Japanese cosmetics companies, Shiseido and Pola, were planning to introduce makeup and treatment computers of their own—which they did last month at Bloomingdale's Japan Fair. "The world is going to look back on this period as the beginning of the flowering of the 'information economy,' " commented William G. McGowan, chairman of MCI Communications, referring to the dramatic technological advances in so many areas.

In the cosmetics industry, a struggle is at hand, pitting American companies against each other and American technology against Japanese and European. *You* are the beneficiary because along with the information tools will come many more specialized products—"custom fit" for your genes/life style/environment.

With an impressive research team of Ph.D.s (in biochemistry, molecular biology, toxicology, microbiology, physiology, engineering, physics, and other disciplines) at Arden, Dr. Cella still gives credit to the U.S. space program for providing the necessary "springboard" for so many of today's achievements in the beauty industry. "For instance, the space program's image analyzer—a shadow method *(Continued on page 613)*

For day, *far left:* Ralph Lauren Nile, Diane Von Furstenberg Charcoal, Estée Lauder Golden Amber eyeshadows; Elizabeth Arden Pink Pink, Revlon Frosty Brown blushers; Christian Dior Teaser, Prescriptives Prawn, Christian Dior Libertine lipsticks. For evening, *near left:* Lancôme Burgundie and Royale, Madeleine Mono Looking Glass Green eyeshadows; Madeleine Mono Reflective Glory, Shiseido Pink Joy blushers; Shiseido Garnet Velvet, Estée Lauder Sunglazed Mauve, Revlon Toast of New York lipsticks. Makeup by Rick Gillette

new spirit!

In a season of definite fashion moods—of primarily neutral to dark colors for day, flashes of brilliance at night—there is, throughout, the skin-heightening appeal of makeup that "holds up" to both day and evening dressing...makeup that is distinguished as much by its texture—translucent, almost always matte—as by its color: a new way of applying mutes even the strongest color to subtlety without its being washed-out. It's not that vivid color has been banished from makeup, but that it is being used in a more focused manner—to highlight a single feature, or for special effect after dark. Here, a sampling "swatched" against skin primed with white—used now over as well as under color to lighten the "weight," the tone. It's a face divided for night and day...and it's the set-up for four more pages of the new beauty message.

Penn

...a new beauty

What women want now: the pleasure, attractiveness, and ease of cosmetics meant for enhancement, not camouflage. And, to that end, there is real—and exciting—news this season. Makeup is lighter, almost weightless...the finish, usually, is matte...the technique, a blending and "blurring out" almost to transparency. Colors are translucent, sometimes "muddy," meant to cover broad areas of the face in a soft wash. There's a new spirit of minimalism, even to the point of using a single product—a beige powder, say—as eye, cheek, even lip color, all buffed to the sheerest, most wearable extreme to show up the texture and tone of well-cared-for skin. **natural nail** Attractive, practical: shorter, somewhat rounder nails "colored" with the palest matte pink/nude enamel that mimics a no-polish look. And now, more flexible, natural-looking nail extensions (*above*) that last for months, are used not for length but to nurture new growth, and can be used only on the nails that need them. Also new: the fact that the extensions can be clipped short and left bare or simply brushed with matte base coat. *When* there's color, it's one coat for a sheer glaze. **skin: warmer, paler** Not a contradiction, as lighter-than-liquid foundations in "see through" tones highlight the warmth of a woman's own skin...And, for *all* skin colorations, think, now, of beige-y brown powder blended into moisturizer as an all-over "face glaze." Or—youthful, appealing—pale pink/apricot powder blusher in a soft sweep across cheeks, nose. **stained mouth** Key words here: matte, undefined. Even lip colors that appear dark in the tube go on filmy, exposing the line, the texture of the mouth. Where pencil is used, it can line *and* fill in lips, be blotted down to a smudge. Softest: moisturizer mixed into lipstick to "lift" color's density. **blurred eye** For day, a single color—gunmetal grey, truffle brown, muted mustard—"veiled" over eyelids, edging bottom lashes. No hard lines, no precision, minimal—if any—mascara. (When there *is* mascara, it's brilliant—often the only stroke on a monotone face.) Easy liner: wet shadow brushed close to lashes, smudged dry with sponge or fingertips.

Penn

message

underpinnings Having the biggest impact on the look of makeup now: concealers and translucent powders that go on under/over color, are even coming out from under cover for surprisingly subtle effects. Opaque white primer, for example, smoothed under eyes and down cheeks—over bare skin or sheer foundation—then blended out, brightens the entire face; pale powder blusher highlights cheekbones. More and more, makeup artists are expanding color's versatility, using concealer sticks/pressed powders as lip colors, deep-toned foundations on eyelids. Essential: that color's buffed to a soft tinge. **one-focus face** The only place you'll see strong color now: on a single feature—and most often, it's the eyes or mouth. That brilliant blue or green mascara as the one vivid note on a matte, neutral face...fuchsia gel cheek color painted onto the mouth. At night, look for accessory colors that "turn" a look in much the same way as does an oversize jewel: yellow or lavender primer stick, say, used instead of blusher, in a blurry C-shape from temples to cheeks to catch evening light.

Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski; makeup, Linda Cantello

beauty report '84

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of measurement first used to determine landing sites for lunar space ships—was the inspiration for our skin evaluator, the Skin Imaging Computer. We use a video image, linked to a computer, to analyze skin's smoothness and roughness in terms of its natural peaks and valleys.

"Giving each skin a *numerical* value—which corresponds to condition/texture—is a more accurate way to define skin than many of the words in use for so many years. The older and/or poorer the skin, the lower the number will be. Every customer receives a printout with her own skin 'score' . . . You could say at last we've got your number!" The best "score"? Above 90—normalized for your age group—means outstandingly good skin.

It is entirely feasible that eventually skin "scores" will be "keyed" to numbered products that do specific jobs. Neil DeLapp, Ph.D., who heads the biochemistry program at Elizabeth Arden, explains further, "Nobody has shown that what is commonly and erroneously classified as 'dry skin'—by 80 percent of women everywhere—contains significantly less water than non-dry skin."

According to many scientists, skin-care language—"dry," "oily," "normal," used for over fifty years—is not only outdated but misleading. "Modern scientists realized that the description 'dry skin' is not a direct correlation to the absence or presence of moisture. They also realized that suddenly 'telling it as it *really* is' could be confusing, so they continued discussing 'moisturization' in the more elementary way," states

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color: new spirit

the pencil phenomenon

The essential makeup tools of the season, the latest pencils glide on fast, are more smudgeable, blendable, blottable than ever. Softer, skin-compatible formulas give new eye, cheek, and lip pencils a certain see-through texture that stains—doesn't hide—the skin. Color is matte or slightly glazed—with much more intensity in the pencil tip than comes through on the face. *Right,* the sheer tactile appeal of pencils on white-"primed" skin. Specifics, *opposite page, clockwise from far left*—Elizabeth Arden Chocolate and Charcoal Blue, Lancôme Fumée eye powder pencils; Diane Von Furstenberg Onyx, Orlane Bleu Ardoise, Prescriptives Lapis, Estée Lauder Khaki Sand eye pencils; and Halston Natural, Diane Von Furstenberg Poppy, Prescriptives Pink Pepper and Melon lip pencils.

Penn

the STRESS factor

Living "in the fast lane" is all too common today. We live on the edge, with too much to do, too many pressures—at home, in the office. Our world, our lives are filled with stress, energizing some of us, enervating others, taking its toll on our looks, our bodies, our emotions. And, although some of us are "copers," indeed, superwomen, other women are more vulnerable to overload. Here, ways to reach the goals we're striving for now, to live fitter, more balanced lives...

mind/body effect

Although it's true that stress contributes to illness, the promising news is that stress reduction is within our control, that we can—to a large degree—influence and improve, our stamina, our health, our well-being...

BY JANICE KAPLAN

Stress is a fact of life, and we have all learned to live with it, on an almost daily basis. Despite all we know about its dangers, stress has achieved a curious cachet—becoming as much a sign of success as a Chanel suit or a corner office. We *want* to have too much to do, too many pressures—clients, children, and husbands clamoring for our attention. Stressed, we believe we are working at our peak.

"There *can* be positive aspects to stress," said Paul J. Rosch, M.D., president of the American Institute of Stress. "Some people feel they require stress for their daily existence, and they create challenges where none exist. They leave an assignment until the last day, or they get to the airport at the last minute. These people may actually be addicted to their own stress chemicals."

How that works: Most of our physiological responses to stress are controlled by the hypothalamus—the small portion of the brain that controls emotions, appetite, and thirst—and helps to regulate hormones. Under stress, the hypothalamus signals the body to release a variety of chemicals, including adrenalin. With the rush of adrenalin through the system, the heart beats faster, blood sugar soars, we are at a state of general physiological arousal.

Researchers like to say that this is a relic from the days when "fight or flight" was an appropriate reaction to stress and danger. A new finding: adrenalin is only one of the hormones that is released under stress. "Stress causes us to activate complex mechanisms that make us able to respond to a variety of challenges," said Dr. Rosch.

David McClelland, Ph.D., professor of psychology at Harvard University, has compared the rush of adrenalin to the stimulation of caffeine, nicotine, or the effects of alcohol. We can turn to those substances for a feeling of arousal, or seek it internally through our *(Continued on page 687)*

Stress, the physiological reaction: faced with anxiety, hormones arouse the body for "fight or flight," targeting four main stress "zones," causing moods to change . . . muscles to tighten . . . the heart to beat faster, blood sugar to soar . . . digestion to be upset—all relieved by relaxation.

Antonio

breakfast: the high-stamina, low-stress solution

While no statistics prove it, it's a safe bet that most active, successful women take the time to eat breakfast. Crucial to mental and physical stamina, performance, and weight control, breakfast also establishes a moment of calm that sets up a productive day. "By relaxing at breakfast, you reduce the stress factor over the entire day," says Sarah Short, Ph.D., Ed.D., R.D., professor of nutrition at Syracuse University.

"In the morning, when you haven't eaten in eight to fourteen hours, your blood-glucose levels are low," says Dr. Short. "The complex carbohydrate—breads, cereals, fruits—in most breakfasts raises and maintains blood-glucose levels. If you don't have breakfast by 10:00 A.M., your attention will be low, reaction times slow, and you won't be as cheerful as you could be. You can't work as hard at a job or perform exercise with as much power as you would if you ate breakfast." Another stressful state is the backlash from a high-sugar breakfast: a sweet roll, for example, gives an instant blood-sugar high followed by a rapid drop in blood sugar—and in energy levels.

"A good breakfast is high in fiber/complex carbohydrates, low in fat, includes a source of calcium," said Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., chief, Nutrition Service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, professor of medicine and chief of Nutritional Division, The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center. In real life that translates to fresh fruit, low-fat milk or yogurt, bread or cereal. One ideal, at *left*—papaya with low-fat yogurt, peaches, walnuts: "High in potassium, with more than the daily requirement of vitamin A, almost three times the required *(Continued on page 694)*

Breakfast: who needs it? Any woman who wants an edge on mental alertness, muscle endurance, weight control—even a more positive outlook. Ideal: fresh fruit, low-fat milk or yogurt, bread or cereal.

Tohru Nakamura

eating patterns: modern stress signals

A frequent symptom of stress: a disruption in eating patterns, a change in appetite. We may eat voraciously under stress, or lose interest in eating at all. Our bodies may respond to stress with stomach cramps, diarrhea, or even ulcers.

Some researchers believe that the hypothalamus, which helps control both hunger and emotions, is responsible for the food cravings some people have during tense or emotional times.

"It's common to have a desire for carbohydrates—like pasta, chocolate, or cookies—when you're under stress," said Georgia Witkin-Lanoil Ph.D. "Stress may trigger the same hormonal mechanisms that cause premenstrual food cravings in some women."

When eating patterns are severely disturbed—to the point of physical danger—it's likely that food intake is being governed by psychological needs rather than body signals.

"Women who starve themselves or go on drastic diets are often looking for control over their lives," said Dr. Witkin-Lanoil. "Your sense of overall control diminishes under stress—so you may try even harder then to gain control through food." At the extreme, the result is a *loss* of control—and anorexia nervosa.

Overeating, or the binge-purge cycle known as bulimia, may also be stimulated by positive intentions—an urge to take care of yourself.

"Binge eating is often precipitated by feelings of emptiness and an anxiety about being alone," said Judith Kupersmith, M.D., assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at New York University Medical Center. "Eating becomes, quite literally, a way of filling the emptiness."

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Spas of the '80s

Top American spas have taken up the challenge, the goals of stress control, of effecting long-term life-style change through "executive renewals," aimed at busier, better-informed spa-goers desiring improved health now, along with fitness. It's a revolutionary change...

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER

American spas are undergoing a revolutionary and healthful change. In the '60s, a few men but mostly women sought relief from both bad habits and overweight at spas, where they worked off as many pounds and inches as they could by exercise/diet, only to return home "in shape" to start a life of excess all over again.

For most of these women, a smaller dress size was their only goal. Words like *lean muscle mass, fatty tissue, healthy weight loss* were never discussed. What helped them to get through such spartan self-denial: the daily pampering, the luxurious beauty life of manicures, facials, body wraps.

In the '70s, something changed. Spa-goers—more men now but still mostly women . . . and still looking for fast weight loss and better muscle tone—saw the spa as more than just a means of retrieval. They saw the spa experience as a way to incorporate movement into their lives, as Americans across the country awakened to the fact that our modern way of life was becoming increasingly sedentary: the fitness revolution had begun. But although the desire to be fitter existed, the methods of achieving that goal did not: what spa-goers took home were exercise tapes—and, too often, an experience too stringent to continue at home.

Now, in the '80s, all that is changing. There is a new breed of spa-goers, a different kind of spa. For the most part, spa-goers are younger, in better shape, more knowledgeable—but under considerably more stress. Simply losing weight and toning muscle are no longer top priorities; learning life-long habits that will keep them lean, fit, and relaxed are.

Feeling good has replaced looking good as the ultimate goal. The key to it all is stress reduction—acknowledged, today, to be a vital component of a fit, healthy body. And, in an attempt to promote fitness-through-de-stressing, there's a whole new spa language: *harmony, balance, centering.* And, new spa methods: now, along with diet and exercise, there's *intervention counseling,* a form of behavior modification that uses biofeedback techniques and appears to have good results. "It's a powerful tool," says Mel Zuckerman, owner of the Canyon Ranch Spa, Tucson, Arizona, "for a person to be able to experience stress and 'see' it measured, then realize that a simple thing like correct breathing can relieve it."

To their credit—and the spa-goers' benefit—spas have kept pace with current life-style demands. There are not only more options: men's weeks, couples' weeks, weekend and one-to-three-day programs; but this year, five of the top U.S. spas will offer some form of *executive renewal* programs. Their key topic: stress control. And their new focus: not just what you do at the spa, but what you take home.

Success is no longer measured by what the spa-goer "sees" at the end of a week. That's no longer what the spa experience is about. The focus now: on long-term goals rather than immediate results. "You're not going to drastically change your life," says a female executive, just back from Executive Renewal week at Canyon Ranch. "You're not going to come back eating sprouts."

In fact, experts suggest, making drastic life-style changes too quickly only encourages failure. The aim, for example, of Canyon Ranch's Executive Renewal: to go through the experience so you know what it *feels* like; then to re-create the experience on your own. Says our female executive, "I really started the program when I got home."

"The emphasis now is not only on *doing*" says Toni Beck, executive director, The Greenhouse in Dallas, whose first Executive Renewal Week took place in August. "It's also on relaxing, pulling back,

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Relaxation

An essential skill for living in the modern world, relaxation can be approached through body or mind. Making news now: research that proves exercise *can* reduce stress...

BY SHARI MILLER

In an increasingly goal-oriented society, most women feel guilty or foolish saying that they do anything simply because it helps them to relax. Yet, as research continues to confirm the role of stress as a contributing factor in many diseases, doctors have come to a startlingly simple realization: those of us who are the healthiest—from a mental, emotional, and physical standpoint—are those who take time out to relax. Our internal stress levels—far from being an inevitable by-product of a high-pitched, frenetic environment or an extremely competitive life—are very much within our own control.

"We all know that we are in control of our muscles and mental processes, that we can choose to run or walk or to think about totally different topics from one minute to the next," said Jean Berggren, M.D., of the Klarreich-Friedman Center for Behavioral Medicine at Mt. Sinai Medical Center/Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine, Cleveland.

"But it is only within the last twenty-five years that researchers have been able to prove that we are also very much in command of our autonomic body functions, which were always thought to be automatic, such as breathing and heart rates, blood pressure, blood-vessel dilation or constriction, body temperature, intestinal motility. These are the body processes that become charged up during periods of stress and that, if left unchecked, can eventually produce illnesses like hypertension or ulcers. Rather than being victim to our interior stress reactions, it turns out that we can activate our bodies' chemical messengers to slow down these responses, or even turn them off, simply by learning to relax."

What is also becoming apparent: that there are different levels of relaxation—and that some of the ways we think we relax are not really beneficial at all. "Relaxation is *not* to be confused with entertainment. Going to the movies, watching television, or being a guest at a dinner party, while they may be enjoyable, do not always turn down the body's stress hormones or defuse nervous energy," said Louise Atcheson, Ph.D., assistant clinical professor of psychology at the University of California Medical Center at San Francisco.

What does seem to be an important means of "preventive" relaxation: aerobic exercise. Walking, swimming, jogging, or doing any other exercise you enjoy can act as a "catharsis" so to speak, helping your mind to "blow off steam" and your body to work off the excess energy—adrenalin, blood sugar—built up in the course of a stressful day. A thirty-minute exercise "break" can help return the body *and* mind to a more balanced state, helping to refocus thoughts and feelings.

The second type of relaxation exercise is more therapeutic or healing in nature. It is the total mind/body release that comes from techniques such as meditation, yoga, hypnosis, or biofeedback. This type of relaxation involves developing specific skills—just as you would for tennis—that must be learned and practiced over time. No longer dismissed as "cult"

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de-stress exercises

RELAXATION TAPES . . . One of the easiest ways to relax is with an audio tape devised for you by a therapist, a stress-management or exercise expert. You can take tapes with you, use them whenever needed. Two excellent ones to mail order: *Slow Stretch and Relaxation Techniques*, a twenty-minute tape from fitness pro Toni Beck, executive director of The Greenhouse spa in Dallas. Beck coaches you through slow stretch/de-stress exercises that, she says, prepare the body for relaxation. The program ends with head-to-toe muscle scanning and breathing techniques, done to the sound of waves breaking in the background. ($14 ppd. to The Greenhouse, 801 Avenue H East, Suite 114, Arlington, TX 76011). . . . *Sleep/Relax Without Drugs* is a "teaching" tape by Dorothy Susskind, Ph.D., professor of educational psychology, Hunter College, NYC. The tape offers two programs, one for general relaxation, the other to help promote sleep. The former *(Continued on page 691)*

massage: clearing up the confusion

Most women are confused by just what a massage is: what it can do, what it can't do, even when it's appropriate. Part of the reason: the misinformation about its powers. Also misleading: the fact that seemingly anyone can give a massage—from a friend to an "expert" who may not even be qualified.

It is important to know what massage can and can't do. It can't knead away fat, rub away excess weight, or tone muscle. Nor can it increase fitness or endurance.

What massage can do, in the hands of an expert: soothe and de-tense overworked muscles or joints, promote physical and mental well-being, even, some studies suggest, help to lower blood pressure slightly.

How massage works: "It stimulates skin's sensory nerve endings (hence the pleasant sensation), improves skin nourishment and blood flow to muscles in the area being massaged," said Michael Marino, R.P.T., licensed physical therapist and research associate, Lenox Hill Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma, NYC. Such physical effects alone, however, do not guarantee relaxation. What's also needed; a quiet environment and—most important of all—a therapist whom you can trust. "Massage is a very intimate experience, and does not promote relaxation equally in everyone," notes Marino. "To be successful, massage demands a willingness on the patient's part to 'let go.' "

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE

"To be an effective relaxation tool, *(Continued on page 694)*

Tohru Nakamura

Massage
can de-tense
overworked muscles
and joints,
promote physical
and mental well-being,
even—some
studies suggest—
help to lower
blood pressure . . .

FURS: THE "BIG" DIFFERENCE

A new scale—bigger, longer, roomy. A new luxury—in the quality and subtle handling of skins; the warm, rich color. And—a wonderful new raciness and dash

For its swagger, its nonstop versatility, *opposite*, an enveloping "shepherd's coat" of tawny tanuki (Asiatic raccoon) with brown beaver sleeves that snap in and out. And when they're out, the look over a ribbed sweater or tweed jacket—terrific! Oscar de la Renta for Wagner Furs. About $8400. Macy's, Herald Square; Kaufmann's; Dittrich Furs, Detroit MI; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Albrechts, Minneapolis MN; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO and Overland Park KS. . . . In a more classic mold, reflecting the season's focus on tailoring, *right*, Ben Kahn Furs' take on a trench—double-breasted, with a notched collar and patch pockets—in silvery natural raccoon. About $7000. Neiman-Marcus. Photographs, these eight pages: hair, Howard Fugler; makeup, Joe McDevitt of Clive Summers Salon, NYC. Details, last pages.

Antonio

Peter Lindbergh

Peter Lindbergh

Antonio

More of the season's generous scale, to wrap up in day or night, *far left*, Christie Brothers' crystal fox coat with a shawl collar, sleeves worked on the diagonal, the kind of deep armholes that go over everything, the depth of the fur adding a whole variety of tones to the color. About $17,000. Christie Brothers International, Atlanta; Godchaux's, New Orleans LA; Swansons on the Plaza. . . . And, when it comes to the season's dash and raciness, *this page*, a big-shouldered, buttoned-at-the-waist raccoon coat in a bold "tiger" pattern. From the Revillon Fur Collection. About $8850. To order at the Revillon Salon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Details, next to last pages.

FURS: THE "BIG" DIFFERENCE

Bigger isn't always better, but in this season's furs it's not only better, it's the best! The natural cross-fox coat, *this page*, for example, with a deep shawl collar, colors that range from pale to deep red-gold, its whole attitude extravagant, but easy to wear anywhere day or night. Perry Ellis for Alixandre. About $22,000. Marshall Field's; Carrick's, Denver and Vail CO. To order at The Revillon Salon at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . In a slightly more controlled but still ample shape, *opposite*, a polo coat by Anne Klein and Company for Michael Forrest, falling straight from big shoulders, and in one of the richest, most attractive colors around: Emba's smoky natural Lunaraine mink. About $15,000. Macy's, Herald Square; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Goldwaters, Phoenix AZ. Details, see next to last pages.

FURS: THE "BIG" DIFFERENCE

Antonio

Peter Lindbergh

You've seen double
coats before—it's an idea
whose time has come—
but not like the one on *this page:*
Over a midnight black dyed mole
coat with an attractive funnel
collar is another coat in charcoal-grey
cashmere—simple, collarless,
totally independent. To wear separately,
to wear together, to wear! Bisang Fourrures
for The Tepper Collection. Both coats, about
$8000. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus, Chicago
and Dallas. . . . In a season of wrap coats,
opposite—the most! Of natural Russian sable,
its full golden skins beautifully worked;
its straightforward shape giving it a sportive
feeling and many more options as to when and where
it works. Chloé for Goldin-Feldman by
Goldin-Karabelas. About $42,000. Bloomingdale's, NYC;
Saks-Jandel; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection
at I. Magnin, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Details, last pages.

FURS: THE "BIG" DIFFERENCE

Antonio

Peter Lindbergh

women: the suddenly visible sex

By Jane O'Reilly

Power, glory, a cool plunge into the mainstream—that's what women have won. A vindicated feminist tastes the joys of keeping the faith, and hereby claims the right to be "strident," frivolous, angry, and kind—the new-found etiquette of success

My favorite small, personal story about the 1984 Democratic convention centers around a bowl of raspberries. It was the afternoon before Geraldine Ferraro's nomination for the vice presidency of the United States, and I was having lunch with a few of the multitude of women who had made it happen. Kathy Wilson, national chair of the National Women's Political Caucus, was there. So was Rosalie Whalen, executive director of the National Women's Education Fund, and Nanette Falkenberg, director of the National Abortion Rights Action League. And pollster Dotty Lynch, who first spotted that potential political earthquake, the gender gap. I think I remember that Ellie Smeal, former president of NOW, was there, or perhaps it was my great heroine, seventy-two-year-old Mildred Jeffrey, tireless feminist and union organizer. We were sitting at a long table for ten in the middle of a hushed, grey-carpeted expanse of male power-lunchers.

One by one, the men, political *apparatchiks* known variously to my companions by such labels as "Senator so-and-so's administrative assistant" and "Governor so-and-so's administrative assistant," would walk past the table. "Hi," they would say, waving cordially but not pausing. And then we would watch them do a double-take, their steps falter, stop, reverse. "Hello there! How ya doin'?" Glad hands all around. Our sudden visibility is called "entering the mainstream." We were passing around one large bowl of fresh raspberries, savoring them one at a time. A male power-luncher strolled by, did the double-take, and, because he was dumber than most, he said: "Well, you ladies having a good time? I'll bet you are all going shopping this afternoon." He seemed to have trouble keeping himself from patting Kathy Wilson on the head. Ferraro's nomination was an event that separated the men from the yo-yos. Walter Mondale, as the crucial example, turned out to be a *mensch*. Most of the male pundits and pols at the convention came slowly to enlightenment, a process they masked by mumbling very, very soberly, "Something is going on here." But the turkey beaming patriarchally at our table—probably someone who thought Lloyd Bentsen would have made a winning ticket— was a definite yo-yo.

It didn't matter. It was funny. The poor sucker. If he had heard us talking about diets and foreign policy, sex and campaigns, seen us parceling out the raspberries, watched us as we indeed went shopping after lunch, he would have said, "Isn't that just like a woman." And yes, it was, and it was just fine to be a woman, thank you very much. We will no longer respond to directives that we should, if we wish to be taken seriously, emulate the style of the sort of men who wear wing-tip shoes—buttoned up, dressed for success, all business, with a bow. Frivolity is not a female fault. It is a leavening of life's burden, and we will cherish each raspberry.

It was nice, though, that we won. I hated losing. I hated watching the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment and knowing it happened because, at root, too many people in this country thought women were not and should not be equal. In retrospect, I see that the arguments that have raged unbroken for at least the last fifteen years were necessary preconditions for the nomination of a woman for vice president.

I didn't know how mad I was until I felt better. Being on the convention floor the evening Ferraro was nominated was the most exciting thing that has ever happened to me in my life, surpassed only by the birth of my son. We reporters tried, and mostly failed, to look objective. What was the point of pretending? We too had had to fight to be taken seriously, to get onto that floor. Ann Richards, the Texas state treasurer, and I hugged and cried. Dagmar Celeste, Ohio's first lady, danced and laughed. We felt proud of being women, standing tall as though everything had changed, as though from now on we would have a say in the future of the country. My old friend Anne Just, chair of the Vermont delegation, with whom I once sat in a playground in Washington with our babies, said, "I feel in an entirely different context to the outside world, as though my molecules had been rearranged."

Imagine my surprise when I emerged, breathless and radiant and empowered, my life validated, the convention over, the struggle for November begun, to find that not all women shared, or even grasped, my joy. Some of the middle-management, mid-thirties group, who never stayed home with the children and fought with their husbands about going to work (as has Ferraro) were downright mean-spirited, jealous, and threatened. "I guess she's all right," they whined. "What's the big deal?" Grudged others, "After all, Indira Gandhi and Margaret Thatcher have been around for years. We're still too far behind."

Frankly, that attitude is the mark of a person who has never struggled for, but has only taken from, the Women's Movement—benefitted without examining the premises. I mean, what have Indira Gandhi and Margaret Thatcher ever done for the women of India and England? Do they represent women, or only a tougher-than-thou male constituency? Do you want your daughter to be like Indira Gandhi?

I don't know for sure that Ferraro would not feel an impulse to bomb the hell out of the commies if she became president. But I do know that she comes from us, that she is not at all an isolated example but represents the collective experience of women over the last twenty *(Continued on page 695)*

can a woman have charisma?

By Susan Bolotin

In the male world of politics, if appeal is good, then charm is better and charisma is best—an electrifying combination of strength and sexiness, intellect and emotion. Can a woman have all these qualities and get away with it?

Charisma is one of those words we toss around in an election year. We know that Jesse Jackson, like Martin Luther King, Jr., before him, has too much of it for many people's comfort. Walter Mondale doesn't have enough. Gary Hart tries to create it. President Reagan uses acting techniques to amplify his. But even though this is the year of the gender gap, the year of Geraldine A. Ferraro, no one's talking about women's charisma. Is it possible that women just don't have it?

For many of us, charisma's exact meaning lurks, like some half-remembered dream, just beyond our mental fingertips. Still, we know what we expect from a charismatic person. He must have a magical gift for convincing people to follow him. He must have a dream, a vision, that feeds into the often unarticulated hopes of the people he inspires. He must personify their mythical ideals and aspirations, their better side. He must be alluring. He must have charm. He must have sexual magnetism. Charisma today is the final expression of power.

In the United States, where the national myths are ones of aggressiveness and virility and of lone, tall strangers making their way against evil while their wives—if they have them—tend to hearth and family, women are at a decided disadvantage: even the most impassioned and visionary political woman can't help but fall short of this masculine national ideal.

But other countries cling to different myths. For instance, Allan Mayer, author of *Madame Prime Minister*, a biography of Margaret Thatcher, believes that England's "first lady" displays a definite charisma. "It's hard for Americans to appreciate her," he explains, "but she has the effect on conservative audiences in England that Jesse Jackson has on black audiences here. She speaks their language with such assurance, and she connects so solidly with them, it's remarkable. She doesn't resort to religious metaphors because the English don't do that, but what she does resort to is the essence of British patriotism. She idealizes the Victorian ethic, the importance of hard work, old family values.

"The English are not uncomfortable with strong women—they had Queen Victoria and Elizabeth I—and so she plays that to the hilt. In short, she appeals to Empire values. People accuse her of being an ideologue, but the most important thing about her is her will.

"Also," he continues, "Mrs. Thatcher resembles a nanny, which in England plays very, very well. Who knows what bizarre psychosexual dynamics that sets up among a lot of people?

"No one would ever say that Mrs. Thatcher is pretty," Mr. Mayer concludes, "but she's stunning because she has such self-assurance. One of the things that she has been able to do brilliantly is to impress people without letting them realize they are being seduced." But seduce them she does; it's intrinsic to her charisma.

Even in the United States, where good looks never hurt, no one *demands* handsomeness of a charismatic person. What we do expect is an attractiveness that reverberates with sexual energy. But there's the predicament: for the most part, we do not allow professional women (other than actresses) an open seductiveness. Unless a woman makes a business out of being talked about, we expect her to keep her sexual side under wraps, to isolate her mind from her body. If she seduces us, she must do it on the sly.

Women could never get away, for instance, with the blue-jeans-and-cowboy-shirt look that President Reagan uses to enormous effect. Presented with such a scenario, Nancy Thompson, who advises Republican candidates on how to dress, gasps, "People would say, 'God, I've never seen her fanny. Look, she's got a fanny.' "

The problem is, as psychoanalyst Erika Paden Freeman, Ph.D., points out, that charisma is part of a declension. If appeal is good, then charm is better, and charisma is best. And even charm in a woman may actually act toward her detriment.

"When we say a man is charming," Dr. Freeman argues, "we think that's part of his wonderful character. When we say a woman is charming, we imply that it's a sexual come-on. The bottom unspoken line is that a charming woman flirts."

The work of political scientists corroborates Dr. Freeman's psychological insights. In her study of charismatic political leaders, *The Spellbinders* (Yale University Press), Ann Ruth Willner writes that the women who have gained media attention approaching that of charismatic men have been Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, and certain members of the British royal family. Eleanor Roosevelt and Evita Perón came close, but their political distinction, Dr. Willner believes, was initially derived from their intimate connections to prominent male political leaders. They had, she explains, *consort* charisma: Evita Perón may have seduced a country, but she did it after her husband was in power.

Many women may instinctively recoil from Dr. Willner's conclusions. There's something discomfiting about the notion that actresses and wives of famous men are our charismatic ideals. But during the past several months, I asked dozens of people to name any charismatic woman they could think of. Some immediately replied that charisma is a male characteristic (and not always a positive one), but high on just about everybody else's list were Katharine Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, Meryl Streep, Colleen Dewhurst—and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Only when I asked people to think of charismatic *(Continued on page 695)*

Matisse's paradise

One of this century's greatest artists is brilliantly illuminated in a majestic new book by art critic Pierre Schneider

It took Matisse (above, in Tahiti at age sixty) nearly twenty years to distill Polynesia's brilliant light and vast spaces into bold gouache cut-outs, such as "The Swimming Pool," 1952 (detail at top right). Bottom, right: his joie de vivre flows through "La Danse," 1931-33, a gouache-and-pencil maquette for a mural. Top right: Museum of Modern Art, NYC. Bottom right: Matisse Museum, Nice, courtesy Flammarion; *© 1984 S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris/V.A.G.A., New York*

Matisse

BY PIERRE SCHNEIDER

As we survey the twentieth century, the twin towers of Picasso and Matisse dominate the landscape of modern art. Picasso, the Spanish master of blood and sand, the master of matter, dark, earthy, opaque pigment, is always of this world. Matisse, heir to the French tradition of high decoration and art for art's sake, has recently emerged as a spiritual, if not a religious, painter of dematerialized, colored light. The ornamental quality of Matisse's art is so appealing that scholars until now have tended to focus on its purely formal meaning. A new book on Matisse by French-American critic Pierre Schneider, the fruit of years of research, decodes Matisse's iconography, seeing it as an entirely consistent statement about art as a carrier of spiritual messages. Others have considered the religious content of Matisse's last works, but Schneider has for the first time fitted together all of the pieces of the puzzle, from Matisse's earliest depictions of the pagan joy of life, which launched the Fauve movement, to his design of vestments, liturgical furniture, stained glass, and decoration for the Catholic churches of Assy and Vence at the end of his life fifty years later. Schneider's thesis provides the thread of continuity that relates all of Matisse's art of classical harmony and just proportion: the dominant theme of Matisse's art is the golden age, the timeless period of uninhibited innocence preceding the Fall of Man. The first writer to have access to the Matisse family archives, Schneider finally assembles a coherent picture of the mind of the master, which reveals that his was not primarily an art of form, but equally an art of content. In the following excerpt from Matisse, Pierre Schneider examines Matisse's relationship to the themes of love and pleasure.

—BARBARA ROSE

In February 1930, Matisse traveled to Tahiti via the United States. He himself calls this his only real "voyage," all his other travels having been, in his eyes, mere "changes of scenery." The voyage to the other side of the world appears, in retrospect, a major turning point, a hinge between the two major phases of his oeuvre.

1929: the year of the Great Crash which marked the end of the "roaring 'twenties" also saw the end of the relaxed period in Matisse's work. From every point of view, it was a time for taking stock. Was not Matisse *"nel mezzo del cammino,"* midway through the journey of his life? "I have reached an age when it is advisable," he would say a few years later to André Masson [the painter closely associated with the Surrealists], "to take counsel from one's youth." Whether he was motivated by nostalgia, foresight, a need to take a break and assess himself, or simply a desire for a change of scenery, the aim of the trip was to get a clearer view of things.

In this sense, it was a complete success. Matisse's journey was in effect a literal translation of Plato's words: "The inner light merges with the light from outside."

. . . New York immediately enthralled him. "If I were not in the habit of seeing my decisions through," he wrote on March 5, "I would go no further than New York, for what I find here is really and truly a new world: it's great and majestic like the sea—and on top of that one senses the human effort behind it." A little further on, he tried to set his first impression down more precisely: "What you have here is the grandeur of space and order." And Matisse concluded at the end of his first day in New York:

> *I was ready to see this.*
>
> My journey is just right like this—on my way to see idle primitives, I've started out seeing active primitives—two extremes.
>
> Where do we fit in? That's the question!

But being a tourist appealed to him as little in America as it had in Algeria and Morocco. His response to Broadway, then at the height of its electric splendor, was far from enthusiastic. "It's absolutely infernal and hideous," he wrote on March 6: "It's the only place I've seen in New York I can't bear." Harlem, which he visited after dinner, appealed to him almost as little: he described it as a "black hell where Americans go in search of their paradise." The only exoticism he could tolerate in New York—and elsewhere, for that matter—was in animals: he visited the zoo, where he did some sketching (mostly of jaguars), and the aquarium, where he drew two sharks. As in Paris, he visited museums. He spent three hours at the Metropolitan Museum. As "a special favor," he was allowed to visit, prior to their official opening, the rooms where the pictures from the Havemeyer Collection were displayed. ("There are some extraordinary Monets, as well as three Cézannes, some Degas, Renoirs, and Courbets, and several questionable Rembrandts.") But what really fired his enthusiasm—"Since arriving in New York," he noted on March 7, "I feel twenty years younger"—was the sense of space in the city, its architecture. The skyscrapers did not seem oppressive to him because they dissolved into the sky and were whittled down by light. The intense brightness of light in America attracted him in all its guises, some of them quite unexpected. Even the traffic lights interested him—he later claimed that he had sketched the traffic in the streets. "They are clear," he said, "that is the great American quality." It was a quality that could not but appeal to a man whose letters and conversations were punctuated with the phrase, "Am I being clear?" Nor is it surprising that his final word on New York was: "It's stunning, if one knows what to look for."

On March 9, Matisse was in Chicago. He visited the Art Institute and admired the Indian artifacts at the Museum of Natural History, which reminded him of the old Trocadéro in Paris. But what impressed him most was, again, the sheer size of America: "Immense, immense . . . if I was thirty, this is where I would come to work" (March 10, 1930). Nowhere had he seen such space and energy: "There's so much drive in everything."

From March 11 to 13, he was right in the heart of that space. "My train is called 'The Chief' (the Indian Chief)," he wrote after leaving Chicago *(Continued on page 699)*

Sea and sky merge in a seamless expanse of blue in "The Sails," Matisse's 1952 gouache cut-out. Private collection; courtesy Flammarion; © 1984 S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris/ V.A.G.A, New York

An excerpt from *Matisse* by Pierre Schneider, to be published this month by Rizzoli, New York.

The boy who cried Wolfgang. Tom Hulce as Mozart

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Mozart on the couch

Milos Forman's Amadeus gives us lush operatics in a period piece with a post-Freudian point of view

By Eva Hoffman

Portraying genius is a perennially risky and a perennially tempting proposition. Almost by definition, genius is that quality over and above skill, facility, or even great talent which is incomprehensible—and it is that very incomprehensibility which teases writers, filmmakers, and biographers to ever further efforts to penetrate and explain it. Milos Forman's *Amadeus*, a visually sumptuous and musically breathtaking adaptation of Peter Shaffer's play about Mozart, fully exploits the dramatic and cinematic seductions of his subject. But it doesn't avoid the pitfalls, either. Indeed, in the transition from stage to screen, and in the slight but significant turn of narrative focus, the film unnecessarily compounds the dangers of trying to show us Mozart *in vivo*.

One can easily surmise the play's many attractions for Forman. There was the wonderfully dramatic construction—largely retained in Peter Shaffer's screenplay—of the love-hate rivalry between Antonio Salieri, considered one of the best composers of his time, and Mozart, the young, blithely irresponsible rapscallion, whose unaccountable, seemingly unearned genius Salieri understands well enough to be driven to a murderous jealousy and despair. And there was, of course, the irresistible music—Mozart's music—with all the possibilities of rendering it in the full grandeur of stereophonic sound.

But surely, for the Czech-born director, another appeal of the subject was its Central European geography. And indeed, the settings, delineated in lovely and tactful detail, give the movie a provocative dimension that was necessarily missing from the stage. *Amadeus* was filmed entirely on location in Prague, whose eighteenth-century quarters remain impeccably preserved, and where many of Mozart's works were performed during his lifetime. *Don Giovanni*, for example, received its premiere in the wooden Tyl Theater—which still stands in its entirety and where fragments of the opera were filmed for *Amadeus*.

The authentic eighteenth-century theaters and palaces, the narrow town streets and the flat, melancholy landscapes not only make for sheer visual delight and interest—they also convey something of the texture and the patterns of Mozart's time and place. Where Shaffer could show us only a mere hint of Mozart's surroundings, Forman gives us a highly articulated and panoramic picture of the composer's period—a picture that is suggestive, if only by a kind of synesthetic association, for its connections to Mozart's music.

In the scenes of masked balls and revels, the connections are quite explicit; after all, not only did the plots of several Mozart operas *(Marriage of Figaro, Cosi fan tutte)* depend on disguises and mistaken identities, his operatic characters are usually closer to the mask-like abstraction of generalized personae than to the individual particularity of exposed psyches. And, in a more subliminal way, the rococo detail of the film's interiors, the combination of the decorous *(Continued on page 696)*

Eva Hoffman *is deputy editor of the Arts and Leisure section of "The New York Times" and writes frequently on the arts and literature.*

Phil Bray

Man bites God

In Joseph Heller's new novel, God Knows, the Old Testament's David is recast as the King of Comedy. This is the Bible, with thoroughly modern motives—but will it play to the Philistines?

By Cathleen Medwick

Imagine, if you will, a silver-grey-haired man with a crooked smile and insolent eyes who looks and talks like an impatient Jewish doctor, cracks jokes as casually as some people crack gum, and writes books that make Americans wince with self-recognition. Joseph Heller, aged sixty-one, handsome and slightly disheveled, is standing in the doorway of his handsome and slightly disheveled East Hampton house to admit (without exactly welcoming) the writer and photographer from Vogue. He is not a man who likes being interviewed, much less being photographed. He has a reputation as a recluse, a hard case; a man whose friends ruefully apologize for him ("Joe plays the best verbal Ping-Pong of anyone I know," Mel Brooks once admitted), and whose enemies may be legion. He is being divorced by his wife of almost forty years, after writing frequently about the impossible dream of divorce. He has the air of a lonely man. His children are grown. His circle of friends is, one suspects, closed. His teeth are bad. His health is improving, after a hellish six months in the hospital with Guillain-Barré syndrome, which temporarily paralyzed him and stifled his speech. He got sick just after his wife left him.

Now he lives year-round in the East Hampton house, with its modest lawn full of flourishing old trees that seem to press against the shingles, an environment that can best be described as "close." The birds sing riotously, and the bird feeders are full. Heller is a man who delights in the scuffle, on his porch, between a mouse and a chipmunk. He loves dogs, and some people. If he happens to dislike you, take cover. As readers of his first book, *Catch-22*, know well, Heller was a bombardier in World War II and the killing instinct is still strong.

Joseph Heller is an unfailingly successful writer who *(Continued on page 701)*

Sheila Metzner

Every inch a kingmaker: Joseph Heller

Paris fashion sitting, 1939—sculptural lighting, Ingresque model, Detolle corset

Horst—the aura of glamour

He has been photographing fashion, interiors, and portraits for Vogue since the 'thirties...Coco Chanel, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, the Duchess of Windsor—and a multitude of other gorgeously chiseled faces. This month, he is being celebrated in a new book, Horst: His Work and His World by Valentine Lawford, and a retrospective show at NYC's International Center for Photography that will travel throughout the United States and Europe

By Diana Vreeland, edited by Christopher Hemphill

I want to talk about our friend Horst. And the first thing I want to say about him is that he's a Northerner. There's nothing languid about the North. The palm trees don't dip in the balmy winds. There's a great tenderness in the North. But there's also brutality. Nature! Weather! The elements! And survival.

Horst is a German. You might say that goes without saying. But when I'm with him, I'm so aware that I'm with a German. Of course, I'm terrifically aware of people's nationality and antecedents. I never want to know anybody's age but I always want to know where they were born. It tells you so much. Think about the squareness of Horst's jaw and the robustness of his physique. Think about the stubbornness of his purpose. And think about his *photographs*. People! Houses! Soil! Sunshine! Life itself! I mean, Horst *is* a Central European. He's a man of the soil.

He's a man with his own house, his own garden, and his own spade and shovel. When you see him digging in his marvelous garden, day after day, sweating like a laborer, you know that he's got the guts of a strong nation—and a love of the totally natural. I mean, this is really life itself. If you plant something, and you work at it, it will grow. I would say it's the only true fulfillment. And Horst has that wonderful gratification all the time.

Then there's architecture. Horst trained as an architect, and it shows. I think it's the best training going for a man—rather like dancing for a woman. Horst's pictures of splendor always make me think of German Baroque churches and palaces. Have you ever been to Brühl on the Rhine? It's so wonderful. The palace there has this colossal door that the archbishops and their court used to enter on *horseback*. It is *to die*. There's great strength there—and great frivolity. Horst appreciates both.

I first met him one gloriously sunny day in the top of the Engadine. Of course, Horst will tell you it *(Continued on page 702)*

A Highland Fling

Americans Janet and Derald Ruttenberg thrive on the outdoor life at Gannochy, their spectacular retreat in Scotland

By Steven M. L. Aronson

Helmut Newton — the theater of shock

The man who put sex and violence into fashion photography is out with an unsettling new book, World Without Men. Since the 'sixties, Newton at one time or another has outraged just about everyone with his jolting images that blend surrealistic fantasy, kinky eroticism, and black humor. Schooled in the seemingly perverse decadence of his native Berlin, scrutinizing international high life from his home in Monte Carlo, he creates photographs that have the impact of a whiplash

By Molly Haskell

A woman naked except for five-inch heels and diamond earrings, her butt taunting the camera; another leaning against the railing of a penthouse balcony, draped in black velvet and chains. Two women, skin as smooth and lifeless as plaster-cast, their bodies interlocking like parts of a jigsaw puzzle. The backdrops range from châteaux to swimming pools to toilet bowls; the paraphernalia, from sex-shop fetishistic to orthopedic; the expressions are frank or insolent, unfazed by the sumptuousness or incongruity of the surroundings.

Outrageous, funny, obscene, languorous, indifferent, the women of Helmut Newton are as distinctive as the nudes of Renoir or Pearlstein—or the recumbent courtesans of Goya and Manet, whom they imitate in kitsch parody.

Performing in threesomes, foursomes, and twosomes, with bears and cadets and masseurs, these dandyish demoiselles enact their pop-decadent mini-dramas on the pages of French Vogue, Italian Vogue, American Vogue, and in the controversial collections that appear periodically in book form. When he's gone too far, Newton goes further, finding some ingenious new way to *épater le bourgeois* and the feminists, in an act of bravado that feeds on the very sensibilities it is designed to outrage.

Helmut Newton's women—the very phrase is guaranteed to raise the hackles of feminists and other serious-minded women. Like the outmoded concept of the mistress, the idea of the artist and his favorite model, or a stable of women of a certain "type" who perform for the connoisseur/esthete, a Pygmalion of the camera, offends our notions of equality.

And then there's their disdain for the work ethic the rest of us are willingly or unwillingly chained to. These women don't *do* anything. They inhabit a Nietzschian Disneyworld of pretend power games and kinky joy rides. They don't sweat or have babies, have never punched a time clock or run for a taxi. *(Continued on page 703)*

Paris fashion sitting, 1973—flash lighting, acid colors, haywire gestures

A Highland Fling

JANET RUTTENBERG PAINTS ON THE MOORS NEAR HER SHEPHERD'S-COTTAGE STUDIO

What could Janet Ruttenberg have been thinking as the car picked her up at the Edinburgh airport to drive her through eighty miles of weather-stained Scottish countryside to join her husband? A New York art collector and herself an accomplished etcher whose work is in the collections of several museums, she was facing a truly novel situation. She knew that there was a tradition of Americans, gung-ho for game and high-ho for the hunt, renting estates in Scotland for the season; and perhaps she had heard of the odd American of Scottish descent—some Mackenzie, MacLeod, or Mactavish, hot on the "Roots" trail—building himself a ruin on his clan's old stomping ground in the hope of filling the kilt of a distant ancestor.

What Janet Ruttenberg had never heard of was an American with absolutely *no* connection to Scottish soil buying 16,144 acres of it. Yet that is what her husband of thirty-three years, the venture capitalist/industrialist Derald Ruttenberg, had just done on an impulse. And as if that weren't enough, he had bought the estate sight unseen by *her*.

"I said to the chauffeur, 'Are we nearby?' " she recalls. "And he said, 'Everything you can see, Mrs. Ruttenberg, is yours.' " Presently the house itself materialized. "My husband was waiting in the driveway and he took me inside, and all I could think was: everything the eye can see I'm going to have to redecorate! I said, 'You know, darling, I'm not a decorator, it's not my role in life. I'm an artist and I just don't want to deal with all this.' 'All right,' he said, 'I'll sell it any time you want. But just look around and give it a chance while you're here.' "

Looking around, Janet Ruttenberg recognized Gannochy at once as Scotland out of a story book—a romantic outpost of the world where every hill hints of mystery. She also quickly understood what had trapped her sportsman-husband's attention, for in addition to working farms, heather moorlands, and vast forest plantations, the estate contained a red-deer farm, a wild pheasant shoot, and a legendary grouse moor, not to mention thirteen miles of sea trout and salmon fishing.

"I didn't come over here with the idea of buying this place," Derald Ruttenberg explains. "I was visiting a friend who has a similar place—his family has been here forever—and I told him I thought he had a wonderful life and how envious I was and that when I got less busy. . . ."

Up to that moment, Derald Ruttenberg had only flirted with leisure; he had been busy buying and rebuilding American companies. Until 1980, he was chairman and chief executive officer of the giant Studebaker-Worthington conglomerate, and earlier he had been instrumental in merging Paramount Pictures Corporations, on whose board he served, into Gulf & Western Industries.

"My Scottish friend told me that if I was really serious about wanting a place like his," he continues, "there was an estate for sale nearby that had everything—beauty and sport and good farmland. We drove down to see it on a Sunday in September and the head gamekeeper took us up on the Punchbowl, which is a series of valleys between the high hills here that used to be one of the best grouse drives in Scotland. I asked how much of this was included in the estate, and he told me, 'As far as the eye can see in every direction.' I was impressed. I then engaged a firm of what they call 'factors' over here—what *we* would call farm managers—to make a study of the estate. Would it be economical? What about the grouse—could they make a comeback? What about the pheasant and the fishing? What about the farms? They wrote this report which was bullish—very, very bullish. So I bought the place." And now his wife had only a week to get the house ready for the guests Derald Ruttenberg was expecting from all over the world.

Fortunately for *(Continued on page 646)*

JAPANESE AND ENGLISH PRINTS FLANK THE CARVED ADAM FIREPLACE IN THE DRAWING ROOM

SCENIC PRINTS AND A NEO-CLASSICAL TABLE GRACE A HALLWAY

A PASSION FOR CHECKS—IN PRINTS, ON CUSHIONS AND RUG

TEA TIME ON THE TERRACE WITH ENTHUSIASTICALLY COLLECTED CHINA

A Highland Fling

"I hung etchings all over the place—Gainsboroughs, Stubbses. I even have a little Rembrandt in my bedroom"

Karen Radkai

A PRIM FLORAL PATTERN UNITES CARPET WITH ADJOINING STEPS

ELABORATE CARVED FRAME COMPLEMENTS SEVERE LINES OF SOFA

A CLUTCH OF JANET RUTTENBERG'S EGG PRINTS LINE DINING ROOM WALL

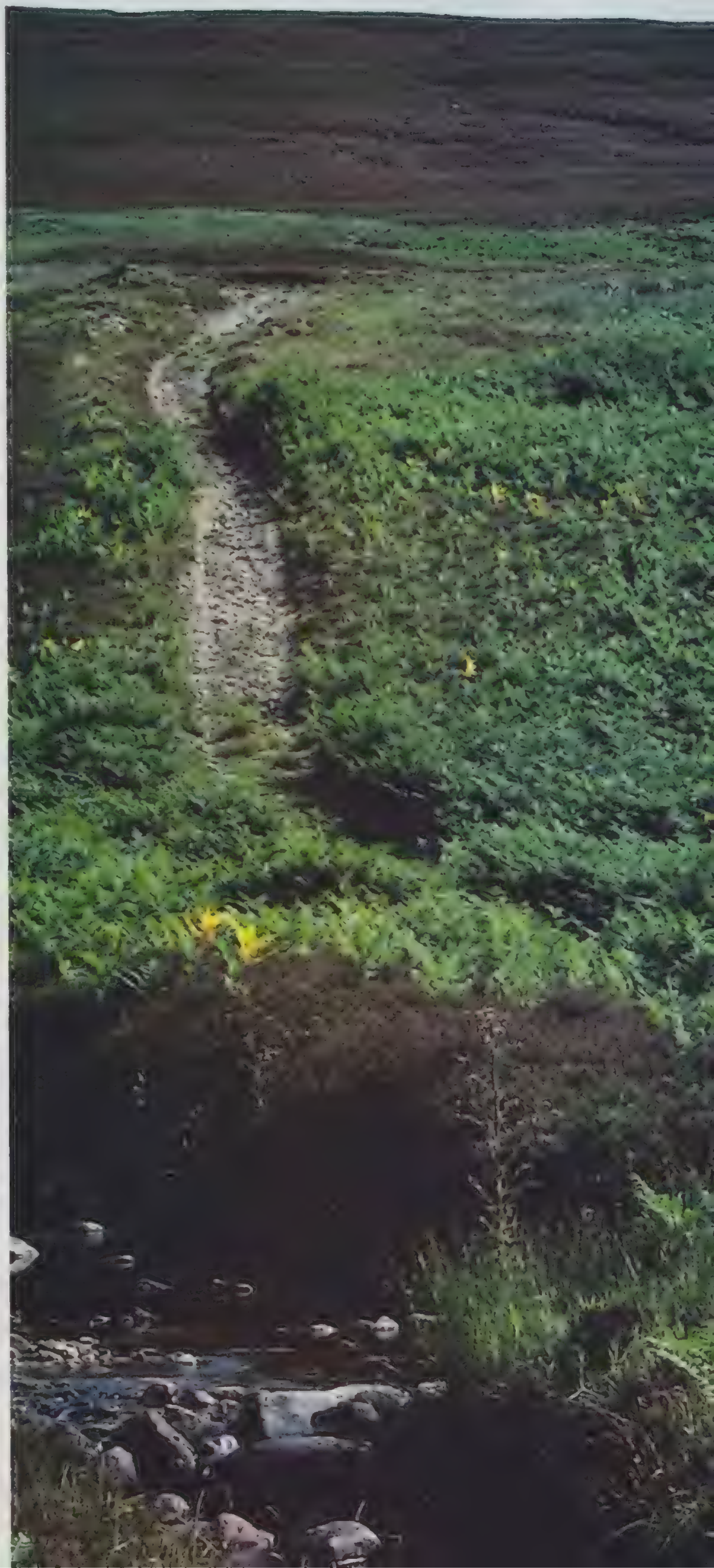
A Highland Fling

"To be up on the moor in the summer when it all turns purple is very dramatic —you can actually see the North Sea from there"

(Continued from page 642) her, the original lodge at Gannochy, all "soot-dimmed golden grey of stone," had been knocked down by the previous owners and a smaller house, a two-story, double-brick, slate-roofed structure, put up in 1972. "The architect was a man by the name of Scott, if you can believe it," Janet Ruttenberg laughs. "W. Schomberg Scott. He used to be the architect to the National Trust for Scotland. He modeled the house on a traditional eighteenth-century plan. It's so easy to live in. There are no drafty passageways at Gannochy, there's no dry rot. There's a wonderful heating system. There's a closet where you want a closet. There are seven bedrooms and seven bathrooms. We have a friend, a marvelous Australian woman—her husband is English—and they've just bought a wonderful castle nearby for his fishing. It's a hundred rooms—and she has to fix this place up!"

Janet Ruttenberg, while never completely putting aside her own work, had tackled some pretty respectable places herself. The Ruttenbergs' Art Nouveau duplex on Beekman Place in New York City happens to be as big as their house in Scotland, and boasts a print collection that includes works by Picasso, Matisse, Goya, Dürer, and Ingres; their sprawling beach house in La Romana in the Dominican Republic is decorated in total harmony with the elements; and in the pre-Revolutionary farmhouse on their three-hundred-acre place in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are effortlessly blended such diverse cultural artifacts as antique American homespun and a Vuillard. It went without saying that Janet Ruttenberg would rise to the occasion of decorating Gannochy Lodge in a triumphantly original way.

"I didn't want to do it distinctively Scottish," she explains. "I wanted to do it with homespun, which I love, and to hang up drawn work, you know, and not English paintings of ancestors. I did go to London to do some shop- *(Continued on page 698)*



LUNCHEON ON THE MOOR: GANNOCHY'S ROLLING FIELDS PROVIDE A PERFECT BACKDROP FOR A FESTIVE MEAL

Karen Radkai

The sensuous curve
of silver...
the movement of
sculptured gold...
the brilliant
craftsmanship in
multifaceted stones
—elements in the
unique design
universe of
Elsa Peretti. With
her first collection
for Tiffany ten
years ago, she
revolutionized
"fine" jewelry
changing its look,
its feel, its
accessibility.
Today, reflecting
a new sensibility,
a desire to be
surrounded—
at every level—
by the most
modern, most
pleasurable,
best-designed
objects—her new
at-home pieces.
The sterling silver
pitcher, *opposite*,
an outstanding
example.
And, in the
continuing evolution
of her jewelry,
her new emerald
pavé earrings,
this page,
pure, precise.
All Elsa Peretti
for Tiffany & Co.

a designing sensation

Penn

Proof that the range of evening looks is changing—a sweater and skirt that captures the spirit of romance—of lace!—sneaking in and out of many collections. Left, Kasper for Joan Leslie's angora sweater inset with black lace and rhinestones and a pleated lace skirt. About $310.

INSTANT PLEASURES: NEW CHARM AT NIGHT!

In a season that's tailored by day, filled with tweed jackets and pinstriped suits, evening is a welcome change. And what you want most are clothes and accessories that offer a totally opposite feeling—instantly!—unserious, body-conscious ideas that let you feel "dressed" without necessarily being "big time." On these six pages, charming messages that are without question so tempting even a sportswear-minded woman will reach for them again and again . . . These six pages, hair by Odile for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC; makeup, left, Rumiko; far right, Margaret Avery. Details, stores, last pages.

The kind of unique accessory that does it all, left: Alex and Lee's one-of-a-kind collage pin with a watermelon tourmaline drop. About $1410.

Randolph Graff

New color idea: a splash of hot pink and orange over black — Stephen Sprouse's plushy, double-breasted 7/8 coat and wool jersey crewneck shirt over narrow black wool jersey "bikers" pants. Coat, of acrylic pile, about $345; shirt, about $155; pants, about $165.

Another way lace moves through evening, left, in black lace and suede gloves! By Sachiko for LaCrasia. About $95.

Mario Testino

Mats Gustavson

In a season when colored stones "lift" tweeds by day—marvelous silver chains for night, left, set with perfect, geometric chunks of zirconium that are as icy as the chains themselves. By M&J Savitt. Makeup, Margaret Avery.

If it's a sweater that creates change—it's one with real impact. Gianni Versace's Kandinsky-inspired pullover, above, studded with multicolored stones and beads; narrow red cotton panne velvet pants. Wool sweater, about $1900. pants, about $370.

Mats Gustavson

Another terrific evening sweater, right—André Laug's white alpaca pullover with tufts of black and white swan's down; white silk skirt; a black and white marabou boa at the neck. About $4095. Makeup, Rumiko. Details, stores, last pages.

The "least" bit of evening dressing—one wonderful top with enough presence to change a look on its own, left: Louis Féraud's black-and-grey windowpane silk blouson with sequin checks; black crêpe trousers. Turnout, about $575.

INSTANT PLEASURES...

Not just any little black dress, right, but one that's very narrow, very decorative with more design in the black organza inset, the sequin embroidery at the neck and cuffs. By Fernando Sanchez. About $1950. Makeup by Rumiko.

A find: the kind of short dinner dress that really does "more," *above:* from Flora Kung Collection's, a black silk velvet bateau-neck top with a hip-draped satin bow; pull-on tulip skirt with silk ribbed waistband. Top, about $152; skirt, about $112.

Sometimes the change comes in an evening bag . . . like the one from Prad left, in black covered with silk lace, threaded on a single silk cord. About $20

It's a season of beautiful evening shoes. . .special enough to "turn" a look. Right, the difference of 'diamonds" across velvet, with the skinniest ankle straps—from Valentino Garavani Couture by Rene Caovilla. About $450. Details, stores, last pages.

Mario Testino

The difference may even be as "simple" as a pair of bold chunky cuffs, right, encrusted with seed pearls and rhinestones. By Wendy Gell Jewelry. About $450 each.

Perfectly charming, above, Vicky Tiel's flirty little close-to-the-body black silk velvet dress with three tiers of silk taffeta. About $1600.

INSTANT PLEASURES...

Mats Gustavson

Randolph Graff

CASUAL...WITH A NEW HIT OF COLOR

The set-up couldn't be more inviting: a country weekend, a Saturday morning, any time your time's your own. And for those moments, the best thing that's happened to dressing—color. Irresistible, neon-bright color that heightens the appeal of clothes that are inherently appealing. This season, even more so: wonderful pieces, bigger in scale, relaxed, easy to wear. And worn—for maximum effect, for contrast—with black in narrow body-close layers. More of the charm on these six pages: offbeat, striking accessories that keep the color—the mood—going strong. Starting off strong, *left:* a terrific sweater—a big, easy pullover in bright orange, with a loose oval neckline, from Stephen Sprouse. Here over the narrowest black base—an under-sweater and riding pants, leg warmers and boots. Added color: Fiorucci's lime jacket. Wool sweater, about $140. Barneys; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Woodward & Lothrop; Burdines, Mayfair FL; Dayton's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. These six pages: hair, Valentin for Jean Louis David, NYC; makeup, François Nars. Details, last pages.

Some clothes naturally fall into the category of "weekend uniform": you wear them every chance you get. Perfect candidate for that kind of nonstop treatment, *this page*, Betsey Johnson's hot-pink turtleneck sweater tunic. Over tights or their equivalent (here, Tous les Calecons ribbed cotton "long johns"), or as a great companion to pants, jeans, whatever. Acrylic/wool sweater, about $118. Betsey Johnson Boutiques, NYC; Kin Ping's, Boston; Hudson's; Dayton's; Cricket Alley, Wichita KS; Melons, Los Angeles.

...One of the delights of color—the spark it gives to accessories: gloves, socks, everything takes on a new character... in neon color, even nail polish. *Opposite*, as a special effect, the "pop" of orange and yellow nails. With Adidas' racy little sneaker in black leather. Barry M. nail polish from Patricia Field, NYC. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. Fashion details, see last pages.

...A NEW HIT OF COLOR

toscani

In a year of coats, you won't find one that's easier or more engaging than Naf-Naf's quilted cotton, *left*. Everything about it: the length—a good 7/8 topcoat length; the color—deep electric blue; the whole easy wrap-around feeling—is simply irrestible. About $218. Macy's; Herald Square and Roosevelt Field NY; Cambridge Bodyworks, Cambridge MA; Coconut Grove Clothing Company, Coconut Grove FL; Neiman-Marcus; Jigsaw, La Jolla CA. . . . Close up, *right*, the contrast of neon color and black. . . . and the kind of makeup that works best with this degree of color, with this easy, open-air attitude in dressing—as natural-looking as possible, with just enough as an accent. Fiorucci lime jacket. Black captain's hat, Yumiko for LaCrasia. . . . *Beauty Note:* The soft, natural color here, from Revlon. A hint of Honey Amber blush; Seafire Coral on lips, with a base of Fresh Beige Skin Balancing Makeup. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

...A NEW HIT OF COLOR

Toscani

Elisabeth Novick

CASUAL... WITH A NEW SLANT

When it comes to casual dressing, this season you'll find knockout pieces as comfortable and easy as "gear" but with more finish, more luxe, a whole new sophistication. . . . Fur with a more casual slant, *left*: an amply cut, hip-length jacket of tawny natural cross fox—as uninhibiting for hacking around as a jacket made of down. From Grosvenor Canada. About $10,000. Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Furs by Gartenhaus, Chevy Chase, MD; Furs by Robert, Troy MI; Thomas E. McElroy Furs, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills. . . . All the coziness and comfort of a warm-up, all the luxe of cashmere/lambswool, *right*, in Laura Biagiotti's jumpsuit, with shoulder buttons, deep sleeves. About $950. Martha, NYC; Garfinckel's; Chez Catherine, Palm Beach; Creeds, Toronto. *Beauty Note:* Makeup that doesn't look "made up," *left*, Sheer Rosewood lip color by L'erin. These six pages: hair, Bruno for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC; makeup, Linda Mason. Details, more stores, last page.

Nothing's as racy, as nonchalant as a good-looking jumpsuit. Perfect example, Krizia's *left*—it's soft wool/angora; when it's snapped up, you see one of Krizia's sophisticated signature animals. And for all its ease—with attractive flat-heeled shoes, some jewelry—it's a jumpsuit dressed enough for dinner in the country at your home or someone else's. About $900. Krizia Boutiques at Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Loretta Blum, Dallas. . . . Another standout fur, *right:* In black cross mink dyed a rich ochre, the skins worked in a yoke, a jacket in the simplest blouson shape—with a zip front, full sleeves, knit waistband and cuffs. Easy enough to wear over the sweater and twill skirt here; equally attractive and appropriate over velvet pants for a restaurant dinner. Jacket, Christian Dior Furs—New York. About $4990. Vidi Vici, NYC; Garfinckel's; Evans, Chicago; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin, San Francisco. . . . *Beauty Note:* The warm, rich color that's news in clothes is also news in make-up. *Right:* From Maquillage de Christian Dior, Karkadé lipstick, Light Play eyeshadow. Details, see next to last pages.

Elisabeth Novick

CASUAL...WITH A NEW SLANT

VOGUE PATTERNS

Key to the season: the terrific white shirts in every collection—shirts with some "plus" factor in fabric, design, detail; with presence enough for the season's strong tailoring. Here, two standout shirts—to make—to wear on their own or under a sweater, jacket, jumpsuit. ***Left:*** **In a luxurious, very lightweight creamy wool jacquard—a fly-front, French-cuff shirt, its simple collar just the background for a scarf, one of the season's oversize faux pins. Shirt, Vogue Pattern #1211, View A. Ratti 7/American Silk Mills fabric. The herringbone tweed trousers by Matsuda. . . . And,** ***opposite,*** **in silk broadcloth, a shirt with a small collar, completely pleated in front. With some of the new fuller pants—to make in velvet for evening—an attractive pyjama alternative. Equally effective with tweeds or checks or pinstripes for day. Shirt, Vogue Pattern #1211, View C. Horikoshi fabric. Pants, Vogue Pattern #1119. Fabric, S. Shamash & Sons. . . .** ***Beauty Note:*** **Merle Norman's Peruvian Copper,** ***right,*** **blotted to stain lips. Sewing information, stores, see next to last pages.**

VOGUE PATTERN #1211

CASUAL...WITH A NEW SLANT TO SHIRTS

VOGUE PATTERN #1211

VOGUE PATTERN #1119

Elisabeth Novick

CASUAL....WITH A NEW BEAT TO PLAID

Plaid . . . a distinct, inviting thread weaving in and out of fall collections . . . an element of color in a season of neutrals . . . a way of "enhancing" the character of simple shapes . . . a charming change of pace in day dressing. At its best—at its most sophisticated, most authentic. On these four pages, perfect examples . . . With one of the season's outstanding shirts, *left*—Perry Ellis' cream silk wing-collar shirt, pleated, perfectly proportioned, terrific with everything—his trousers in a muted-color wool plaid, pleated and cuffed. You couldn't ask for an easier, racier way to be dressed for day. Shirt, about $170; pants, about $220. Henri Bendel . . . . A brighter shade of plaid, *right*, and a new shape of jacket—Saint Laurent's signature fall jacket—longer, fitted at the waist—here, in a lively tartan plaid with velvet—the collar, cuffs, buttoned waistband. Worn the way any bright plaid, any bright color works best—over black: his black wool jersey trousers and black turtleneck sweater. From Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Wool jacket, about $1190; wool sweater, about $220. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Oak Brook IL; Palm Springs; Beverly Hills; San Francisco CA. *Beauty Note:* Makeup in keeping with the season's softer feeling, brightened by a livelier-color mouth. From Yves Saint Laurent Beauté: subtle neutrals on eyes—beige/khaki (Eye Shadow Powder Duo #11) and a rose-coral lip shade (Lipstick #38). Hair, these four pages, Christiaan; makeup, left, Rumiko; right, Michel Voyski. Details, more stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

Arthur Eggert

Never stronger: the built-in appeal of a good-looking plaid. Especially appealing—the way it can transform something classic into something "more." Case in point, the crêpe de Chine shirt from Calvin Klein, *left*, in a clean, tartan-y green/red silk plaid—his "Kensington" pattern. With the texture contrast of chalk-striped brown wool flannel trousers, a long oatmeal cardigan in cashmere, collarless, easy. Each, a terrific separate piece; together, a welcome—casual—take on dressing in pants. Shirt, about $240; pants, about $230; cardigan, about $520. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swansons on the Plaza; Dayton's; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros. . . .

Beauty Note: An especially appealing make-up—soft, slightly opalescent, with just enough natural-looking color for emphasis. From Ultima II, Golden Topaz and Crushed Coral on eyes; Perfect Salmon blush; Salmon Opal Lips. . . . Plaid on plaid, *right*—and a more free-wheeling kind of pants dressing. Yohji Yamamoto's relaxed plaid pieces—an easy, oversized workshirt-shirt in cobalt/black/white wool plaid; cropped pants with a crushed paper-bag waist in a bigger, complementary windowpane plaid of grey/blue/white wool. Shirt, about $240; pants, about $285. Charivari, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Macy's, San Francisco. Makeup, left, Rumiko; right, Michel Voyski. Details, stores, last pages.

...A NEW BEAT TO PLAID

VOGUE'S

Last Word

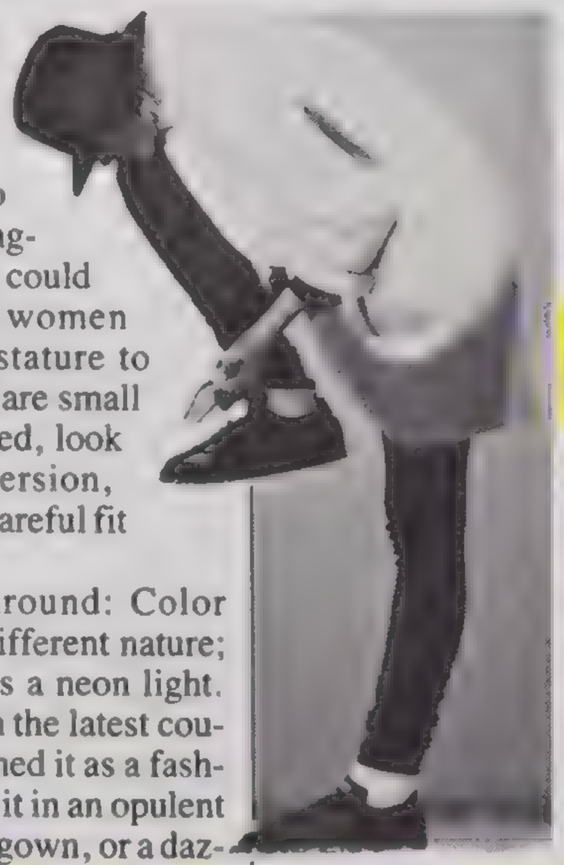
ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: with this year's variety of lengths and big-scale coverings . . . if you're wearing neon colors, or the new plaids . . . with the key looks of a white blouse, a jumpsuit . . .

When it comes to length in skirts, the latest couture shows in Paris confirmed that variety still reigns. Every length, from just-above-the-knee to just-at-the-ankle came down the runways. One length that did seem to establish a standard, however—the length you see, *right* and on page 598 in Valentino's velvet dress—holds for dressing for day/late day/dinner. **A knee-length dress with narrow lines looks extremely enticing right now**—especially when worn with dark stockings and a pretty shoe with a higher heel. It's conceivable right now that a woman might possess a closet of dresses and skirts ranging from this knee length on down. What very few women would want to possess: a closet full of coats to cover all these possibilities.

That's where a 3/4 coat or one with the length of Perry Ellis' sweeping fox, *below left* and page 626, comes to the rescue. What coats this long also tend to have: a tremendous magnitude and scale that could start to overwhelm women who don't have the stature to carry them off. If you are small in height or small-boned, look for a scaled-down version, and pay attention to a careful fit at the shoulder line.

The other news around: Color . . . color of a whole different nature; color as electrifying as a neon light. The appearance of it in the latest couture shows has confirmed it as a fashion force. You can see it in an opulent Saint Laurent evening gown, or a dazzling Ungaro evening suit, but for many women, these **shocking-bright colors might be easiest and most appealing to wear in the realm of casual country dressing, where they seem as at-home as a bright yellow rain slicker always has.** Whether these colors are worn for day or dinner, they look best anchored with black or another dark neutral—it's what sets up and delivers the drama to the casual look, *above right* and page 658: Betsey Johnson's hot-pink sweater dress and Tous les Caleçons' black long johns, underlined with lime green socks. With color this bright, small doses suffice; with color this bold, a cleanliness and spareness of line in the design is most complementary.



Another lift for winter's dark colorings: plaid. It works especially well for day, playing against all the menswear tweeds and herringbones that abound. **There is nothing collegiate about these new plaids. They are very sophisticated** and the way they are worn helps maintain the finish: with a sock and shoe that contribute to the play of texture, with a good belt pulling it all together, with the kind of polish you see, *below left* and page 668, in Perry Ellis' pants and blouse. What also helps finish this look: the white blouse. It remains one of the most useful and attractive pieces a woman can own. **The white blouses that do the most—and the most for you—right now tend to incorporate a very appealing new softness throughout:** in the toning down of stark white to cream or ivory; in the subtlest ornamentation—tucks, a wing collar, some very pretty embellishment. A blouse this beguiling, if moved onto a black riding skirt, could be a wonderful easy evening way of dressing. It could be—it is—the perfect blouse to take when traveling.

Another look that shouldn't be underestimated: the jumpsuit; especially one as soft, as easygoing, as Laura Biagiotti's knit version, *right* and page 663. The beauty of a jumpsuit this attractive and easy continues to be how it can move from day, as here, to evening—with the addition of little gold shoes, say, and a marvelous bracelet. It gives you versatility, comfort, speed in getting dressed—all the important elements in fashion that guarantee its popularity for many seasons to come . . .

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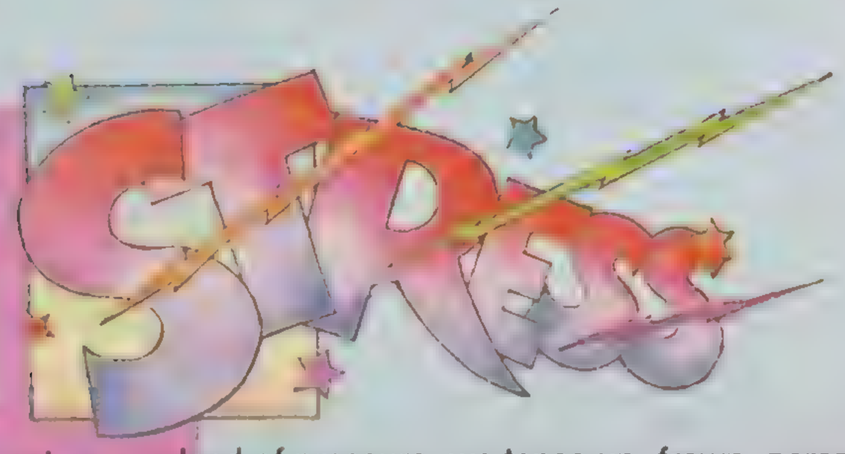

Stress
When we get an overload of pressure, we tense up, frown, perspire, even tire to the point of sleeplessness. Stress causes our glands to secrete hormones that reduce the blood flow to the skin. That's why we look pale and wan. Long, deep breaths will help bring oxygen back to your skin.

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HEALTH

Coping: what works...cheese: fat/calorie ratio...
hair-dye allergy...fever: what it means
...outdoor exercise advice...

style

a space-age solution to hypothermia: "rescue blankets" made of paper-thin aluminum insulating material that holds in body heat till you can get indoors. A common post-marathon sight, one of these blankets should be part of every mountain-climber's gear, be stowed in every car's glove compartment in case of mid-winter breakdowns. The Emergency Blanket, *above*, from Paragon, NYC. L.L. Bean also sells them; Eddie Bauer has a two-piece hooded thermal "suit."

Cool-weather fitness

n any outdoor exercise, a woman's performance is affected by the weather. The primary problem when the temperature is in the 40-50° F range is the tendency of most exercisers to overdress, throwing off the body's temperature-regulating ability.

"On a typical fall day, it is not unusual to see exercisers wearing fleece-y warm-up suits, which are fine if you're sitting or just walking around the block," says E.C. Frederick, Ph.D., research director, Nike Sports Laboratory, Exeter, New Hampshire. "But about ten minutes into a vigorous endurance activity such as jogging, fast-paced walking, or bicycling, body heat and sweat production begin to rise. As perspiration builds, water vapor condenses, replacing the layer of air within a woven fabric and in the space between clothing and skin, decreasing the clothing's insulating capacity. As this moisture accumulates, it conducts heat away from the body and your skin temperature begins to drop.

"It is not uncommon, for example, for a runner to finish a mid-October race and to begin shivering, a sign that the body's temperature-regulating system has been overwhelmed—and that hypothermia, a potentially dangerous drop in body temperature, could develop." Inexperienced exercisers are especially vulnerable, according to a position paper just published by the American College of Sports Medicine, as they finish a long-distance event at a much slower pace than they began it. The result: their bodies generate less heat than needed to keep warm.

What to do: dress so that you feel slightly chilled before exercising. "A long-sleeved cotton or polypropylene knit shirt and shorts are all you need at 50° F," said Richard H. Dominguez, M.D., co-medical director, Sports Performance and Rehabilitation Institute, Illinois. "In brisk wind, add a Gore-Tex rain suit; it allows perspiration to evaporate but still blocks wind. Before you add layers, try a knit hat and gloves, as most body heat is lost from exposed extremities. Don't neglect water replenishment; dehydration exacerbates a body temperature drop."

The "mid-life crisis" may be a myth. Studies show that only a small minority of adults in their fifties are unhappy with their lives—and that, while mid-life may be a period of transition, the changes are most likely to be happy ones.

—from the new *American Medical Association Guide To Health and Well-Being After Fifty* by Patricia Skalka, part of the AMA Home Health Library—including guides to *WomanCare*, *HeartCare* (Random House)

INFORMATIVE

For women committed to taking more responsibility for their own physical and mental well-being, some new books: *The Complete Book of Medical Tests* by Mark A. Moskowitz, M.D., and Michael E. Osband, M.D., (W.W. Norton) while not a replacement for your doctor's advice, it helps you know how to prepare, what to expect, what results mean....For anyone whose doctor has advised a dietary change for weight loss/diabetes/hypertension, the gourmet recipes developed with Boston's Beth Israel Hospital are *Just What The Doctor Ordered* (by Harriet Wilinsky Goodman and Barbara Morse; Holt, Rinehart and Winston)...A book that deals with an all-too-common but rarely discussed problem sensitively and sensibly—*Binge Eating: How To Stop It Forever* by Gloria Arenson (Rawson Associates), director of The Eating Disorders Treatment Center in Los Angeles...Inspiration for sane, active aging: the mini-essays in Helen Hayes's *Our Best Years* (with Marion Glasserow Gladney; Doubleday).

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Fever

Cool it or let it run its course?

For most people, body temperature remains stable by very effective mechanisms. When it's cold, blood vessels near the skin contract to conserve body heat. Muscles then "shiver" to produce even more warmth. When it's hot, these vessels dilate to trigger the sweating mechanism that cools the body.

The aim: to maintain an internal temperature of 98.6°F or 37°C—regardless of climate conditions—for about 95 percent of us. "There can also be a range of normal temperatures for each individual," adds Henry W. Murray, M.D., chief of infectious diseases at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, "such as women's slightly elevated temperature at the time of ovulation."

Fever is not a disease in itself, but merely a symptom—most commonly caused by bacterial or viral infection. Because it's one of the most accessible and easily disturbed body functions, temperature is an excellent diagnostic indicator.

Fever is produced when chemical changes caused by infection trigger heat conservation. The sufferer feels chilled and shivers, shooting body temperature up higher. When the body eventually turns on its cooling mechanism, blood vessels dilate, heating the skin surface and causing sweating. Evaporating sweat cools the skin.

One "fever" that does not follow this pattern is heat stroke, caused by circulatory impairment or overexertion in hot weather. The cooling mechanism temporarily shuts down and internal temperature soars. It is crucial to lower body temperature *immediately* by cooling skin with tepid baths or ice packs and to get emergency medical care.

There's some controversy about whether to treat a fever (aside from treating the underlying cause) or to let it run its course. Some viruses are destroyed by heat, while others are cold-sensitive. One theory says that fever prods the immune system into action. "Fever's adverse effects are better understood than its benefits," said Michael J. Barza, M.D., professor of medicine at Tufts University School of Medicine and attending physician in the infectious disease division at New England Medical Center. "Because most fevers are produced by relatively innocent causes, running a low-grade fever for several days may not be particularly harmful for a normal adult. Most adults do not produce the impressive fever swings that children experience. An adult's temperature of 102°F to 103°F merits a call to the doctor, as does any fever—even 99.5°F—lasting longer than one week."

In Dr. Murray's opinion, "If a grownup is ill enough to want relief, it's important to get it. There's no reason to stay uncomfortable." Aspirin and over-the-counter aspirin substitutes are the most effective fever-reducers for adults; but because of the possible danger of Reye's syndrome in children, a doctor should always be consulted before treating their fevers with aspirin.

Fruit juice is rather high in calories, but just a small glass of orange juice fulfills daily vitamin C requirements. And if you eat fruit and vegetables throughout the day, you don't even need morning juice

CONSUMING PASSIONS

Suddenly women are becoming stronger, more proficient at sports. A new professionalism is taking over: we want to swim that much faster, extend our sports participation beyond any seasonal limitations, dedicate our efforts to improving performance. To that end, sports-gear manufacturers are coming up with more sophisticated designs, using fabrics that protect our bodies without diminishing our skills. . . . It takes about three to four hours of lessons to master boardsailing—and to become hooked, say experts at Windsurfing Manhattan, a store devoted to the sport. To help make boardsailing a year-round possibility, wet (above left) and dry (right) suits protect against wind-chill and cold weather, retain body heat in temperatures as low as 40°F to 15°F. Indicator of the popularity of boardsurfing: Chanel, in its first sports sponsorship, backed the U.S. Boardsailing team. . . . To shave seconds off swimming times, The Finals new polymer-coated bathing suit, not shown, cuts down on drag.

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Breast augmentation

The most common cosmetic-surgery technique, it's one of the least discussed. Here, your questions answered . . .

By Melva Weber

If you feel that your breasts are too small and are considering surgery for breast enlargement, you are not alone. The estimated eighty thousand women each year who undergo augmentation mammaplasty make it the most common cosmetic plastic surgery procedure. It consists of surgical implantation of fluid-filled plastic bags to enhance the size and shape as well as the weight and feel of the breasts.

First step, for safety and success, is to consult a qualified plastic surgeon who specializes in breast surgery. New York City plastic surgeon George J. Berakha, M.D., outlines a typical consultation with a prospective breast-augmentation patient:

"First the physical examination; then I ask why she wants it done. Basically, I want to know if she's having the surgery for herself, to improve her body image, and not because she's trying to please someone else. The only thing this surgery is good for—and for this it's very good—is to make the patient feel better about her body and about herself.

"If both physically and emotionally she's a good candidate, we go on to the pluses and the minuses. The plus side is simple and clear: You won't be flat-chested, you won't have to wear falsies. You'll probably feel you look better in a bathing suit, as well as naked. Most important, you'll have an enhanced sense of your own attractiveness."

The minuses, says Dr. Berakha, must be carefully noted, but for the properly selected and qualified patient they are minor. First, any surgical operation involves potential risks such as infection or hematoma (a collection of blood around the implant). Risks are low, perhaps about 2 percent, and are highly correctable. The general risks of surgery are pointed out to the patient because surgery of any kind must be considered a serious undertaking.

"The major risk resulting from augmentation surgery itself," said Dr. Berakha, "is that of capsular contracture, in which internal scar tissue tightens around the implant to cause a firm or hard breast." In severe cases, the breast can become something like a doorknob—not at all the soft and rounded form intended. Contractures used to occur in 50 percent of breast implants, said Dr. Berakha. "It still happens, but only in about 10 percent of cases. These breasts usually look fine, and cases severe enough to cause pain are increasingly rare. In most, the patient is quite happy with the result and doesn't want the extra firmness corrected. But if she's not happy with the way the breasts feel, there are two things we can do. In one, the closed capsulotomy, we compress or manipulate the breast with the patient under sedation, in order to release the internal scar tissue. The second approach is open capsulotomy, or surgery to replace the implant."

The implant Dr. Berakha favors and has used since 1979 is the double-lumen implant, actually two bags, one inside the other. A silicon-gel-filled envelope lies within an outer envelope filled with physiological saline, or salt, solution. The inner bag makes up about 90 percent of the volume, the outer bag with its salt fluid only about 10 percent. "The saline layer seems to act as a buffer between the breast tissues and the gel-filled envelope," says Dr. Berakha, "and reduces the risk of capsular contracture. Both envelopes are of very sheer, clear plastic. I feel this is a superior type of implant, and I find it's also becoming quite popular in this country."

What scars must be expected in breast augmentation? Dr. Berakha described three surgical approaches. First, an incision may be made in the areola, the tinted skin around the nipple, for insertion of the implant. An advantage is that this skin heals in a nearly invisible scar line. A second approach is in the crease beneath the breast, where the scar is largely hidden from view. In either, the incision needs to be only one and one-half inches long.

The third approach, Dr. Berakha says, "I mention only to condemn," though it is used by some surgeons and requested by some patients. It's the axillary, or armpit approach. "I feel this is too distant from the implant site, and while it does keep scarring off the breast itself, I believe a scar in the armpit is even more noticeable."

Augmentation surgery is on an outpatient basis, not requiring hospitalization, in about 70 percent of cases. The operating room may be a hospital's or an operating suite in the surgeon's offices. Local anesthesia, plus sedatives to make the patient pleasantly groggy, is all that's required in the majority of cases. Any pain and soreness following surgery is controllable with oral pain-relief pills.

Does augmentation increase risk of breast cancer? No, says Dr. Berakha. There's no evidence that this surgery can cause breast cancer.

Can you breastfeed a child if you've had implants? "You can breastfeed as if you've never had augmentation," Dr. Berakha says. Unlike breast reduction, the implant surgery doesn't remove or interfere with milk-producing tissues.

Will there be loss of nipple sensation, the erotic erectile response? "I tell women it can't be guaranteed that sensation won't be affected; but today the risk is very low, lower than that in breast reduction. We know a great deal about anatomy, and where the nerves controlling sensation are, so we have better options for avoiding injury to them."

On breast size and sagging: In older women, breasts may need a lift as well as an increase in size. This can call for an additional procedure called mastopexy, to tighten skin and lift the sagging breast. A rule of thumb for deciding whether this is needed is to observe from the side whether the nipple rests above or below the skin-fold beneath the breast; if below, a surgical lift probably is in order.

How much can the small breast be enlarged? "One brassiere-cup size, possibly two," said Dr. Berakha, "but no more."

About recovery after the operation: One goes home wearing an elastic brassiere, which stays on day and night during the first week. A shower can be taken the day after surgery. During the first week, activity should be limited. "I like to have the patient keep her elbows by her sides during this time, to avoid strain on muscles," said Dr. Berakha. "After this, normal but not strenuous activity is all right. No tennis for a month. It's okay to jump in the pool but not to do laps."

Long lasting? Augmentation surgery is designed to last a lifetime, and augmented breasts are less likely than natural breasts to sag from time and gravity. Collapse of the implant is very unlikely, except as the result of a major auto accident. In the double-lumen implant, the salt solution within the outer envelope may occasionally leak out and be absorbed by the body. "But the volume is so small," said Dr. Berakha, "that the patient probably would not notice it."

Because horror stories about bungled breast surgery still appear, it's important to seek a highly qualified specialist. The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons can supply you with printed general advice on this procedure. At your request, they will provide names of several board-certified plastic surgeons in your area. Write: The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, 233 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1900, Chicago, Illinois 60601. ▽

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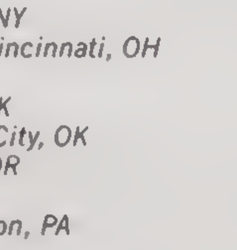

Ballet Makers, Inc., 33 West 60th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10023

Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Just plain *coping* is a skill essential to anyone's peace of mind, but strategies for handling difficult situations must be varied to suit the problem at hand. At times, you may find consolation, support, and relief in sharing your concern with others, learning you aren't unique in facing a certain problem; or, conversely, you may need to retreat into privacy and work things out alone. Sometimes it pays to concentrate all your energies on resolving a difficulty; at other times, you want relief and escape.

Even denying facts and events can serve a *temporary* purpose by providing needed time to adjust to a shock. Psychologist Richard S. Lazarus, Ph.D., has pointed out that some heart-attack patients who deny that they've had heart attacks are more relaxed in the hospital than other patients who are in panic or anxiety. But reality must be faced soon enough, or the denying patient may go home and start jogging up and down the stairs!

Strategies for coping: five steps help you to confront and handle hard problems

"Given the right time, place, problem and person, any strategy can be valid and effective; but when taken to its extreme, any coping strategy can preclude good coping," says Avery D. Weisman, M.D., professor of psychiatry emeritus, at Massachusetts General Hospital, Harvard Medical School, whose latest book is *The Coping Capacity* (Human Sciences Press). There are, he says, certain similarities in how successful copers deal with problems; their skills can be learned.

"First, *define* the problem," says Dr. Weisman. "If you don't like your job, exactly what things are wrong with it? Unless you can define and confront problems, and initiate appropriate action, coping is merely defensive retreat and avoidance.

"Suppose someone tells me she's having trouble coping with elderly parents: 'They don't eat the right food, they don't keep their checkbook up-to-date or pay their bills, they don't exercise. I don't think they can be on their own for much longer.' I'll say, 'It seems to me you're confusing present problems with your fears for the future.' I'll then try to separate the mother's and father's abilities, and help my patient define one or two problems *to start with*. If neither parent can handle the checkbook, my patient might take on doing that task once a month. So strategy two is: find out what minor action can be accomplished, rather than try for a visionary alteration of life. Have the courage to do something small yet significant."

A third strategy good copers employ is to look for reliable, expert information, or, when needed, professional support. "If you're thinking of changing jobs or careers, find out what headhunters, placement professionals, and others already working in your prospective area say. If my patient is worried about her parents' physical condition, what does the family doctor say? Is the daughter infantalizing the parents prematurely? If not, what can be done and who can help?"

This leads to another technique good copers employ: keeping many lines of communication open, so they can benefit from the experience and guidance of others. "But they're cautious about passively taking advice, especially if it means doing something that runs counter to their own preferences. No one knows enough to tell another person what to do," emphasizes Dr. Weisman.

"If someone is agonized over a decision—whether to get married, divorced, or to have children, for example—one question I'd raise was whether she has some unresolved feelings that need to be confronted as part of coping. A woman who is undecided about having children may feel resentful and guilty about *her* childhood, and hesitate to repeat the experience with her children. Or she may want to be 'child-free,' but have difficulty not conforming to what others expect. Working through basic feelings often simplifies choices.

"Good coping requires the quiet courage to make the best decisions you can and then to live with the consequences," concludes Dr. Weisman. "Few decisions are irrevocable. However, decisions wouldn't be difficult if outcomes were certain. In order to cope, you have to believe in your right, after doing your best, to make mistakes. And at times, you need the courage to live with doubt." ▽

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Q&A

"Fat" cheeses . . . haircolor caution . . . why lace-on weights?

I know cheese is a good source of calcium, but I'm worried about the calories. Are hard cheeses more fattening than soft ones? Which cheeses are highest in fat?

Most regular cheeses are high in fat—largely saturated fat—and calories; because of studies linking a high-fat diet with increased risk of heart disease, you are right to be concerned about how to include cheese sensibly in your diet.

"Hard cheeses do not necessarily contain more fat or calories than soft ones," says Sarah Short, Ph.D., professor of nutrition at Syracuse University. "What makes the difference is whether they are made with low-fat milk or whole milk." For example, one cup of creamed cottage cheese has about one-third more calories (235) as the same amount of low-fat cottage cheese (165)—and twice as many of these calories come from fat. Some experts recommend limiting high-fat cheeses to two to four ounces a week, using them in meatless meals.

Some cheeses with 70 percent or more of their calories from fat are: cream, feta, Cheddar, American, Gruyère, Muenster, Camembert, and Brie. The American Heart Association's new guidelines urge that these be avoided or used sparingly and cheeses made from skimmed or partially skimmed milk be substituted. Their suggestions: cottage cheese (preferably uncreamed), farm cheese, mozzarella, sapsago.

Used correctly, cheese can contribute to a nutritious diet. "It's a good source of complete protein, high in calcium, B vitamins, riboflavin and thiamin, as well as phosphorus and other minerals," says Dr. Short. The Heart Association recommends two or more servings of milk products a day for adults. Considering women's higher calcium needs, Dr. Short sees no reason to limit consumption of low-fat cheeses.

Not long after I had my hair colored with one of the new semi-permanent dyes, I developed a rash around the periphery of my face. Could there be a connection?

Definitely. "This is a common allergic reaction to a chemical in many hair dyes called paraphenylenediamine. In fact, the rash usually appears around the border of the face, not on the scalp," says Ronald Sherman, M.D., senior clinical instructor in dermatology at Mt. Sinai Medical Center in NYC.

The severity of the rash can range from mild redness and itching, which usually clears in three to five days, to painful blisters lasting up to a couple weeks, says Dr. Sherman. For mild itching, hydrocortisone cream, available without a prescription, can help. For a severe reaction or a rash that doesn't respond to over-the-counter treatment, it's best to consult a dermatologist.

(Paraphenylenediamine is a very similar chemical to the sunscreen ingredient PABA. If you have had an allergic reaction to one, do not use the other, cautions Dr. Sherman. You can safely use sunscreens containing oxybenzone.)

To minimize chance of a rash, a patch test should be done prior to each application; federal legislation requires that this warning appear on all semi-permanent dye labels. Sensitivity to the product can appear at any time, even if you have used it many times. The dye should be applied to the skin behind the ear and left untouched for twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

If you are allergic to semi-permanent dyes, either henna or metallic dyes can be used, says Dr. Sherman, although they may not be as cosmetically pleasing.

What is the difference between the new Lace Weights and strap-on ankle weights; are there additional benefits?

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The lower placement may have additional fitness benefits. "With ankle weights, the primary muscle group being exercised is the thigh. In contrast, the foot weights work the lower leg musculature as well as the thigh because they are secured below the ankle joint," said Michael W. Heaslet, D.P.M., chairman of the Running Committee, American Academy of Podiatric Sports Medicine.

Some sports podiatrists speculate this lower leg strengthening may help to prevent common injuries such as shin splints and ankle sprains. Dr. Heaslet cautions both conditioned and unconditioned athletes to start with only one-pound weights (you insert the desired weight) for a maximum of ten minutes every other day. Any significant pain or stiffness is a sign to stop. ▽

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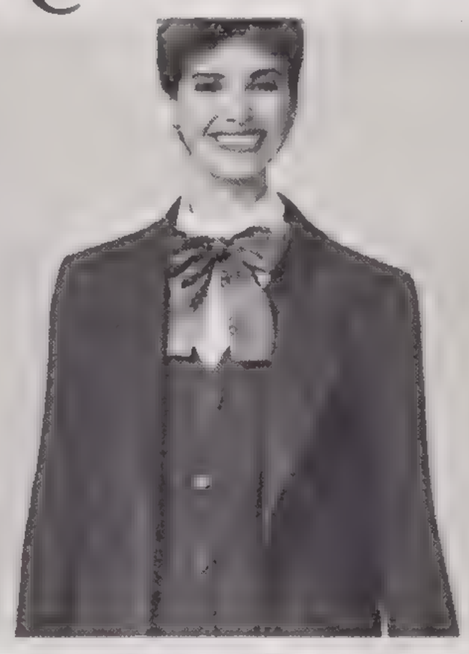

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SPACE-AGE BEAUTY

(Continued from page 613)

Alayne Zatulove, vice president/scientific director of products for Estée Lauder. "It isn't stretching the truth too far. Scientists have known for a long time that although the moisture content in 'dry' skin may be equal to that of 'non-dry,' it can be lost more rapidly and more easily; there is a greater stress—or demand—on the skin."

Alayne Zatulove, too, credits the space program for the stimulus in developing micro-analytical equipment, so much in use in the cosmetics world today. "We learned so much then because artificial environments had to be created within space capsules. Scientists had to *quantify* what normal skin takes from and gives to the environment—it was the first time anyone had set out to measure that kind of interaction. NASA had to know how they were going to provide oxygen in spacesuits and what to do with skin secretions within the spacesuit. To do this they had to study *healthy* skin. For the first time money was put aside to study the reactions of skin with the environment. We've become even more advanced since then; now we are beginning to learn much more about how the skin works with the body as part of our immune structure, how stress can impact on that structure and inhibit a good response.

"Skin is genetically programmed so that it declines in function over time; but how early and sharply this manifests itself is something the cosmetics industry can do something about."

Where the industry has made a complete turnaround is in acknowledging that some ingredients can penetrate the skin. The impact of this news is not to create a proliferation of new products that work because they penetrate, but rather to put a stronger harness on testing before products are released into the market.

"You know the old 'benefit-to-risk' concept: if you are curing a disease with a drug, and its side effect is an itch, that is considered by physicians to be relatively unimportant. If you are eliminating a wrinkle, and the side effect is an itch, that is not an equal tradeoff. In the cosmetics industry you seek to avoid risk," adds Zatulove. "If you want a benefit, you want it to be risk-free, so testing will increasingly become more costly, more time consuming."

Until Elizabeth Arden introduced their two computers for the direct benefit of the consumer at the counter, the greatest windfall for the beauty manufacturers from the space program had been in the testing area (see box on page 686) where the ability to measure with extraordinary accuracy has meant products are increasingly introduced with irrefutable data as to performance.

Next February, Orlane will introduce B_{21} Morning Recovery Solution, a product Simone Hoffman, senior vice president/marketing worldwide, explains is for "every woman who feels she can't get away with what she used to—whose skin shows she stayed up too late, particularly at premenstrual time, when makeup either gets absorbed too fast or just 'sits' on top of the skin without helping it a fraction." Oil-free, dispensed from a dropper, this combination of proteins, botanicals, and other selected ingredients is claimed to bring an instant glow and freshness to lifeless skin. The claims were substantiated by the Laser Doppler technique at the University of San Francisco, using a laser beam to measure the number of blood cells going through the capillaries—the more cells, the better the skin looks.

All over the world today technology that originated with the space program is employed to test product efficacy. For instance the electric eye of the Photoplethysmograph, which emits an infrared beam into the skin, was used to prove that Forte Vital, the new night cream from Lancôme, does significantly improve microcirculation and so tissue firmness. Forte Vital is also a shining example of the fact that with the benefit of the most up-to-date testing methods, some traditional notions should not and have not been discarded—in this case that at night you *should* apply a treatment different from the one used during the day. As A. John Penicnak, Ph.D., senior vice president of corporate science at Cosmair, the U.S. licensee for Lancôme and L'Oréal, explains, "Now we know from a number of studies that our body rhythm affects organs and tissues, which are more or less active at certain times of the day and night. New research indicates the skin organ works hardest during sleep. There is a higher energy charge in the cellular chemistry responsible for growth and tissue repair, skin cells renew themselves because protein synthesis and cell division is dependent on the natural circadian rhythm of the body and sleep patterns. Also at night it appears the elimination of waste from skin cells is more efficient, as is its use of oxygen. Forte Vital works *with* all this natural nocturnal regeneration and so becomes more effective."

There will be many more products that work with our "body clocks"

Ten years ago, L'Oréal was little known outside France. Today it ranks third in the world after Avon and Shiseido in total sales and spent forty-two million dollars last year on cosmetics research, funding with Nestle, CIRD, a major research lab in the south of France, to study basic skin physiology and the phenomenon of aging. New areas under investigation: the formation of keratin, and molecules that regulate processes in the skin, collagen formation, and—recently—a concentration on acne, psoriasis, fungal and viral infections. Data is published and available to other companies and to scientists.

"We are just at the beginning of a giant leap forward in knowledge. We know far more about the other organs of the body than we know about the skin. Even hair care is much more advanced than skin care," this from Jean Lévy, president and chief executive officer of Cosmair. He continues, "Today there are advances everywhere—on the fun side in makeup colors, with new pigments, body painting. With haircolor, molecules specifically created to be seen under electric light to give a look of velvet quality to the hair. Early in 1985, we will introduce Keralogie here, the most advanced hair-care treatments with hair masks for all types of hair as well as protective products to prevent damage.

"Four or five years ago, we were working with our synthesis chemists on new polymers, new molecules to provide the building blocks for future products. From this research came a breakthrough—the mating of two molecules described in chemistry books as 'natural enemies.' Our chemists came up with the idea of 'mating' them in a foam—*mousse* in French—which eventually led to Free Hold, the mousse product that holds hair in place yet, unlike stiff hair sprays, leaves a soft texture." Since then, the mousse concept has been "adopted" by many companies to perform other services . . . the first "mousse perm" from Helene Curtis, La Forme Mousse Perm, "mousse color" from Sebastian, Fizz-In Colour.

"Now we are working on new ingredients that we hope, in another four to five years, will bring about similar beneficial breakthroughs," continues Jean Lévy. "Today 70 percent of our new products come from research, not from marketing demands. Biotherm will be here next spring, a corrective line of body and facial products containing thermal plankton from Molitg-Les-Bains, hot springs in the Pyrenees." (Watch for more and more "spa" influence in products: next month comes clinical hair-care products from the great Montecatini Spa of Italy, introduced by Princess Marcella Borghese.)

"People today are more aware of their bodies—more aware that beauty and health are indistinguishable—but where is the frontier between cosmetics and health products?" asks Monsieur Lévy. "As we mix more and more the ideas of fitness and beauty, we obviously have to be cautious about the evolution of a new kind of legislation. And, with the incredible breakthroughs now happening—one after the other in research—women can find both sophistication *and* simplicity, maybe something rare, expensive, but easily understood and fast to apply. All of us are looking for 'me' products, those that are specifically beneficial to oneself. We are working on products that have applications for specific regions/climates, then there is enormous development of products for different parts of the body . . ."

Allan G. Mottus, a leading cosmetics industry consultant, puts it this way, "The cosmetics industry is finding the richest market comes from 'dismembering' people. Except for the earlobe they have a product to cover just about everything." (This month Germaine Monteil introduces Eye Rescue Gel to reduce eye puffiness.)

"The beauty of this kind of segmentation is that after the parts are analyzed for lip, eye, neck creams, wrinkle preventers, moisturizers, astringents, masks, sunscreens, sunblocks they can be reassembled and sold as a unit," Mottus goes on. "The customer is given a prescribed regimen of four or five products each requiring the *synergy* of the others for the best results."

"Synergy between products makes sense in that they complement each other," says Alayne Zatulove. "There is a similar synergy between the function of certain products and the timing of certain body functions. For example, Night Repair was the first 'chrono-biological' product on the market—designed to work synergistically

with what the skin is doing during the time the product is used. There will be many more products like that—that work with the body clocks—but most of them are going to be outside the realm of cosmetics; they will be prescribed drugs. If you have to treat a patient with a potent drug, it is now known there are certain times of the day when you can give *less* to have *more* effect! That's chrono-therapy, the medical approach in using the body's 'clocks' to help medicine's effect. Night Repair—designed to accelerate the natural repair of cells damaged by ultraviolet light during the day, and a long-term approach to retarding premature aging—is also synergistic in that it works within the Swiss Age Controlling Skin Care Program."

"Synergy" is undoubtedly an important word in the new beauty language, epitomized by a new skin-care line from Revlon, Skin Balancing Treatment, which, as Earle W. Brauer, M. D., Revlon vice president for medical affairs, explains, is a natural extension of Revlon's Skin Balancing Makeup, devised for the seven out of ten women worldwide who describe their skin as partly dry/partly oily. The cleanser, toner, and moisturizer have all been formulated to act as oil blotters, as well as moisturizers—in effect to "balance" the skin. In December comes one more "synergistic" product, Skin Balancing PowderCreme Makeup, a foundation and face powder in one formulation with both blotters and moisturizers—plus, importantly, sunscreen.

At the Squibb Institute for Medical Research in Princeton, New Jersey, scientists contribute specialized knowledge to products developed for Alexandra de Markoff, Bain de Soleil, all part of the Charles of the Ritz Group. Squibb spends in the vicinity of one hundred forty-two million dollars a year on research and development, some of which is directed toward their cosmetics business. Robert Miller, president and chief executive officer of Charles of the Ritz, says, "As in any fashion oriented business, beauty products will always be in a state of change. Today, physical fitness—taking better care of oneself—is the major thrust. Two years ago, we signed an agreement with Fila, an Italian sportswear company, to develop a line of therapeutic treatment, fragrance, and other items related to physical fitness. Available in 1986, the Fila line will create a whole new category, a fitness system that will include specially designed equipment and topical skin-fitness products.

"One of Squibb's specialties is topical medicine. We've learned from the application of some of their products—certain wound dressings that have made major advances—for example, Duo Derm, incredibly effective in promoting the healing of wounds. But I think, in the industry, we have not given enough attention to the *psychological* benefits of cosmetics. My analogy is why does a woman spend hundreds of dollars on a designer blouse when she can buy a product at a discount store for less than thirty that will serve the same functional purpose? Obviously the answer is its design, its look, and so her increased self enjoyment, self satisfaction. In the same way, the psychological benefit is of enormous importance in cosmetics purchases. I'll put up a beauty ritual against a bar of soap any day. Pleasure with purchase is what we should always aim to provide . . . not gift-with-purchase or purchase-with-purchase.

"We are very much involved in the fragrance business—particularly with fragrancing the environment. When you watch television, go to a movie, listen to music, you can experience it all in a more lifelike way when the olfactory senses are involved. The Aroma Disc Diffusion System, which we introduced last year, is also the most effective deodorizer—can remove the odor of cigar smoke, for instance, within a matter of minutes, and replace it with something beautiful, uplifting. We are looking at this system in terms of air purification, for we know our system displaces fragrance particles in the air. We're interested in what happens to the dirt particles—studying the freshening aspect of fragrance that removes abrasive elements and so, of course, helps skin. It's an area of research that no one else, unfortunately, seems to be approaching.

"We are also developing a new environmental fragrance system, more effective than the one we have because it introduces humidity to make the fragrance lighter, softer. That unit should be out for Christmas 1985; it will also affect skin beneficially—not so drying. We are studying the use of fragrance for both inducing and preventing sleep, in dieting—as an appetite suppressant—and are carrying out clinical studies with Bellevue Hospital in New York City. We are working with a major automobile manufacturer to offer the Aroma Disc player as an option for the 1987 cars, with a 'sleep retardant' fragrance for long-distance driving.

"Another first was naming a fragrance after a television *character* as opposed to a star or designer name—Forever Krystle, named after Krystle Carrington, the role played by Linda Evans in the TV series *Dynasty*, a worldwide phenomenon currently seen in over seventy countries. We were not interested in acquiring a celebrity spokesperson. We wanted to custom design a fragrance to epitomize a certain life style that television viewers like to be associated with. According to recent A. C. Nielsen ratings, *Dynasty* is one of the television programs most watched in America by women of all ages. And Krystle Carrington is a woman other women would like to have as a friend. It's not Linda Evans; it's Krystle—that's the modern approach—the daring.

"I believe we are no longer just in the cosmetics-fragrance business. We are in the personal-care business, because cosmetics have reached a level of maturation. The whole mood of today is self enhancing, self-image . . . 'I can afford it. I would like to look better. I don't want to *feel* better because I bought a product at a good price. I want to feel better because it is going to make me look better.' We can't sit back and hope consumers will come to us. We have to be more creative, less 'me, too,' more entrepreneurial. Most of all there have to be many more perceived differences in product categories."

This thinking is echoed by Lester Gribetz, executive vice president/general merchandising manager of Bloomingdale's, who has the monumental job of deciding which of the world's many cosmetics lines should be available at the fifteen Bloomingdale's stores around the country. With Bloomingdale's recent Japan Fair, Intelligent Skincare by Pola of Japan arrived for the first time, all of its products with pump dispensers to ensure maximum purity and to deliver exactly the right 'dose' of each, following skin analysis by the Intelligent Skincare beauty computer and specially trained beauty advisor. A video camera magnifies skin thirty times on a television screen, which the advisor studies, then enters information on a keyboard. This data appears on a second screen, and a printout is made with information directing the customer to the correct Intelligent Skincare products. Another computer plots her color choices through an instrument held close to the face to monitor skin color and tone.

Shiseido, Japan, one of the oldest beauty companies, is also the largest as far as beauty products sold in stores are concerned. Despite its commitment to the use of high-tech machines with makeup simulator and computerized skin analyzer, Shiseido has an uncompromising attitude regarding training for their beauty consultants. Once selected—and competition is stiff—everyone spends a compulsory forty-five days at a special training resort outside Tokyo on the Izu Peninsula, studying not only Shiseido products but anatomy, physiology, diet, exercise, and many other aspects of beauty. Then a series of tough exams have to be passed before the beauty consultant is allowed to take up her position behind the counter. In this country, there is significant evidence of Shiseido's personal approach to cosmetics—they have a program for pregnant women with in-store clinics teaching relaxation, based on shiatsu, using their massage cream and body products.

Smaller exclusive *(Continued on page 686)*

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SPACE-AGE BEAUTY

(Continued from page 685)

lines like Chanel, La Prairie, and Guerlain's Issima Revitalizing Beauty Treatment also emphasize the vital importance of special training for their beauty consultants, so along with the undoubted increase of high-tech machine/computer help, in the future you can also expect to find "environments" in stores that are just the opposite in feeling . . . For instance, small sitting rooms with flowers and special lighting for La Prairie customers, where the emphasis will be on delivering advanced skin-care information in the most relaxed atmosphere possible . . . and more "sit down" counters.

There are other giant companies with names not generally associated with the beauty business—such as Procter & Gamble, who have always invested millions of dollars in basic skin research in connection with their soap business (Ivory), their dishwashing products (Ivory, Joy, Dawn), their laundry detergents (Tide, Cheer, Bold, Dash), and their deodorants (Secret, Sure). Now their scientists are working on skin and hair *care* in a very deliberate cosmetic sense.

"Science is in the midst of a virtual explosion of knowledge of the biology of skin . . ." Irwin M. Freedberg, M. D., of New York University Medical Center, reported at a recent seminar. "Now it is becoming clear the skin's functions are far more complex than even scientists who have studied the skin in the past ever imagined. Only a few years ago, it was thought keratin was a single substance. Now it is clear there are as many as nineteen chemically distinct varieties of this protein, which is a major product of the outer layer of the skin."

Research centers in Germany, Japan, France, and the United States are particularly interested in the keratinization process. As Neil DeLapp, Ph.D., of Elizabeth Arden explains, "Everything that goes on in the epidermis can be lumped under the term 'keratinization.' Work has been carried out on the protein called keratin, but these dead cells also contain a considerable amount of lipids, and the lipids are probably important in the desquamation (scaling off) process. What interests us is that in addition there is a pool of low-molecular-weight, water-soluble material that the cosmetics industry has referred to as 'natural moisturizing factors.' PCA, which stands for Pyrollidone Carboxylic Acid, makes up about 12 percent of that pool, and the fascinating thing about the PCA molecule is that the epidermis contains levels of it hundreds of times more than you find in other organs of the body. You begin to wonder 'why is it there?'

"PCA is a hygroscopic material able to absorb large amounts of water. If you extract these water solubles out of the stratum corneum, the tissue can't take up as much water as when the material is there. We are close to understanding how this material gets produced in these dry cells. From this knowledge we hope to be able to develop a totally new kind of moisturization process that could be of great value to what is known as 'dry skin' . . . and the ability to do this is on the horizon."

In analyzing a survey carried out by the Collagen Corporation of a sample of women across the U. S. between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-four, demographically matched to the U. S. population of women of this age as a whole, Louise Atcheson, Ph.D., assistant professor of clinical psychology at the University of California Medical Center at San Francisco, commented, "I think we are living in a very creative time for women now. We are creating a new attitude about aging—one based on 'limitless' not 'limited' possibilities . . . one that shows us energy can grow with the years, that a woman can take control. There is a realiztion that no one can stop the aging process, but that women *can* make their own aging process a growth process, a positive evolution.

"The woman who is confident in her mind *and* body power, where beauty and health—and a look of fitness—are the new ideals, is the woman who perceives herself as most attractive and who is most attractive to other women and men. This is a whole different kind of self-love. It means taking responsibility for yourself, allows you to be concerned, to be active in caring for yourself without feeling the guilt once associated with self concern. This trend is what will be the most liberating and most exciting for women in the years ahead." ▽

A NEW BEAUTY GLOSSARY . . .

inspired by the space program, making progress for the cosmetics industry . . .

Surfometry—originally designed for metallurgy to measure smoothness of metal—now "traces" skin surface with stylus hooked up to a computer to measure roughness/smoothness in twenty different parameters.

Image Analysis—originally designed for use in military evaluation of pictures of "enemy land" and to study planetary surfaces—can deal with sixteen different images at once on a TV monitor, "breaking" the picture up into individual small dots that can be "graded" for brightness/greyness, used to grade the light-reflective properties of skin, particularly after treatment with a product.

Stereomicroscope—used to study planetary surfaces—now used to prove a product can diminish the depth of a wrinkle.

Electrical Property Measurements—used to measure electrical conductivity—now used to measure skin hydration.

Ultrasonography—used on ships to give depth perception—now provides non-invasive estimates of skin thickness, helps monitor skin atrophy associated with aging to reflect woman's physiological age.

The Pixe—originally developed to search for atmospheric pollutants and used in forensic medicine—is now a source of diagnostic information for the skin allowing precise measurement of chemicals on a cellular level.

Laser Beams—used as cutting, foraging tools—now being used in experiments to stimulate the formation of procollagen. If the laser can touch the skin without destroying it and reach the dermal layer to stimulate collagen, it is feasible to think faces will one day be rejuvenated without injections of foreign materials or plastic surgery.

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STRESS

(Continued from page 617)

own hormones, endorphins. What that explains: the intense pleasure some people get from living on the edge—racing cars, climbing cliffs, sky diving. It could be that we all crave arousal, seek to live on a personal edge.

"We need a certain amount of stress to feel alive," said Robert S. Brown, M.D., Ph.D., professor of psychiatry at the University of Virginia School of Medicine. "It is the source of our challenges and triumphs." The problem is knowing the line between stress that is beneficial, that allows you to work to your fullest, and stress overload that is detrimental to mind and health. One key to working, living at your peak: recognizing your stress tolerance, knowing the point at which arousal ceases to be positive.

"Stress is almost all a matter of perception," said Barbara B. Brown, author of *Between Health and Illness* (Houghton Mifflin). "Stress isn't something 'out there'—it's any situation that we view as being a threat." Consider, for example, athletes who function regularly under stress. Some perform best when pushed by tough competitors and an eager crowd. Others, overwhelmed, stumble through moves during competition that they perform flawlessly in practice.

STRESS POINT: YOUR WELL-BEING

Possibly the most overwhelming effect of stress is the general encroachment on our sense of well-being. Stressed, you may not be quite ill but not quite well either; you are simply working and feeling below par. You may become irritable and angry for no apparent reason, realize that you are using more emotional energy to get through a day than really seems worthwhile.

The most popular way of assessing stress has been the Holmes-Rahe scale, which assigns points to stressful events—such as death, marriage, loss of a job, or pregnancy. What we are learning now: these major life events *are* stressful, but we can often prepare for them, find ways of coping with them and moving on. Perhaps more debilitating: the stresses of daily life—overwork, traffic jams, family pressures.

"The biggest culprits in stress are the things that make us feel out of control," said Dr. Rosch. "We need to believe we have some command over our lives with some choices to make." Allowed to continue unmitigated, stress and loss of control can lead to depression, the feeling of being too overwhelmed to continue.

"Women seem to be at double jeopardy," said Georgia Witkin-Lanoil, Ph.D., author of *The Female Stress Syndrome* (Newmarket Press). "We share all the same career stresses that men have; but we haven't given up any of our traditional roles—we've just added new stresses to old ones. Women tend to make everything a number-one priority—so we're always too exhausted to take time out, to relax."

It's usually assumed that stress is most devastating to so-called "Type A" personalities—people who are always impatient, rarely able to relax. "But sometimes women who are outwardly calm have more problems with stress," said Dr. Witkin-Lanoil. "They've learned to be nonaggressive, so the adrenalin is pouring out, and they have no place to focus their energy." When you see no way to ease your pressures, gain control, you're most vulnerable to the negative effects of stress—emotional and physical.

STRESS-RELATED ILLNESS

A generally accepted estimate among doctors: 75 percent of the illnesses they see are stress-related. That's not to say that the physical problems don't exist—only that they have been caused or exacerbated by stress. "We are only beginning to understand the interface between mind and body," said Herbert Benson, M.D., associate professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and Beth Israel Hospital in Boston.

Back in 1975, Dr. Benson wrote *The Relaxation Response* (Avon), suggesting that a few minutes of meditation each day could promote emotional and physical well-being. "What was heretical then is well accepted now among physicians," said Dr. Benson. For example, the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute recently recommended that a first therapy for hypertension should be a non-drug approach—including reduced salt intake, weight loss—and behavioral techniques to reduce stress. Many hospitals, including the Beth Israel in Boston, now have stress clinics to help patients cope with illnesses that aren't likely to be helped by medication.

"It is sometimes hard to define just how far the mind can go in influencing the body," said Dr. Benson. "Relaxation and behavioral techniques aren't a replacement for medicine. Twenty-five percent of the time, modern medicine can achieve awesome results—with such treatments as digitalis, insulin, penicillin, surgery. But in 75 percent of the cases, a person's mind can influence his or her own healing."

People get sick more often when they are stressed—that much we know. After the death of a spouse, for example, your defenses are down; you're more likely to become seriously ill. What has been found: under stress, your immune system falters; your secretions of certain immunoglobulins decrease. It's not a coincidence that you get more colds, swollen glands, infections at times you are least able to deal with them.

Researchers are exploring the connection between stress and cancer. At the moment, the link is only hypothesized—but few doubt the incredible power of the body to make itself sick—or well. The placebo effect is powerful—sometimes able to make us well when drugs cannot.

"Often, when you give a patient an injection for pain, there's an immediate calming effect," said Ronald B. Dennett, M.D., assistant clinical professor of medicine at Montefiore Hospital in NYC. "The pain seems to diminish well before the drug could be working. The knowledge that something has been done changes attitudes enough to effect physical responses."

Dr. Benson calls on what he terms "the Faith Factor" as a potent influence in reducing stress, encouraging healing. "If there is something you believe in, you can use that belief to help you to elicit the relaxation response and reduce stress," he said. "It can also have a strong effect on your physical well-being."

Some researchers are studying the connection between beta-endorphins—the chemicals that seem to be associated with pleasure, well-being—and our ability to fight disease. "Lymphocytes—the white blood cells that produce antibodies—appear to have receptors for beta-endorphins," said Dr. Brown. "The possibility is that when you're feeling good and producing beta-endorphins, you're also stimulating the lymphocytes to ward off disease."

ANXIETY: CARDIOVASCULAR INFLUENCE

The release of stress hormones causes a cascade of changes in the cardiovascular system—including increased heart rate, increased blood pressure, and an increased rate of breathing.

According to John W. Farquhar, M.D., professor of medicine at Stanford University and director of the Stanford Heart Disease Prevention Program, stress seems to be connected to virtually all the risk factors associated with heart disease—including cigarette smoking, obesity, and cholesterol.

"About two-thirds of the people who stop smoking cigarettes start again," said Dr. Farquhar. "They often smoke when there are marital problems or job problems or illness in the family—all problems that cause stress. Stress management may be an important tactic in preventing recidivism."

When we are stressed, we often need to restructure our attitudes, clarify our values

Similarly, it is difficult to diet when you're under stress. "Many people eat compulsively or have abnormal desires for particular foods when they're under stress," said Dr. Farquhar. "When you're severely stressed, you're not interested in self-preservation or long-term health management."

The connection between stress and elevated cholesterol is not proven yet, but it does seem that when the body is stressed, the liver dumps fatty acids and cholesterol into the bloodstream. "Susceptible people under chronic stress may well increase their levels of LDL (low density lipoprotein)—which is the harmful type of cholesterol," said Dr. Farquhar.

A constant barrage of adrenalin and noradrenalin can also cause direct damage to the heart muscle. Catecholamines, one category of chemicals that are released under stress, are now being implicated in sudden cardiac death—the leading cause of death in the country. According to Robert S. Eliot, M.D., medical director of the National Center of Preventive and Stress Medicine, the catecholamines can destroy thousands of heart cells in minutes. The current hypothesis: an outpouring of catecholamines under stress produces dramatic muscle fiber changes that may lead to sudden death—even in an otherwise healthy person.

According to Dr. Eliot, our bodies go into a state of alarm during short-term stress, and a state of "vigilance" during long-term stress. "The release of adrenalin under short-term stress may be the *(Continued on page 688)*

STRESS

(Continued from page 687)

blow that knocks us out," he said, "but it happens only because the brain has been writing self-destruct prescriptions for so long." Under chronic stress, the body releases high levels of cortisol, implicated in raising cholesterol, and causing alterations in salt and potassium levels that may lead to heart rhythm disturbances. Cortisol also causes the blood platelets to get sticky, may cause them to adhere to artery walls. "That can set the stage for a coronary thrombosis, or blood clot," said Dr. Eliot.

More words of warning: If your coronary circulation is already compromised because of narrowed arteries, a sudden stress-induced increase in pulse rate may be enough to precipitate heart pain, or even a heart attack.

BLOOD PRESSURE

Your blood pressure level is affected by cardiac output—the amount of blood being pumped—and the ease or difficulty the blood has in passing through the vessels. The narrower the vessels, the more resistance. "When adrenalin is released under stress, it causes a more forceful beating of the heart—and therefore a higher cardiac output," said Dr. Benson. "It also seems to be implicated in narrowing the vessels. So stress affects both parts of the equation that lead to high blood pressure."

Dr. Benson's colleagues have found that after a six-month program that emphasizes stress management, exercise, and weight loss, the majority of men and women with hypertension have lowered blood pressure and need less medication. A smaller percentage have reduced blood pressure and are able to stop medication entirely.

STRESS REACTION

Orthopedic specialist Hans Kraus, M.D., estimated that 80 percent of lower back pain has no specific pathology, and is simply the result of weak muscles, underexercise, and stress. "If you suffer from back pain," he wrote in *Backache, Stress and Tension* (Simon and Schuster), "the chances are that your condition is caused not by organic disease but by muscles that are weak or tense or both."

When you are stressed, your muscles become tensed for action. If there is no physical release and the tension continues, the muscle may go into spasm. "That often sets up an anxiety cycle," said Dr. Benson. "Stress arouses a pain symptom, you worry about it, which encourages more stress and 'fight or flight' reactions. The pain gets worse—and round and round you go."

To interrupt the cycle, you must first recognize that it's occurring—then find a way to break in with physical and emotional relaxation. Exercise or a massage may do both—relieving physical symptoms, giving you a chance to relax.

Many methods of coping with stress—meditation, yoga, or exercise—are ways of giving yourself permission to stop and relax—before you get sick. Unconsciously, we may often resort to unwellness for a break from stress. Too pressured in our daily lives to slow down, we make a sore back or stiff neck the excuse we need to crawl into bed, take a day off, get sympathy, support.

"People get insulted if you suggest that their orthopedic problems—and the real pain they feel—could have a psychological base," said a professor of orthopedic surgery in New York City. "But when we can find no specific pathology for lower back pain, a prescription for bed rest is often more successful than we can explain physiologically." Important to remember: the need to take time out, time for ourselves, even when there is no apparent reason. Use exercise, relaxation as *preventive* therapy.

STRESS EFFECT: YOUR FERTILITY

Stress interferes with fertility in two basic ways—disrupting the menstrual cycle and decreasing your desire for intercourse.

What happens: The basic hormone that regulates reproduction, called GNRH (gonadotropin releasing hormone), is released from the hypothalamus. "The hypothalamus delivers a dose of GNRH to the pituitary once every hour," said Sherman J. Silber, M.D., reproductive microsurgeon at St. Lukes' West Hospital in St. Louis and author of *How to Get Pregnant* (Warner). "The GNRH is the motor that drives the pituitary—to stimulate continuous testosterone and sperm production in males and cyclic ovulation and menstruation in females."

Stress and anxiety affect the hypothalamus—and therefore affect the ability of the pituitary to release the hormones that regulate ovulation in women. "When your menstrual cycle is affected, your fertility is affected," said Dr. Silber. "It's sometimes harder to treat the stress than just to take over the unregulated cycle by prescribing hormones." If you can treat your own stress—with exercise, relaxation techniques—you may be able to avoid hormonal therapy. Relaxed, the body regulates its own cycle, is more likely to maintain high fertility.

The effects of stress on male fertility are harder to identify—but there is evidence that stress changes the sperm count. "We see it frequently," said Dr. Silber. "When a man is under stress, his sperm count goes way down. If you remove the stress, the count goes back up."

The disruption of hormones caused by stress may affect sexual desire—as will simple emotional distress.

"But sex with someone you care about is a great reliever of stress," said Dr. Witkin-Lanoil. "It's a way of taking in pleasure and limiting your world." When we are stressed we feel overwhelmed, out of control. There is too much to contend with, and we have trouble coping with it all. Being sexually intimate allows you to reduce the world to a small, personal arena, focus on pleasure, tune out distractions.

The danger is allowing sex to become one more chore in an already over-filled day. "Women sometimes feel that they are not entitled to take until they've given enough," said Dr. Witkin-Lanoil. "So we keep giving and giving and giving. If you see sex as another area of giving, you'll become resentful. When it becomes mutual taking and giving, it's a wonderful physical and emotional release."

The bottom line: However well we think we are coping, stress plays havoc with our bodies, our emotions, our lives. "We often need a restructuring of our attitudes and a clarification of our values," said Dr. Eliot. "We can be emotionally trapped and not even know it. I tell patients to remember two rules: 'Rule No. 1 is don't sweat the small stuff. Rule No. 2: It's (mostly) all small stuff.' " ▽

STRESS AND EATING

(Continued from page 619)

Even if stress doesn't change your eating patterns, it's likely to affect your digestion, your gastrointestinal system.

"Stress may result in the release of certain hormones which, in turn, may influence gastric emptying and intestinal motility," said Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., chief of Nutrition Service at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in NYC, and professor of medicine and chief of Nutrition Division at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "As a consequence, diarrhea or general intestinal distress may result."

The acid your body produces under stress is a prime source of ulcers. Some of the most widely prescribed drugs are ulcer medications. Ulcers *are* a stress disease, *aren't* the exclusive province of high-powered executives. "The ability of the body to respond to stress is a very individual matter," said Dr. Rivlin. "What is anxiety-provoking and harmful to some may be exhilarating and beneficial to others." An executive woman's sense of control can make her less prone to ulcers than a secretary or housewife.

There is no evidence that bland foods will prevent ulcers, but you should avoid tea and coffee. Researchers say that even if coffee is decaffeinated or acid-neutralized, it can stimulate acid production. Carbonated drinks and beer may do the same. Milk can neutralize acid in the stomach; but excess quantities can have a rebound effect, stimulate even more acid production.

An interesting side note on milk is that it's rich in tryptophan—an amino acid that seems to work as a sedative. Worth considering in times of stress as a natural—though not thoroughly proven—way to relax.

The best eating strategy during periods of stress is small, frequent meals. Long periods when your stomach is empty allows acid to do the most damage. Also, stress hormones cause blood to be diverted from the stomach to the heart and muscles—so it's harder to digest large quantities of food.

With the surge in adrenalin during stressful periods, fat and sugar stores are released, raising blood-sugar levels. That may produce a feeling of satiety. So if people binge during times of stress—as they often do—it's likely to be for psychological reasons, not physiological ones.

A common time for overeating is just *after* a stressful event. For example, Dr. Kupersmith said many ballet dancers are "midnight bingers" who turn to food after a performance. Their blood-sugar levels have dropped by then, so there is a physical need to eat. Food may also serve as an emotional release, a source of comfort for a job done.—J.K.

RELAXATION

(Continued from page 620)

practices, these relaxation techniques have moved into the medical mainstream and are being prescribed for the treatment of stress-related illnesses—hypertension, insomnia, backaches, migraine headaches—at major medical centers across the country.

"Therapeutic relaxation is not a gimmick. These techniques have been proven to do more than make one feel good," said Stewart Agras, M.D., professor of psychiatry, Stanford University School of Medicine. "Using sophisticated technological equipment, physicians have found that, done correctly, relaxation exercises literally slow down heartbeat, pulse and breathing rates, lower blood pressure, and, in many cases, may even lessen the need for medications used to achieve these results in the past."

BEYOND AEROBICS: ACTIVE RELAXATION

"While exercise enthusiasts like to think of physical exercise as a means of increasing heart and lung fitness, building strength and flexibility, its most profound benefits may be literally all in the mind," said William P. Morgan, Ed.D., professor of physical education and director of the Sport Psychology Laboratory at the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Morgan is not alone in this belief. Increasingly, exercise experts point to the enormous stress-reducing benefits of a regular exercise plan, citing exercise's tremendous "diversion factor," its ability to lift us out of our surroundings and put our thoughts and feelings on a different plane. When we're running, swimming, or taking an aerobic dance class, they note, it's hard to stay angry at a boss or co-worker or to dwell on the frustration of having missed your train. In one study, twenty minutes of vigorous exercise was shown to be as effective as twenty minutes of meditation in reducing anxiety.

"Exercise is the best tranquilizer," said Ash Hayes, Ed.D., acting executive director of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. "Women who take up a regular exercise program—and the key word is *regular*—often report that they are better able to handle daily stresses—the traffic jams or constant phone calls that used to make them feel irritated. Regular exercisers also experience fewer mood swings and less depression than do those who are sedentary; and work-place studies reveal that workers who get a moderate amount of exercise are more productive than those who do not."

The precise mechanism by which vigorous exercise works to relax us is still not understood. Reports by avid runners of reaching a euphoric "high" or having "gone through the wall" where their body no longer knows the limits of physical endurance have led some experts to theorize that, in fit individuals, aerobic exercise triggers the release of the body's natural opiates, the hormones known as beta-endorphins.

"While it has been demonstrated that thirty minutes of vigorous exercise can raise the level of endorphins circulating in the blood supply, it is not known whether the same effect is realized in the brain or central nervous system, which is where the endorphins would have to be present to induce a relaxation effect," said Jack H. Wilmore, Ph.D., director, Exercise and Sport Sciences Laboratory, University of Arizona.

"There is also increasing evidence that, over the long run, exercise may decrease the body's resting level of catecholamines, a class of hormones produced under stress. Having a lower natural level of these hormones might make a well-trained athlete less vulnerable to stress." One catch: catecholamines are also being investigated for their possible triggering effect in sudden heart attacks, so *over*exercising may be more stressful than beneficial.

Which brings us to another important point: whether exercise is relaxing or stressful depends very much on the *amount* of exercise you do and your *attitude* towards it.

"To be relaxing, exercise must be approached as something done for enjoyment, not for competition or constant improvement. A woman who insists on pushing herself to her maximum during *every* exercise session will end up with more anxiety, not less," said Kenneth Cooper, M.D., founder, The Aerobics Center, Dallas, Texas.

"If you find yourself exercising to exhaustion or setting arbitrary goals for yourself such as 'I have to exercise every day, no matter what comes up,' then what you may have is an exercise obsession, a stress-producing problem in itself. Exercise is only relaxing up to a certain point. A half-hour of moderate aerobic exercise seems to be much more relaxing than a shorter period of more intense exercise. Forcing your body beyond its current potential only brings on additional anxiety, not less."

What may also be a prerequisite for exercise-induced relaxation: already being in shape. Many studies, done both with "normal" men and women and with hospitalized psychiatric patients, reveal that most exercise participants do not begin to realize the relaxing plusses of physical activity until they are at least twelve weeks into an exercise plan. Many would-be exercisers never get that far, but give up on a sport or exercise program before they can enjoy it.

Also key: that exercise be a regular part of your weekly schedule. "The benefit of taking time out is a transitory one," noted Dr. Morgan of the University of Wisconsin. In fact, many studies show that anxiety slightly *increases* immediately following physical exertion, then falls dramatically within twenty to thirty minutes. When exercisers' anxiety levels were continuously monitored throughout various twenty-four-hour periods, it was found that stress or tension returned to the previous level within four to six hours. The major benefit of regular exercise seems to be its dispersion of tension on a day-to-day level, which in turn prevents the onset of chronic anxiety.

While the exact exercise method you choose seems to have little effect on its relaxation benefits, aerobic exercise—swimming, jogging, walking, even tennis—seems to produce more benefits than seemingly relaxing disciplines such as beginning ballet or simple stretching. The reason: studies show that a woman needs to be working at 70-to-80 percent of her aerobic capacity to produce the sought-after relaxation effect. What is also essential: that your exercise period include both a warm-up and a cool-down. "Some experts now feel that the cool-down may be the most vital component of all from the point of view of relaxation as well as injury-prevention," said physical therapist David Balsley, R.P.T., director of the Sports Medicine Performance and Research Center at the Hospital for Special Surgery, NYC. "Neglecting to cool down after a vigorous workout impedes the processing of waste products by your muscles and seems to reduce exercise's beneficial after-effects, causing muscle cramping as opposed to the desired de-tensing. Spend at least fifteen minutes gradually slowing down your exercise intensity, finishing with slow, gentle stretches."

MIND POWER: ULTIMATE RELAXATION

While aerobic exercise relaxes the mind through working the body, some of the most exciting relaxation research has been the discovery that we can relax our bodies through our minds.

"Most of our stress, it turns out, comes not so much from the outside world but is produced internally. When a busy woman finishes one task, it is not at all uncommon for her to jump to the next, with no recovery time. Most of us spend a great deal of time thinking about the past or the future rather than acting in and enjoying the present. Mental-relaxation techniques help to bring us back to what is happening now," said Melvin Thrash, M.D., clinical associate professor of psychiatry, and director of outpatient services, Bellevue Hospital/NYU Medical Center.

"While most mental relaxation exercises feel like a loss of control, they are very much the opposite. By surrendering to a peaceful, clear-minded state and relaxing all of her muscles, a woman regains total control of body and mind. Women who practice relaxation exercise, aside from gaining the physical benefits of decreases in blood pressure and breathing rates, often report an enhanced state of alertness and focus, an improvement in well-being that extends to every part of their lives."

What is also becoming clear is that while most of us think we know what total relaxation means, few of us have actually experienced it. "In more and more hypertension-treatment programs in which patients are taught to relax, the most common response is that they are experiencing a feeling that they have never had before, that they had never let go of tension so completely," noted Stanford's Dr. Agras.

What is the best way to relax? It turns out that there is a whole variety of techniques that can achieve the same goal, and that the choice depends on what works best or appeals most to you. What seems to be ideal, though, is to have a medically expert teacher who can guide you to the final fully relaxed state. In a Stanford study, for example, one group of patients was given a correspondence course in a basic relaxation technique, another group was taught the technique by a therapist, a third group was simply told to relax. When tested after several weeks, those given the correspondence course were no better at lowering their blood pressure through relaxation than those given no instruction at all.

"Relaxation requires a level of trust in and comfort with *(Continued on page 690)*

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RELAXATION

(Continued from page 689)

yourself that many women who are under a great deal of stress have lost," noted Dr. Thrash. "Those women whohave the greatest need for relaxation may find it the most difficult. A trained therapist can help a woman to break through her tension. Often, we become so accustomed to feeling tense that we lose the sensitivity to relaxation."

In fact, there is no such thing as "instant" relaxation. A woman cannot expect to get rid of tension that has been building up for months by taking a single class in meditation or listening to a relaxation tape once or twice. (It is also essential to consult a physician before beginning a relaxation program, as many illnesses have symptoms that could be confused with stress.)

"In the beginning of most relaxation-training programs," noted Dr. Agras, "it may take class members twenty minutes to reach a fully relaxed state. After a month of practice, though, most people can re-enter the state of relaxation in less than five minutes. Relaxation is not time-consuming or complicated. Once it is learned, it is a skill that a woman can call on whenever she senses stress mounting and wants to reestablish a feeling of control. If you get an unnerving phone call or have just come out of a rough meeting, take five minutes to relax. Stress is cumulative; it needs to be diffused throughout the day.

"Many of us seem to live our lives in a state vaguely between feelings of sickness and wellness. Relaxation is one way to help reestablish a feeling of good health."

RELAXATION TECHNIQUES

All of the following relaxation techniques can be successful when taught by an expert who can evaluate your progress and guide you to complete relaxation. As with any type of exercise, consult your doctor first to see which of these are right for you.

Scanning or progressive relaxation involves first tensing, then relaxing all of your body parts, beginning with the toes and working up to the top of the head. This is a basic exercise that alerts you to the differences between a tensed and a relaxed muscle and helps to pinpoint where tension is "held" in your body (common spots: the trapezius muscles—running from the neck to the shoulder blades—and the muscles of the lower back). Many therapists who teach progressive relaxation provide patients with an at-home tape.

"The voice giving the instructions must be calm and soothing," said Dr. Berggren. "It must be a voice that you can trust. For this reason, many women feel more comfortable listening to a woman's voice on their tape; some patients even re-tape instructions in their own voices, for enhanced privacy."

Imaging or visualization exercises involve imagining yourself into a relaxing setting or a successful endeavour. The therapist may describe an actual spot to you—e.g., a secluded beach—or may give you adjectives that act as clues to setting up your own imaginary haven.

"Our bodies often react in the same way to real and imaginary cues," noted Dr. Atcheson, "so a woman can close her office door, visualize a quiet mountaintop at dawn, and spend a few minutes relaxing there."

The enormous power of visualization techniques has been demonstrated in programs in which cancer patients are trained to create vivid interior images of their tumors being "eaten up" by "white knight" destroyer cells. These images are then summoned up during periods of relaxation therapy. The result: dramatic, measurable decreases in tension and anxiety and an increased faith in the probable outcome of their chemotherapy or surgical treatments. Some physicians, Harvard cardiologist Herbert Benson, M.D., among them, believe that this type of faith in the body's power of healing may be a decisive factor in why some patients recover much faster than others. Many experts—including Dr. Benson in his new book, *Beyond The Relaxation Response* (with William Proctor; Times Books)—also point to the healing power of prayer as valuable quiet time to oneself.

Biofeedback is, as the name suggests, the use by a medical expert of a machine that measures biological responses and lets a woman know how well or how deeply she has relaxed. The latest electronic equipment not only provides continuous readouts of blood pressure, respiration, skin temperature, and heart rate but can also analyze the degree of tension present in individual muscles and joints. Why this last factor is so important: many women who think they are relaxed may have hidden pockets of tension in the jaw or shoulder joints that they *never* fully let go of, even when asleep.

"Biofeedback is equivalent to having a mirror on your inner emotional and physical state. It does not relax you, but lets you know precisely when you have relaxed," explained Dr. Berggren. "Biofeedback helps a woman to identify the relaxed state so that she can work toward it and regain it in the future."

Women who find it difficult to relax on their own may find that biofeedback is a valuable means to their goal. In fact, it is often used as an interim step to help a woman identify her tension and work to correct it.

Meditation and hypnosis: Both of these disciplines utilize repetitive verbal or visual cues to bring on body/mind relaxation. Contrary to popular thought, the trance-like state induced by hypnosis or meditation does not resemble sleep but is a separate physiological state of enhanced relaxation. Both techniques can be valuable in relieving everyday stress if taught by a medically qualified instructor.

Sensory deprivation tanks may provide a quiet, restful environment for relaxation, suggests preliminary research, but it is clear, too, that floating in an enclosed tank is not an experience that every woman will feel comfortable with. Such tanks should be used only under professional supervision, as they could induce panic reactions in people who become claustrophobic.

Yoga and T'Ai Chi are exercise disciplines that are very compatible with mental relaxation. "For the most successful results, a woman may want to combine yoga with a mental relaxation exercise such as visualization," said Dr. Thrash. "To be relaxing, yoga and t'ai chi moves must be smooth and balanced—and you must surrender to the rhythm of your body movements." ▽

DE-STRESS EXERCISES

(Continued from page 620)

includes a three-step behavior relearning/conditioning/visualization program that, says Dr. Susskind, should be practiced twice a day until the techniques are incorporated automatically into daily life. On the flip-side: Dr. Susskind's calming voice lulls you gently to sleep. (To order: $9.95 + $1.50 postage, Dr. D. Susskind, 415 East 52nd Street, NYC 10022.)

Relaxation exercises . . . an easy-to-memorize, five-exercise, modified yoga program of gentle stretches to relieve muscle tension. Do it before sleep, in the morning, in your office if necessary. See page 286.

To do at your desk . . . a four-step visualization/breathing technique to distract you from problems, slow down adrenalin output, compiled by Georgia Witkin-Lanoil, Ph.D., Mt. Sinai Medical School, NYC.

1. Put your hands in your lap, feet on the floor; pick a spot on the wall at eye level.
2. Start counting backwards from ten. Breathe in on each count; leave time to breathe out between counts. When you reach zero, let your eyes close.
3. Again, starting from ten, count back to zero (breathe in on each count). This time, imagine every breath out to be a mist of a favorite color that envelops you more and more.
4. When you reach zero, let yourself float in that mist until your eyes open.

Dr. Lanoil suggests adding another count of ten each week until you reach the level that makes you feel most relaxed.

A word about music . . . Although it is suggested that all relaxation techniques be practiced in a quiet place, experts believe that for some people, complete silence is less comforting than an environment with some "noise" or soothing music. Particularly conducive to relaxation: the "Largo" movements of J.S. Bach concertos, say Edward A. Charlesworth, Ph.D., and Ronald G. Nathan, Ph.D., authors of *Stress Management* (Atheneum).

TEN RELAXATION-EXERCISE TIPS

- Having a professional teach and guide you through a relaxation program is important because very few of us really *know* how to relax. An expert can show you when you've reached a state of relaxation so that you can achieve it again on your own.
- Remember that relaxation has to be *learned*. Give yourself enough time—a month or two—of *regular* practice to become aware of your tension and know how to counter it.
- All relaxation methods should be done in a place you feel comfortable and safe, that is quiet and free from distractions such as ringing telephones. You should be sitting or lying down in a comfortable position, eyes closed; concentrate on your breathing, making it slow and deep.
- With any relaxation method, be prepared to devote the full amount of time to it—especially in the beginning—when you're in the right frame of mind; you have to *want* to relax.
- Pay attention to sensations you experience as you learn to relax—feelings such as "loose," "calm," "light," "flexible"—so that you can identify and achieve them again.
- To derive the greatest benefit, make a commitment to use a relaxation technique whenever you feel stress mounting up.
- *Never* use any relaxation tape while driving or engaging in any outdoor activity.
- Those under extreme stress or experiencing crisis should modify or take a break from a rigorous strength or endurance program (see Overexercising, page 286). Consider the relaxation benefit of a gentle stretch program instead.
- Don't neglect doing some form of *aerobics*, an important means of stress-reduction.
- As with any exercise, *always* consult your doctor before beginning any relaxation program.

—AUDREY LIOUNIS

JESSICA LANGE

(Continued from page 606)

don't need people. It's just that I need as much time by myself to get my self back to center.

In producing this film *Country*, you really could be involved in it twenty-four hours a day. For the people involved that's not good, and for yourself it's not good, and for the film it's not good because you don't allow yourself a distance to get a proper perspective on things. I know this is something that I do. I start to get wound up, and it's like a rubber band pulled tighter and tighter; you're not allowing yourself to be clear. So I have made myself kind of step away from it from time to time by coming to my house.

KA: *Do you do something to repair yourself? Ride, swim?*

JL: Those things are very important to me but not particularly in the area that you're talking about. I do those, and they're reviving, refreshing activities. I would say the one thing that I do in the area of repairing or rebuilding is just walking. I walk sometimes for miles. I walk for hours and hours just by myself. And it's great. Because it affords me literally the only time I have for myself. Because also when you have a three-year-old child, if you're not working, then all your energy and time are tied up with her. But walking has always been like a form of meditation.

KA: *Your looks are very involved with your career; do you find that when you're off-duty, you think about them differently now?*

JL: It's not so much when I'm not working that I'm thinking more about my looks, I'm thinking more about my health. As far as looks, on the most superficial level, no, I don't think about that at all. I never use makeup, I never set my hair. I'll tell you one thing, as an actress you're sitting in the makeup chair and working all day in front of the cameras and watching the dailies after. I mean I get sick of myself, I really do. I don't think it's good to see that much of yourself and to scrutinize it so closely. But the one thing that I do really think about when I'm not working is being healthy and getting in shape and getting strong. I'm becoming more and more a believer of what Olivier said *(Continued on page 692)*

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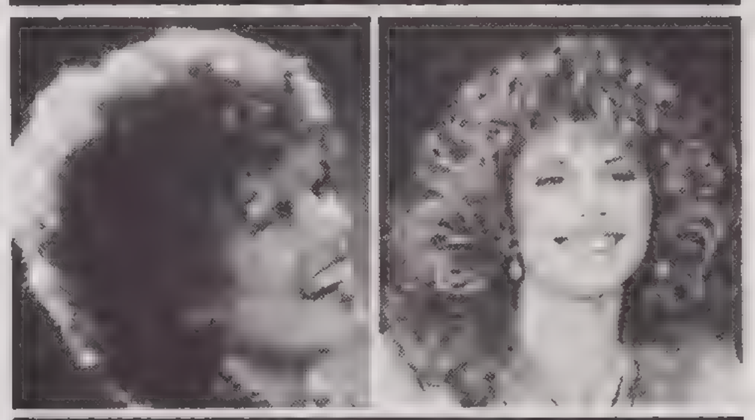

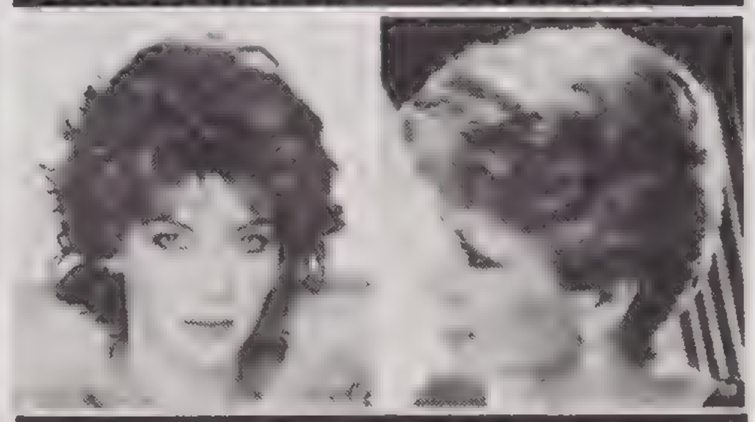

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JESSICA LANGE

(Continued from page 691)

about acting, that the thing you really need more than anything is stamina.

I do a method of exercise that is strengthening and stretching. I can't do aerobics. I don't like to be jarred. I prefer walking faster as opposed to jogging.

I try to swim a mile a day. I love to swim because I get into a state when I'm swimming which I imagine is what people talk about when they're running. You hit another level. Once I get past thirty laps, my body just starts to flow and the energy becomes pure.

KA: *And do you feel the difference when you don't work out?*

JL: Everything seems to get a little soggier.

KA: *What about diet? Any special regimens?*

JL: No, I'm vegetarian but nothing more specific than that. No strict regimen. No "diet" to speak of. I never seem to get enough sleep. It's strange . . . I'm beginning to think there are other ways than those we have been conditioned to, than eight hours of sleep. I'm beginning to think that there are ways of directing energy that can achieve the same results without necessarily having to use that block of time. I find as I get older . . . I don't think I've slept through the night in more than three years.

KA: *With "Country" finished and the Patsy Cline project not yet started, you are living, in a sense, a very simple life right now. When do you start to miss the action of cities, of work? Do you think you could live without it altogether?*

JL: Probably not. I mean I don't think I would like to live without it . . . for me the need to work, to act, is really great. I want to do it. It gives me a great deal of joy in my life. I like the fact that I can go from one reality to another, to work and away from it. That balance is the greatest thing that I've somehow achieved in life, that I can go to New Mexico, that I can go to Minnesota, with nobody around, with my daughter and the animals, and just be out here for however long I want to be here. But at the same time in the back of my mind I know that come the middle of September I start rehearsals on another project.

If I were just out in the woods with no prospect of leaving or no prospect of working or going somewhere, I don't know if I'd have that same sense of relief, the same sense of contentment. It's the fact that I can somehow balance them, that's what I feel works best. But it's also good because it keeps both things in perspective.

You know when you come out here and your life relates to the land, to nature . . . that in a certain way keeps Hollywood and movies and all of that stuff in perspective. It snaps me back. It makes you aware. It explodes your tunnel vision. It keeps that world from becoming what it does become for some people, their sole reason for being. It's not just filmmaking or art, it can be a relationship . . . Anything, when it becomes your sole obsession in life, tips you off balance.

KA: *You've said before that you've eliminated a lot from your life. Could you be more precise?*

JL: It has to do with thinking that you should be doing something that you're not or that you should be something that you're not. Having some kind of false responsibility towards people who really are not that important to you. I mean I never go out. Sitting through an evening at dinner with a group of people who really don't matter to me, I begin to feel that time is wasted. Maybe it has to do with age. I have a completely different concept of time than I had before. It becomes more and more precious to me.

You know, I'm different in the world people would call social. The other is in areas that are much more personal, areas of myself that I let go of and somehow feel that that is important in my own personal evolution: Areas of the mind and of the heart . . . Areas of the ego and selfishness and self-importance and self-doubt, all of these things that I think to a certain degree create unhappiness, and I don't feel unhappy anymore.

I've realized that with the last year and a half or two years that I had no more true unhappiness in my life, and I've always lived with unhappiness. Suddenly I can honestly say, really for the first time in my life, that I'm very happy, and that's a whole new sensation.

KA: *Did you do this by yourself or did you have some help?*

JL: If I turned toward anything it was toward some kind of inner spiritual investigation. That has helped more than anything except for my family.

The hardest times for me were when I somehow lost perspective. I let senseless egoistic areas in my life become paramount, become overwhelming. That doesn't happen anymore, and I think it has to do with a certain kind of spiritual discipline that I've practiced over the years. When I feel myself slipping into that—and I did this week for the first time in a very long time: It was this kind of niggling, irritating . . . you know, where you kind of wake up with a start in the middle of the night with tremendous anxiety about something that's happened—and I just thought, "stop it." I mean, it's not even so much that I stopped it. It was just . . . you know, it was like turning a corner and looking at it differently and then suddenly it becomes ridiculous in the space of what's actual. ▽

AMERICAN SPAS

(Continued from page 619)

shutting off. These are new concepts as far as spas are concerned."

Now, along with hours of movement, there are hours of talk. At Canyon Ranch, for example, the Executive Renewal team includes: a nutritionist, fitness director, and psychology professor who can address the real-life problems of high-pressured executives. Working in small support groups, the executives meet once a day, trying to find solutions to stressful problems. What kind of problems? Anxiety. Lack of stamina. Fatigue. Finding time to exercise. Eating on the run, or on a business lunch. Day-to-day pressures that add up to overload.

During a second session, the executive group—never more than twelve—hears an hour's talk on a single topic: cardiovascular fitness, nutrition, relaxation. An interesting statistic: while women still predominate at spas (although more men now attend, as evidenced by the growing number of men's weeks), more men attend "executive renewals."

"You can't appeal to executives on an emotional level," says Zuckerman. "They want facts, figures, results. We test them going into the Executive Renewal program, and we test them going out. We brought in a medical group to oversee it. In addition, we submitted our exercise programs to exercise physiologist Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., University of Arizona, for approval."

At the Aspen Club in Aspen, Colorado, owned by tennis pro Julie Anthony, who holds a Ph.D. in psychology and directs the Aspen Club's Fitness and Sports Medicine Institute, the spa-goer is frequently a member of an executive group sent there by his or her corporation. "We come up with an individual profile and a specific prescription. The stay is variable; but, to effect change, a week, minimum, is recommended." Anthony likes to limit the group to twenty, and says that though they have all the facilities and amenities of a spa, what makes the Club different is its "medical orientation."

This new move toward improved health, in addition to fitness and well-being, is no coincidence, as research mounts suggesting a diet-exercise—and now stress—influence over our health. "We're able to demonstrate to executives that there really are some remarkable, measurable changes that *can* begin to be made in a short time," says Zuckerman. "Pulse rates and blood pressure can drop. Fat content in the blood can be affected; cholesterol, triglycerides, and HDL can move out of the danger zone." But, that's just a motivational tool; to really effect change takes a lifetime of healthful living.

The spa, in fact, has always walked a thin line between fitness and health; now it's finer than ever. And those that are involved in executive-renewal programs are aware of a new and ongoing responsibility. "You have the right to be suspicious of any 'expert' who tells you 'I know the truth,' " says Zuckerman. "No spa program can guarantee longevity." Today's better-informed spa-goers are equally cautious. Says our Canyon Ranch reporter, "You don't have to be an expert to know what you need."

One positive result: questionable practices such as herbal wraps—which leach water from the body, producing instant and temporary, if not downright unhealthful, "weight loss"—are being seen less and less.

The model, of course, for the spa of the '80s is The Aerobics Center in Dallas, founded over a decade ago by Kenneth Cooper, M.D. And although some experts argue that the word *spa* no longer accurately describes the modern spa experience, The Aerobics Center is a *health spa* in the true sense of the word: a microcosm of fitness situated on twenty-seven acres, with a staff of two hundred.

With four separate divisions, it is the "spa" of the future. The Activity Center oversees three thousand members in a fully equipped M.D.-

and Ph.D.-staffed facility, which includes outdoor jogging trails, indoor/outdoor tracks, swimming pools, tennis and raquetball courts, weight, bicycle, and treadmill rooms, gyms—all equipped with electronic pacing equipment. The Cooper Clinic practices diagnostic, preventive, and rehabilitory medicine and prescribes individual diet and exercise programs for over thirty thousand patients. Backing it all up: a seventy-five-member Research Institute, which specializes in exercise physiology and cardiovascular studies and conducts seminars on a range of topics from stress to health-risk reduction. The Division of Continuing Education sponsors twelve to fifteen major professional conferences a year. New lodges house out-of-town guests. Most recently: the U.S. Secret Service, which came to the Clinic to undergo physical fitness training.

The new move toward stress control and executive renewal has brought about other changes, from the rise of the "urban" spa to the inclusion of visualization/scanning techniques at the end of regular spa days (as they do at the Sonoma Mission Inn Spa).

Spa programs are structured in one of two ways: compulsory or optional; but, today, based on new objectives, experts are changing their opinion as to which meets with greater success. In the '60s and '70s, the feeling was the more regimented the spa, the greater the "results." That may have been true when success was measured in inches.

"Most people," says Zuckerman, "don't know what to expect. They understand exercise and massage; but they don't understand the concept of *choice*. I don't happen to believe that a stringent structure works—or that it is a motivation for life change, or for reinforcing awareness of what a person can do."

No one likes to be told what to do—least of all executives who are used to making decisions. (In fact, research suggests that the inability to be in control of one's life is a producer, rather than reducer, of stress.) By making their own choices, people are more likely to accept change.

"I believe in showing people how they *can* make a difference, that they have the ability to exercise control," says Zuckerman. He should know. He credits a four-week stay, five years ago, at Sheila Cluff's The Oaks at Ojai, Ojai, California, with helping him to lose thirty pounds and to maintain an exercise program for the first time in his life. Says he of the experience: "I found a way of feeling that I wanted to experience for the rest of my life. . . . If you structure the spa experience too much," he adds, "who's going to structure it at home?"

That is an important question, one critical to a spa-goer's success. Some experts argue that regardless of whether a spa program is compulsory or optional, a spa's greatest contribution is simply to provide an environment conducive to change, pointing out that most spas report high repeat rates, as much as 99 percent. This is less a spa's failure to teach change and provide take-home support, it's argued, as it is our inability to remain highly motivated for long periods of time.

Experts involved in "executive renewals" don't necessarily agree. They see life-style changes as their challenge and part of the spa's growing responsibility. And they say that rather than offering short-term results, the spa now offers "opportunity." "Use spa time," says Zuckerman, "to improve the quality of your life, to learn to live better every day."

As spas expand more and more into at-home care, we'll undoubtedly be able to do so. At the spa at Gurney's Inn in Montauk, NY, for example, the program for executives includes a lengthy follow-up letter, discussing coping strategies for stress control, re-explaining relaxation techniques learned at the spa, and welcoming any queries.

For years, the Cooper Clinic has offered computer access to anyone who wanted his or her exercise "logged." For a small fee, the Clinic keeps an account of the amount of exercise you report and sends you a monthly statement. Now, the Clinic has put its "Fitness For Life" educational seminar—a six-lecture series of talks including stress management and health-risk reduction—on tape to follow at home.

"We seriously affect people's lives," suggests Zuckerman of the executive-renewal concept. "This is not *just a vacation*."

But, in fact, a vacation is precisely what it is, as Americans look for new ways to get fit and remain motivated. Whatever they're now called—alternate vacations, active vacations, fitness retreats—they're the wave of the future and an important means of fitness and stress control. "The only way to pull back from one's life style," says Toni Beck, "is to do it *away* from home."

For busy executives, however, that's not always possible. As fitness becomes more integral to the workplace and as companies assume more responsibility for the health and well-being of their employees, the concept of executive renewal will expand. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the New York investment firm of Morgan Stanley, where fitness pro Mike O'Shea was brought in to duplicate his Sports Training Institute in their uptown office.

So committed is Outward Bound—a nonprofit wilderness-adventure program—to the benefits of executive renewal that it's begun a scholarship program for those who would like but can't afford the Outward Bound experience. An interesting sidelight: the U.S. men's Olympic volleyball team prepared for competition during a three-week Outward Bound trip, during which, says their coach, they underwent mental as well as physical toughening.

That's an important point. Whatever one's route to a fitter, less stressful life, the experts and the evidence suggest that, to be successful, the approach should be based on a mind/body connection—a mental re-think in addition to the physical aspects—precisely what is being attempted through executive-renewal programs. "You and I know what the mind/body connection can achieve," says Zuckerman. "Research is empirical on how you can influence your own health and well-being."

"The idea behind the Aspen Club experience," says Julie Anthony, "is to teach you how to include activity in your life until you have learned to do it on your own." That, more than anything else, reflects the thinking behind the spas of the '80s. ▽

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THE TOG SHOP

THE NEW FREESTYLE

(Continued from page 605)

point. Most women started working out as just another old-fashioned beauty strategy, a way to *improve the object*—lose weight, firm up trouble spots. But something happened. One day, in the middle of millions of workouts, a subtle shift took place, a new fusion. Sweating freely, breathing hard, hurting, grunting, we forgot ourselves—and found ourselves. Swept beyond self-consciousness, momentarily oblivious of how we looked, we discovered the purely subjective joy of *moving*, and we came to fully inhabit our bodies for the first time. Gone was that little tension of distaste with which a woman, holding in her stomach, holds herself away from her own flesh. Sure enough, our bodies were looking better than they ever had. But, funny thing—that was no longer the goal. It was a bonus, an effortless by-product of how good we *felt*, through and through. Subjectivity had taken precedence; good looks now radiated naturally from good feelings, where once feeling good had depended so desperately on looking good.

And so we went into the locker room and looked in the mirror and saw a glorious mess. Our color was great, our hair hung in wet strings, our eye makeup was all over the map, and we had twenty minutes to get back to the office. The new imperative of the workout only added to the time pressures on today's women. We had, simultaneously, less time than ever to spend on beauty care and many more centrifugal forces assailing our looks.

So we adapted; we became ingenious, and so, in response to demand, did the designers of hair and fashion and the creators of beauty wares. Together we have developed a new sophistication about simplicity, new ways of minimizing time and trouble and at the same time maximizing effect. When you go to a health club, you need easy-care hair. When you're proud of your body, and you move it freely and often, you seek both liberty and flattery in clothes. When you're in and out of water and weather, you want makeup that stays put even *during* a workout, and that lets your skin breathe. It comes down to the fact that you want to look like you, only more so—not like a color Xerox of Victoria Principal.

The new freestyle is, in sum, subjective, mobile, confident, and pleasurably self-aware. You see it most in the way women move: striding freely, running heedlessly, uncontained and unconcerned. It is remarkably free of worry, partly because we do have efficient new beauty-care routines we can rely on, but far more because the new beauty radiates from our self-worth rather than masking our doubt of it. In retrospect, the anxious hours spent in front of the mirror with blusher brushes and spray cans, like an Old Master creating a painting that might crack, were the symptom of a corrosive insecurity. Feeling unbeautiful at the core, we applied beauty like egg tempera and held very still while it dried. And when we moved, we moved stiffly, like knights in armor. Now we are wide open to the elements, supple and elemental ourselves. We trust ourselves as actors and lookers and—it follows—as good-lookers, too. The look—how right that the word means both, appearance and gaze!—is alive and open, full of expression. It is not so much wholesome as whole. ▽

MASSAGE

(Continued from page 620)

massage must be done by an expert thoroughly trained in anatomy and technique. In unskilled hands, deep muscle kneading and rubbing can cause injury,'' said Lyle J. Micheli, M.D., clinical instructor of orthopedics, Harvard Medical School and attending surgeon, The Boston Ballet.

Who's an expert? Physical therapists, followed by massage therapists, are the most qualified. If you have a back or muscle problem, consult an orthopedist or physiatrist (M.D. trained in physical rehabilitation) *first* to determine whether massage is appropriate for you; if it is, your doctor will refer you to the proper professional. Be wary of anyone who performs massage without taking a complete medical history; the best therapists request a physician's O.K.

Massage techniques fall into two broad categories: Western (or Swedish) and Oriental (shiatsu). Most research in this country has centered on the former, shown to promote relaxation when used on a regular basis. Shiatsu, is said by practitioners to release ''blocked'' energy from the body's acupressure points. It is a more invigorating treatment—and is not for everyone. In fact, notes Dr. Micheli, shiatsu seems to be less appropriate for women, who, because of their often lighter frames and more flexible muscles and joints, are most vulnerable to injury from too-rough massage.

Recovery from injury, in fact, is where massage can be of great help. Experts note that ''hands-on'' massage techniques are proving to be more valuable than sophisticated electronic muscle-stimulating machines in releasing some muscle spasms. ''Machines treat the body; massage also relaxes the mind, speeding recovery in some patients,'' said Dr. Micheli. Massage by a pro can reduce swelling, increase joint mobility (an untrained person, however, should *never* massage an inflamed/injured area).

''Cosmetic'' massage: What of massages offered in beauty salons—as adjuncts to facials or body treatments? The quality varies. The best are given by licensed massage therapists. (Some states don't require licensing; check your.)

What of ''friendly'' massage between lovers or spouses? Experts recommend that if you have any history of muscle or joint injury, you skip this. Even in a healthy person, innocuous muscle rubbing can sometimes cause injury. The back and the shoulders are the most vulnerable spots; foot or hand massages are less likely to be harmful in inexperienced hands (. . . but *never* massage varicose veins or broken blood vessels). Any pain is a signal to stop.

When not to have a massage, regardless of who is giving it: following an impact injury, when you have a fever, if you have dermatitis or any skin rash or irritation. ''Back or shoulder aches, often considered reasons for massage, can actually be contraindications,'' noted Dr. Micheli. ''Only a physician should decide.''

Post-exercise massage? It's fine—as long as you cool down first.—S.M.

BREAKFAST

(Continued from page 618)

vitamin C, some calcium, B_1, and B_{12}, fiber, and protein, it's good value for its 300 calories,'' says Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., professor of nutrition, University of California at Davis.

While breakfast usually runs about 200 to 300 calories, some nutritionists recommend a heartier first meal—up to 500 or 600 calories, or 25 to 30 percent of the daily total. ''The classic bacon and eggs can easily add up to 600 calories, but it's too high in fat and cholesterol,'' says Dr. Short. ''And most other 600-calorie meals take more cooking time than most women want to spend in the morning. One alternative is to eat double: two English muffins with cheese, two pieces of fruit, two cups of skim milk. But even more practical is to stick with a 300-calorie morning meal, then add mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks—preferably fruit or skim milk—to stave off fatigue.'' And, of course, cut down on lunch and dinner calories.

Christine Hart, R. D., who works with many physicians at New York University Medical Center, adds, ''As breakfast has become the latest meal to eat out for business, women who are concerned about their weight and about fat need to exercise caution at this meal if they're not cutting down on other meals. For example, choosing a mushroom, Spanish, or onion omelet instead of a cheese omelet can reduce the number of calories by 200 to 300, and cut down on fat as well. Large commercially prepared muffins can be loaded with sugar and fat, adding up to 300 to 400 calories each. If you order a big bran muffin, make that your whole meal. In comparison, two slices of unbuttered toasted raisin bread have only 140 calories, even adding a light spreading of jelly.''

Some women still believe they're ''saving'' calories by skipping breakfast, when in fact eating breakfast is excellent diet strategy. While experts have known that people who have trouble losing weight tend to skip breakfast, then overcompensate by overeating at lunch and dinner, one recent study even indicates a stronger link between eating breakfast and weight loss. It suggests that by shifting to a large meal early in the day and a small one in the evening when you're less active, you may be able to lose weight without changing your total calories at all.

Does one cup of coffee have a place in an ''ideal'' breakfast? ''If you're not pregnant, there's nothing wrong with one cup of coffee or tea,'' said Dr. Stern. ''It takes over four cups a day for most people to experience the negative effects of caffeine.''—LINDA WELLS

THE VISIBLE SEX

(Continued from page 630)

years, that she is an unwavering feminist, and that she would not have been nominated if women had not worked to put one of our own on that ballot. She is as far as we have come—so far—and even if we lose in November, things will never be the same again. There has been a paradigm shift.

There are powerful lessons in the Ferraro nomination that sooner or later every politically aware woman will find useful. The first is: keep the faith. While I sank into post-ERA depression, thousands of other women, most courageously Bella Abzug, began reorganizing. Nurses, social workers, women candidates, women office holders, National Organization for Women, and many more began strategy meetings in 1982 to plan Reagan's defeat. They proved that the gender gap existed, and then, gradually, began to believe that a woman on the ticket not only would be a fulfillment of the principles of democracy but might mean the only chance for victory.

Thus, the second lesson: Presentation counts—equality is fair and just, but it sells faster if it is seen as in everyone's best interests. Third lesson: A backlash is inevitable. When women actually had the power to insist on a woman candidate, editorials blossomed on the old themes of women as a pushy, strident, and aggressive special interest. We now know that if we have to be pushy and aggressive to win, when we win the backlash doesn't hurt so much. Fourth lesson: There must be unity and support, but also individual determination. The broadly representative group of elected and activist women who traveled endlessly for Mondale's campaign last summer did not all agree, but they never broke ranks in public. It was Geraldine Ferraro who fought hardest and best for the job, and they all rejoiced with her. Women won *together*.

Last lesson: As Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee says: "Be gracious in victory. We will get farther if men like our revolution." She is correct, of course. What a pity—I had a little list . . .

Jane O'Reilly *is the author of "The Girl I Left Behind," and a Contributor at "Time."*

A CHARISMATIC WOMAN?

(Continued from page 631)

women who weren't actresses or wives of famous men did other names emerge: Bella Abzug, Phyllis Schlafly, Barbara Jordan, Diana Vreeland, Angela Davis, Geraldine Ferraro, Toni Morrison, Rita Mae Brown, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Helen Caldicott, Millicent Fenwick, Shirley Chisholm. And many people were unable to come up with *one* non-theatrical charismatic woman.

It would be impossible to live in this country, to watch President Reagan's show-stopping performances at press conferences, and remain unaware of the lofty position to which we've elevated movie stars. Actors and actresses personify the American Dream: their craft, their art, lies in their ability to transform themselves into other people, into something bigger and better than we are. We even allow them the natural expression of their sensuality. It's part of their job, and it's part of their charisma.

But when it comes to politics, we're not looking for fully sexual women; we're looking for *grandmother* figures. The few women who have achieved great political prestige on their own—Golda Meir comes to mind—did not reach their strides until they were "of a certain age," past their sexual primes.

To explain why we feel more comfortable with older female political leaders is to risk entering the murky and generalized world of pop-psych. But it is probably safe to say that many children have not been taught that it is okay for a woman of their mother's age to be *special*. Instead, they have learned, as Mr. Rogers once explained on his popular children's show, that boys grow into men and girls grow into ladies. Furthermore, children raised in such families, in which mothers are not as active, independent, and involved with nitty-gritty reality as fathers, may see as strange any middle-aged woman who is more vital than their own mother was. Think about it: a young and powerful man is virile, positive; to many people, a strong and youthful woman is still unfeminine, aggressive, peculiar, negative, "castrating."

Those premenopausal women who have exercised a certain charismatic power—faith healers, voodoo priestesses, fundamentalist preachers—are almost always outsiders. Even within those evangelical groups who believe that receiving an extraordinary gift from God lies well within the realm of the possible, women are usually denied their specialness. Rosemary Ruether and Eleanor McLaughlin, theologians and authors of *Women of Spirit* (Simon & Schuster), argue that when women begin to derive authority from their personal charisma, the church itself often defines their spiritual gifts as marginal or heretical. After all, the preponderance of "witches" killed at Salem *were* women.

There are exceptions: those sects who have millenial expectations, a profound hope in the coming of a better time, frequently have women leaders. According to professors Ruether and McLaughlin, the combination of a crisis mentality and an apocalyptic vision promotes natural leaders of whichever sex.

Though the connection may seem at first tenuous, this same combination of a perception of a crisis, an apocalyptic mood, and a vision for a rosier future may explain why the anti-nuclear movement respects female leadership. For instance, Dr. Helen Caldicott, the founder of Physicians for Social Responsibility, is so unflaggingly committed to her dream of peace that she never stops to consider the impression she might be making. The electricity of her conviction lifts her audiences to their feet. And since her personal fears about the nuclear dilemma resonate with her listeners' anxieties, they grasp at her vision of a better and safer tomorrow.

Donna Shalala, president of Hunter College, believes that many *(Continued on page 696)*

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A CHARISMATIC WOMAN?

(Continued from page 695)

professional women in positions of authority are too *tight* to be charismatic. "You have to figure out how to package an issue and transmit it," she says. "Which means, you've got to know how to give a speech. If you can't transmit the excitement or the emotion, you might as well forget about it. And you cannot give a first-class speech unless you are willing to be soaking wet at the end of it."

Some women, like some men, just cannot do that. And a woman who displays such a high level of emotion might be seen as "hysterical" or, if she's Bella Abzug, "strident." Image consultant Nancy Thompson tells a story: "I once made a speech with a lot of really forceful energy. At the end, a woman said, 'Is she on drugs?' That kind of energy can scare people." Her advice to women? "You have to make charisma totally positive and not threatening."

It's enough to make you toss your hands in the air, if not your hat in the ring. As a society, we're uncomfortable with strong women, so political women must tone down their passion. They become businesslike, super-rational, non-threatening. But you can't be calm and charismatic. You also can't be calm and expect to get much media attention. Network-news outfits need to fill thirty-second spots with images as engrossing as their reports, and good sense and competence don't register high on a Nielsen box.

And in our world, media attention is a necessary reinforcement for the perception of charisma. The camera zooms in on a candidate's eyes, the windows to his character; the microphone picks up his voice, the barometer of his honesty and conviction; the film captures his responses, producing a record for all time of how he reacted under stress, of whether he had the requisite humor and quick wit.

As Nancy Porter, who has directed and produced numerous television profiles, explains, "The camera can't create charisma, but it looks for it and loves it." When newspaper and television reporters prematurely try to affix charisma to a candidate, as they did for Gary Hart, he is apt to deflate before our eyes. But they're rarely even willing to make the attempt for a woman.

And therein lies the string that draws the Gordian knot tighter: political charisma stems largely from the uses of power. Today, power is allocated by gender. Most people don't perceive women as powerful—let alone, as charismatic—because they don't personify the American mythical ideal. And while charisma is not an essential component of political success—there is always Gerald Ford—it provides what can be a crucial edge, an edge that women could use.

But there's a way out of this tangled mess. Nothing breeds change like success. In fact, nothing breeds charisma like success.

Elizabeth Drew, writing in *The New Yorker* recently, reported a comment of Gary Hart's: "I said throughout 1983 that charisma came when you started winning primaries, and I think that's what happened." Miss Drew continues: "Charisma is something that is usually acquired after a candidate starts to look successful. . . . Charisma involves an interchange between the candidate and the public, in which the public begins to sense something exciting about the candidate, and the candidate, buoyed by that, gets better at projecting himself." But no one can be charismatic without a strong sense of himself first.

As more girls are raised in homes that encourage specialness in women, we may begin to see more women with that essential self-esteem. And as more women prove themselves able legislators and executives, the public as a whole, and reporters and editorialists specifically, may begin to respond to them in new ways. Even today, women are achieving political recognition by relying on a directness, a capability, and a basic honesty that cut through sexual stereotypes. It's true, as Dr. Freeman says, that "successful women have to have a certain kind of determination and fierce doggedness, which is not charming at all." But while a Harriett Woods, running for lieutenant governor in Missouri, or a Barbara Mikulski, Representative from Maryland, may not yet have made anyone's list of America's charismatic leaders, their credibility is inspiring.

And it is in these women, and certainly in women like Representative Ferraro, that the future lies. The actions of today's strong and determined political women will create new ideals, new myths based not on men who ride high in the saddle but on women who have led honorable and courageous lives. It will be up to tomorrow's women to personify those myths, to be the charismatic leaders of our country. ▽

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THE COMPLETE RESORT

"AMADEUS"

(Continued from page 636)

and the sybaritic freedom of the time's manners, somehow seem to go with the elegant symmetries and the joyful vivacity in much of Mozart's music.

The music. It is that which provides the movie's most powerful experience and which, alone, would have justified the leap from one medium to another. The fact that film and music go very well together has been established since the advent of movies. And that film and opera are a marriage made in heaven has been demonstrated recently by a spate of lush and thoughtful opera movies, from Zeffirelli's *La Traviata* to Syberberg's *Parsifal*. In *Amadeus*, the music is performed peerlessly by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under the direction of Neville Marriner, with such distinguished singers as Samuel Ramey (as Figaro) and June Anderson (Queen of the Night), and with Ivan Moravec and Imogen Cooper playing excerpts from piano concertos. The fragments of operas were staged and choreographed in ultra-bright colors, and with what seems to a contemporary eye almost garish excess, by Twyla Tharp, who clearly tried to duplicate the look of eighteenth-century stagings but is occasionally betrayed by the sharp athleticism of her movements as being her inimitable twentieth-century self.

One of Tharp's more amusing confections, incidentally, is a scene from one of Salieri's op-

eras—the music is not half-bad—done in full, many-leveled regalia, and with a cast of dozens that would have made Cecil B. De Mille proud. The glimpse of the period's typical opera quickly places Mozart's works in context and shows us the static convention from which he had so quickly traveled. But even without such instructive comparisons, all we need is a few bars of the majestic maelstrom of *Don Giovanni*'s final somber and acerbic moments, or a few phrases of the Queen of the Night singing from within a phantasmogoric, celestial spiral that seems to recede into infinity, to feel that we are at the heart of human truth. To be enveloped by this music is to have the shivery sense that we understand the spiritual journey of the man who created it, the depths of the soul from which it miraculously sprang.

But there, alas, is the rub. In fact, such feelings of identification with Mozart are probably utterly false—as are most explanations, including this film's, that try to provide the links between Mozart the man and Mozart the composer. Not only was Mozart that special sort of being—a genius—but he was a pre-Romantic genius, a creature even harder for us to understand. His life was certainly a struggle, but it was hardly the romantic struggle we have come to associate with great creators—the titanic conflict of the artist with the forces within himself or with the society around him. Mozart's burden, which, judging by the evidence of his letters, he accepted as his lot in life, was to survive and make enough money to please his very pragmatic father and to support himself and his family.

Indeed, Mozart's emotional life, for all his impulsive (or sometimes almost compulsive) playfulness, and the seemingly revealing scatology of his letters, was, and remains, almost entirely opaque. One of his most recent and most acute biographers, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, (*Mozart;* Farrar, Straus & Giroux), declares himself defeated from the start in trying to understand his subject. Mozart, he concludes, deliberately concealed himself behind his music, and even behind the often obligatory sentiments of his letters. Between the composer's art and his external life, Hildesheimer says, "The connecting middle voices are missing—his unconscious, the dictates and impulses of his inner life, that which governs his motives and behavior."

It is in trying to supply those connecting middle voices that the movie is at its most unsatisfying—and that it loses considerably in the translation from the play. Its failure, paradoxically, consists in trying to bring Mozart closer to us, in trying to make him real in a way that may be impossible to achieve.

The play's crucial stratagem was to show us Mozart entirely through Salieri's simultaneously worshipful and venomous eyes. The device, to set the record straight, is entirely fictional—but in the play, it worked. It created a saving distance from the "real," the subjective Mozart, and it let us sympathize—as who wouldn't?—with Salieri, the court composer tortured by his full understanding of Mozart's genius, and his equally lucid knowledge that he himself can never be similarly graced. And, because the play's point of view is so consistently Salieri's, Mozart—even in Tim Curry's rambunctiously mercurial performance—remains clearly a sort of outrageous invention, a heightened and stagey artifice. But he is also an enigma, an embodiment of a mystery: the mystery of genius, and ultimately, of a God who chooses for some reason to speak through such an unprepossessing and amoral vessel, while denying the same favor to Salieri, who has desired nothing but to serve Him.

But film, being a more assertive medium, doesn't let us keep such a distance from actors whose gestures and facial expressions are registered in all the intimacy of repeated close-ups. Moreover, the filmmakers fatally oscillate between Salieri's point of view and Mozart's—between probing a fictionalized character's self-knowing motives and exploring a historical person's ostensibly realistic, though in fact impenetrable, internal life. Salieri, here, poses the questions; Mozart is supposed to be the answer.

But who, then, is this semi-historical Mozart that the film gives us? He is, one must say, an exceedingly strange creation. This is partly the result of some curious casting. One can sympathize with Forman's desire not to have a well-known actor play Mozart. But Tom Hulce, in this interpretation at least, has a sort of adolescent naïvete, a disingenuous, wide-eyed frankness, and an accent and intonations that mark him as unmistakably American—and incorrigibly contemporary. Elizabeth Berridge, who plays his wife, Constanze, is an equally casual and childish waif, with a countenance unmarked by trouble or experience in a way that is probably characteristic only of our own time. And then, there are other odd touches. Why does this Mozart sport a series of wild, unruly hairdos, when all the contemporary pictures we have of him show him properly bewigged and coiffed in the manner of the time? Why does his whinnying laugh sound as if he were on drugs, or an idiot-savant?

One can't be sure what the filmmakers had in their collective minds, but this Wolfie and Stanzi (what the kids call each other in the film) sure look like they would be right at home in Milos Forman's version of *Hair*. And Wolfie is a contemporary flower-child in other respects, a near-revolutionary, always thumbing his nose at authority (Mozart was rebellious by temperament, but with nary a political instinct), a man of the people, drinking in the life of the streets as naturally as he makes music, and a youth embroiled in a juicy conflict with his stern father, Leopold, which eventually drives him to an agony of guilt and self-destruction.

F. Murray Abraham, as Salieri, is impressive in his ability to transform from robust maturity to doddering old age—but, in contrast to Ian McKellen's full-fledged passion, he is played as a cold and calculating court *apparatchik*, whose contorted motives are revealed only through his utterances—monologues that are too literally symbolized (a burning figure of Christ shows his rebellion against God), and too repetitious for the more pliable medium of film.

The movie, made as it is in our demystifying age, doesn't, on the whole, romanticize its characters; instead, it contemporizes them—an equally jarring ploy. The film's Amadeus is, first and foremost, sexually unstoppable—in contrast to Salieri, the poor *religioso*, who sublimates all his eroticism into gluttony. Now it is quite probable that Mozart was indeed a highly sensual being; but the equation of sexual and creative liberation is a post-Freudian idea, and it may have had no relevance at all to Mozart's psychic economy—even though his phenomenal ease of composition inclines us moderns to theorize some idea of disinhibition.

And as for the composer's anxiety and grief over his father's death, there is good evidence to suggest that this, too, is the stuff of long-entrenched legend. In the film, this chapter of Mozart's life is dramatized by a sinister mask, worn both by his father and the messenger—(here identified as Salieri)— who brings Mozart the commission to compose the *Requiem Mass*. But, in fact, Mozart's letters to his sister after his father's death are quite cool, and mostly concerned with the practical matter of getting his share of the inheritance.

To be fair, the film gives us a more serious Mozart, too—Mozart who refuses to be distracted from his work by family quarrels, Mozart conducting with high authority and passion, Mozart talking about his work. And there is the piercingly moving climax in which Salieri takes dictation from Mozart on the *Requiem Mass*, simultaneously trying to kill Mozart through the effort and to drink in his miraculous creative energy. The excitement of composition and the eerie power of the *Requiem*, which Mozart is supposedly writing to atone for his father's death but is actually a prophecy and an enactment of his own young end, is here conveyed through the exhausted Mozart's rasping voice pouring out a breathless rush of musical directions, heard in his head as that music which it is not embarrassing to call heavenly.

In his notes on the film, Schaffer says that this is "a fantasia on themes from Mozart's life." Perhaps if it were entirely a fantasia—for example, like *La Nuit de Varennes*, another period-piece, with famous personages and a Mozartian sub-theme—we would be able to accept its interpretive speculations better. As it is, the film makes too many claims to verisimilitude to allow for suspension of disbelief. And so we remain suspended between engagement and distance, between unquestioning enjoyment and detached skepticism. But the excitement of absorption in what remains a riveting dramatic story, in the vitality of the images—and yes, again, in the absolute presence and beauty of the music—are almost enough to override all the objections. ▽

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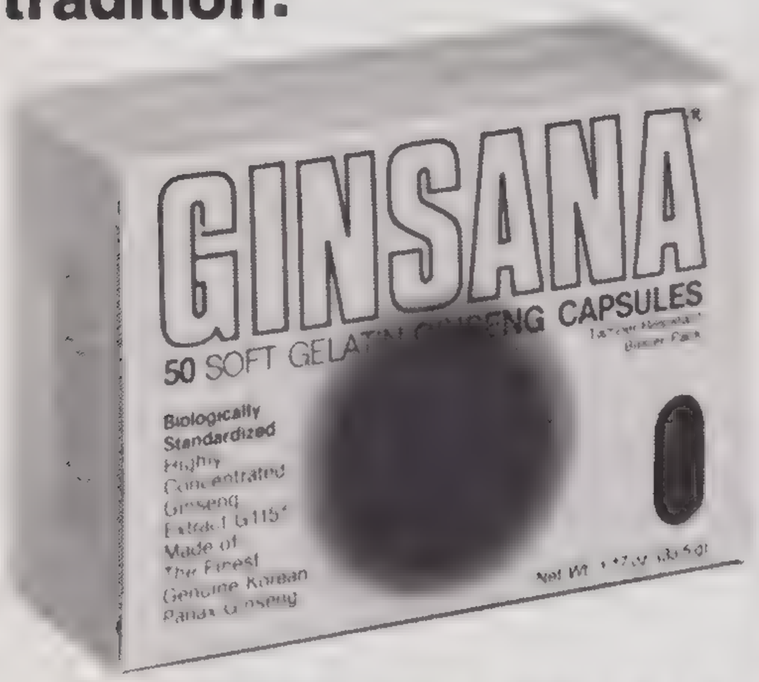

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HIGHLAND FLING

(Continued from page 646)

ping. I had a friend in Paris many years ago who said, 'Dear, don't go to the boutiques for your clothes, go straight to the best couturier—you spend the same amount of money and you get the real thing.' So, applying her advice to decorating, I went to Partridge's, the antiques shop on Bond Street, and this salesman who looked more like a banker tried to sell me a Chippendale table for sixteen thousand pounds. When I passed on it, he said, 'Well, in the basement there are some things. . . .' So we go to the basement and I see these blue-and-white checked covers over everything, and I said, '*That's* what I like!' and he said, 'What? That desk over there?' I said, 'No! Those blue-and-white checked covers.' And this very proper salesman started to get the giggles. 'You mean you've come to Partridge's for dust covers? Madam, I cannot sell you the dust covers. But I will give you the name of the place where they are made.' And I've covered everything in the living room with those dust covers—and what could be better-looking, right?

"Next, I shopped Edinburgh in a frenzy—I had only two days left to put the house together! The city's Georgian squares were so soothing, plus the thought that it was Adam country!

"The dining room at Gannochy was dark brown and I made it yellow, after Monet's dining room at Giverny. I hung my own prints, of eggs, on the walls. And I painted the rug—yes, with a paintbrush! I painted each one of the squares.

"All the doors at Gannochy are painted either blue or green. And I used a lot of blue-green everywhere, because when you go up in the moors, on a proper day, when the colors are right, you get that blue-green haze on everything. I find that a lovely color.

"I hung etchings all *over* the place—Gainsboroughs, Stubbses. I even have a little Rembrandt from the apartment in New York in my bedroom here, to keep me company. The most exciting part of moving into a new culture was my discovery of English etchings. For instance, I knew nothing about Samuel Palmer until I came to this country—when I arrived in Edinburgh, there was an exhibit in the museum. There's a long tradition of print-making in Scotland. People in the country here are very cultured. I come from Dubuque—people in the country are farmers, you know. I've turned an abandoned shepherd's cottage five miles from the house into a studio. The fields up there look like a Poussin landscape—ruins of old stone houses and grazing animals all around and everything all overgrown. I just installed a small etching press so I can do my prints here.

"I've also had an opportunity to see some marvelous English portraiture in private homes in Scotland—Gainsboroughs, Romneys, Ramsays, Lawrences, all of these artists I didn't really know were so wonderful because the pictures I'd seen by them in museums were less charming than the ones that are hanging in the traditional atmosphere they were created for."

And now that Janet Ruttenberg has found her rhythm in the country's culture, how is Derald Ruttenberg grappling with leisure in his feudal retreat? "I wish you wouldn't call it feudal," he laughs. "I haven't got any serfs. It's just a home. But one uniquely blessed with great sport. I mean, there are very few places in the States where I can go salmon fishing—I used to have to travel to Canada or Iceland or Norway. And now all of that's right here, just outside my window.

"We're only ten miles from the sea, you know. Our highest point is twenty-two hundred feet, and to be up on the moor in the summer when it all turns purple is very dramatic because you can actually *see* the North Sea from there. We get wonderful shellfish, and the best lemon sole I've ever had, and sea trout, fresh every day. And the smoked salmon here—well, you know about Scottish salmon.

"We serve quite a bit of game, too, of course—venison, partridge, grouse for a very short season—they come in about the first of September, and *that's* a wonderful game dish. We cook it all American style."

"Except for the first year we were here," Janet Ruttenberg interjects. "We flew our cook over from New York. His name is Benny Wohun Fat. He made us Peking grouse and haggis all the time!"

"We have house guests all the time," Derald Ruttenberg remarks. "Apart from the sport, Gannochy has wonderful walks. Janet, for instance, has walked all the moors—she knows the estate better than I do now. And there are several beautiful and well-known houses around to visit—some are open to the public and some we know the owners."

"Janet and Derald have managed in a very short time to be accepted by the Scottish establishment, which is really quite rare," says a recent house guest, Michel Bergerac, chairman and chief executive officer of Revlon. "But then, Derald does all the Scottish things so well, you know—stalking stags and roebucks and shooting grouse and pigeons and pheasants. He's also a wonderful man with a good heart and a mind like a steel trap—one of the most brilliant business people I've ever met in my life. And Janet is a wonderful hostess and a marvelous artist. And Gannochy—why it's one of the great estates in Scotland."

"I don't care for the sport myself," Janet Ruttenberg admits, "but I love my sporting clothes—the capes, the hats. Even the gamekeeper gets dressed to the nines. The gamekeeper! Lady Chatterley's lover, right?" she laughs.

"Many of the big estates here," Derald Ruttenberg points out, "have their own individual tweed—it's made into a waistcoat and a jacket and sort of a deerstalker-type hat. The Earl of Dalhousie, who used to own Gannochy, had his tweed, the Dalhousie tweed, which *he* wore, and all his keepers wore when they were out shooting here. But *our* keepers wanted to have a uniform of their own now—to impress all their friends, you know—so Janet designed a pattern with some of the heather colors. The keepers are all very happy with their new tweed."

"Our under rabbit keeper tells me he's thrilled with it!" Janet Ruttenberg adds, with an amused sidelong glance. "That's right—our 'under rabbit keeper.' Did you think we *didn't* have one?"

Steven M.L. Aronson *is the author of "Hype" (William Morrow & Co., 1983).*

MATISSE

(Continued from page 634)

on March 11. "The Americans who have exterminated the unfortunate Indians, only remember them for decorative purposes." The next day he crossed the desert: "The light is dazzling." He spent only forty-eight hours in Los Angeles, long enough, though, for him to grasp the essential: "Magnificent, Moroccan-style gardens—great lines of mountains and trees—grass in colors I've never seen before." And on March 14: "Los Angeles is a very beautiful city . . . an immense Côte d'Azur." A day later he was in San Francisco, where he found a touch of the artistic life of Paris, visited his collectors, in particular Harriet Lane Levy, and attended a banquet with forty other artists in the sculptor Blackpool's studio. But once again the essential lay elsewhere: "If you knew all that I've seen. I intend to benefit from it a great deal: I see a nature which is altogether new—a new light too—the colors are more vivid—I look forward to the islands" (March 15).

He boarded the *Tahiti* on March 21. The crossing took eight days. Despite the "torture" of having to wear evening dress to dinner, the "sinister" old English steamer brought moments that were worthy of Rimbaud's "Bateau ivre": "The sun has just gone down in a crown of clouds that extends all around the horizon—the sea is a deep blue: the sea surrounded by a crown of ibis gold and opaline blue. Our ship is white with red funnels and ventilating cowls—a rich combination" (March 21). On the 23rd, he described and sketched "shoals of flying fish," only to discover on the next day that they were common terns. The metamorphoses in the work of his last years, especially those between creatures of the sea and air, had their basis, as we can see, in actual experience. On the 25th, Matisse makes a remark which shows that he understood, if only unconsciously, the mechanics of his creative processes: "The cloudy skies are very beautiful. This morning there was a pearl grey sky such as I've never seen before—I hope that it will leave me with fine memories." Only the deepest memories have such vividness. "Yesterday, Tuesday," he wrote on the 27th, "magnificent weather, but what heat! The sea blue, so blue that it made the sky seem pale. . . . I've never seen anything richer and lighter . . ."

On March 29, Matisse landed at Papeete. At first, he found Tahiti dazzling: "I find everything marvelous—landscapes, trees, flowers and people . . ." he writes on the 30th. "What a magnificent race! I have seen fruit, flowers, fish." He describes them, draws them with delight. His euphoria even survived the European town of Papeete, which exasperated him at once, and the memory of Gauguin's death, which he recounts (he would later say that Gauguin wanted to leave the islands to go and work in Spain, but was discouraged from doing so). He met some natives from the Tuamotu archipelago: "I've never seen such well built and vigorous men and women." He described them later:

> The Tuamotu natives look like sea gods—harmonious forms that remind one of da Vinci—something like the picture in the Louvre called the "Saint John," I think, which is attributed to da Vinci. There is also another picture of Saint John attributed to Raphael, which gives one an idea of these people—but these natives are like *animals* . . .

If I weren't such a serious fellow, I would try to bring back one of these Tuamotu girls with me—only I wouldn't know what to do with her once I'd finished working with her—supposing it were possible—and then in what setting would I place her? It would be like bringing a cow indoors—it's true that one could imagine it—the setting—but then one could imagine the woman just as well—with the help of a few sketches . . . .

Gradually, though, the enthusiasm of the first days ebbed away. "They're lucky, these Tahitians, all this"—Matisse, on May 13, is speaking of the fruit—"comes naturally—what the Europeans have given them is alcohol and taxes, with which the natives are heavily burdened." Two days later, the tone is even more disenchanted: Matisse is "depressed," complains of not having any "energy," of feeling that he is in a "steam bath." On May 17 he gives vent freely to his low spirits:

> All this is very banal. I feel detached from it—and tell myself, by way of consolation, that I am enjoying a real mental rest, such as I've never had before . . . I see clearly all that is exceptional here, but I've quickly grown tired of it. Mentally I'm back in France, not here—I see the house again, the work I've left behind, with a greater intensity of feeling than when I see what surrounds me here.

He adds:

> The people leave me completely indifferent too. . . . The country is very beautiful but exhausting. I can't say that I won't be able to turn it to advantage when I get back to France, though I find it hard to believe now. I don't know what takes hold of me here, but I never have any desire to move about and I *think of nothing*—that is what gives me the idea of relaxation.

On May 23, he states: "I tried to work, but it's no good. Pictorially speaking, the country says nothing to me. . . ." Have the letters from the last part of his Polynesian stay been lost, or did Matisse simply lack the energy to write them? Whatever the reason, we are left with this last revealing observation from Papeete: "This place is deadly dull. It's always the same thing, except now and then: almost every day there is something extraordinary to see, but it would be seen better in a dream—still, here I am." . . .

Before arriving back in France, Matisse sent Bonnard a message, summing up the benefits and problems that his Polynesian tour had brought him: "A good stay, a good rest. Have seen all kinds of things. Will tell you all about them. Spent twenty days on a 'coral island': pure light, pure air, pure color: diamond sapphire emerald turquoise. Extravagant fish. Have done absolutely nothing except take bad photos."

The more dazzling the light, the vaster and more transparent space seems. In fact, light and space, for Matisse, were manifestations of a "central purity" he saw from two angles: as quality (light) and quantity (space). His encounter with this purity in Tahiti revealed or reminded him of a vaster scale of things than that in which, at the very time he experienced this spectacular luminous-spatial expansion, the critics had confined him.

In this respect, his Polynesian experience was an extension of his American experience. But while the pristine light in New York—an "infallible sign of divinity"—had galvanised him, he was overwhelmed by the pure light in Tahiti:

> . . . at 6 o'clock in the morning, it is beautiful, too beautiful, ferociously beautiful. Weather so brilliant, so bright that you would think it was already noon. Then, I assure you, it is frightening. It is alarming to have the day begin with a dazzling sun that will not change until sunset. It is as if the light would be immobilized forever. It is as if life were frozen in a magnificent stance.

The light of the sacred—or tropical light—is terrifying when one cannot respond to it by mobilizing one's creative energies and assuming the role of a mediator between the numinous and man. And Matisse was unable to work in Polynesia, infected by the idle ways of the natives. But what they luxuriated in, he soon discovered to his dismay, was mere tedium to a European. It was a strange irony: Tahiti, a land where everything came "naturally," a land without shadows and sin, a land of *dolce far niènte,* was an earthly version of the place of delights, the Edenic garden of the Golden Age which was Matisse's basic spiritual reference from "La Joie de vivre" onward. In short, while America revealed to him the "wonderful light of the first day," Oceania completed the vision by unfolding its landscapes with languorous figures: first came the aesthetic foundation and then the thematic content.

It was as a theme, rather than as an actual experience, that Matisse embraced this paradise on earth. In order to paint it as it offered itself to his view, he would have had to be able to work in Tahiti. For this, "it would have been necessary to spend some time there," he explained to Brother Rayssiguier [the Dominican friar who was Matisse's collaborator on the Vence Chapel] on January 13, 1950, "to have one's wife, family, children, and home there. Then it would have been possible. . ." This is debatable. Describing the lagoon, Matisse wrote that "the Isle of unconscious idleness and pleasure . . . makes one forget." Now memory was one of the essential factors in Matisse's pictorial procedure; without it, the passage through feeling, needed to transmute objective facts into the subjective work of art, could not take place and the creative process was blocked. The clump of coconut trees, the only picture Matisse brought back from Tahiti, was a mere sketch and hardly reflected the "splendor" of the South Seas. . . .

But while the mnemonic function failed Matisse in Tahiti, *(Continued on page 700)*

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MATISSE

(Continued from page 699)

it enabled him to use his experience there after he left. "In fact," he told Brother Rayssiguier on January 14, 1950, "what I brought back is everything that came later, the chapel and, for example, this stained glass window: what you see here is a breadfruit tree—the flowers wrapping themselves around the fruit. . . ." In a text entitled "Refuges," written for *Jazz* but not, in the end, included in that work, Matisse develops the notion of the temporal process he became aware of as a result of his Polynesian experience:

> In the darkest moments I believed in 'refuges': but when I was in Oceania, far from everything in the midst of an enchanting nature, I came to realize that there was no refuge and one must live with one's robe of Nessus.
>
> . . . It was after having returned from those magical regions that, more than ten years later, I recognized that the only refuge is in my recurring memories of the place.

As soon as the trip ended, the transformation of the Tahitian experience began. The artist's Polynesian memories surfaced for the first time in the illustrations to Mallarmé's poems (1931-1932). But this was too soon: the "Window at Tahiti" which accompanied the poem "Les Fenêtres," merely renders, without much change, the direct "observation" that Matisse sketched from the window of his hotel in Papeete.

Matisse's choice of illustrations for Mallarmé's poems is, in a sense, a commentary on his Polynesian experience. The seagulls wheeling around the prow of the ship, on the page facing "Brise marine," are undoubtedly the birds Matisse saw from the deck of the *Tahiti*.

During the 'thirties, and indeed right up to his operation and his brush with death in 1941, the Polynesian themes hardly appeared in his work, unless it was indirectly. "Nature there is sumptuous, but not exalting," he admitted to Tériade [the publisher of the art magazine *Verve*] on his return from the South Seas, "a familiar apartment-like sumptuousness. . . ." His apartment, whether in Nice or in Paris, was filled with indoor plants, birds, and aquariums which combined to evoke—perhaps unintentionally—a tropical luxuriance. The philodendrons, magnolias, and other greenery which, so often at that time, replaced the wallpaper or background fabric motifs in his paintings were unconscious recollections of the "exuberant vegetation" he had seen in Polynesia.

The reemergence of the Tahiti material is fully visible in *Jazz*. To a visitor who asked Matisse if he intentionally depicted Polynesia in this book, the artist replied: "Yes, but you know, this is nothing compared to the real thing: it's impossible to portray . . . It's too powerful." Nevertheless, the light that was too pure to be represented, the space that was too vast, could be suggested. And so they were, with increasing intensity, in the last years of Matisse's career. "The role of painting, I think, the role of all decorative painting, is to enlarge surfaces, to work so that one no longer feels the dimensions of the wall." The artist's task was, in short, to open up the confined spaces of Western art, a program that was carried out in the succession of decorations ranging from the Vence chapel (1948-50) to the great cut-outs (1950-53). Most of these decorations could very well be called by the title given to one of them: "Memory of Oceania." For the work of time, by the late 'forties, had advanced far enough for the artist to do his work—making the Polynesian material embody the dream of the Golden Age first realized in its mythological form in "La Joie de vivre."

But the *nova progenies* of these new images of happiness is very different from the music-loving satyrs and the Nietzschean corybantes of the earlier paintings. It was not the gold of the islanders' bodies that Matisse retained but the blue of Polynesian sky. The only life study he sketched in Papeete was of the hotel maid. Matisse found *his* Tahiti far from Papeete and the natives on the "coral atoll" where he spent some time alone. He recalled the islet on numerous occasions, but never perhaps with as much clarity as when he gave the following description to a visitor in 1950:

> . . . Coral, just emerging above the very deep, very green sea, shimmering continually; the coconut palms that rise up without one knowing why they suddenly come to a stop, leaning in the direction of the trade winds, the wind lifting up their fronds which make an astonishing sound, everything combining to give an impression of energy, youth, ripeness.

And here, summarized by the visitor, is Matisse's description of the lagoon:

> A shallow basin, a meter to a meter-and-a-half deep. Coral. Fish that come like flies around one's legs, not the least bit timid. Canoe with a glass bottom. Diving with your eyes open. New, astonishing relationships. Water green as absinthe, very transparent. All this under the sun shining all day.

In his missive to Bonnard, Matisse, keeping to the essentials, mentioned the light, the air, the colors, and the "wonderful fish" observed while bathing in the lagoon, one of the "seven wonders of the paradise of painters." It inspired a marine—one is tempted to say, a Pacific—repertoire of forms. Aquatic life—seaweed, fish, coral—invaded his work. Aerial life too—birds, clouds; but, then, the sky and the sea are closely related. They reflect the same luminous transparency, an elemental correspondence which, as Matisse himself pointed out, has its biological counterparts: flying fish, star fish, birds that plunge into the ocean. From "La Joie de vivre" to "La Danse" and "La Musique," Matisse's figures are idealized, and in the Pacific formulation of the myth, the non-human replaces the super-human. Nevertheless, a race of heroes was needed to mediate between the divine and the human. In the early pictures this function is filled by bacchantes and bathers. In the decorations of the last years it is filled by creatures that are half-human, half-fish, champions of a sport Matisse himself practiced with enthusiasm: swimming. "The Swimming Pool" is an Oceanian version of "La Danse," a ring of mermaids. ▽

JOSEPH HELLER

(Continued from page 637)

until now has published only three novels—"one of the smallest bodies of work ever to be taken seriously," wrote one observer—each of them a cruelly accurate barometer of the emotional climate of its day. In *Catch-22*, published in 1961, he drove home to us the mass insanity of war. In *Something Happened* and *Good as Gold*, published respectively in 1974 and 1979, he pinpointed the narcissistic agonies of the "me generation" and alerted us to the vice of social climbing. He created protagonists who are never heroes but anxious men who see death in every doorway, who bite their nails and cheat on their wives, fiercely love their children (their sons, anyway) and hate themselves. They are born liars who pummel themselves with truths. They are half crazy, and they are frighteningly sane. These men, even when socially and professionally successful, are the casualties of the American dream. This month, Heller publishes his first novel in eight years, *God Knows* (Knopf). Hearing that should make the American public fret: what nerve is he going to expose now?

So it is with some surprise that, opening *God Knows*, we discover King David, of Biblical fame, lying on his couch (or deathbed) under the able hands of his concubine, Abishag the Shunammite, under the watchful eye of his aging but still sexy and ambitious wife, Bathsheba. No America in sight. The only comparable literary shock so far this decade has been Norman Mailer's migration to Egypt for his novel *Ancient Evenings*. There seems to be some underground passage for Jewish writers from Brooklyn to the cradle of civilization—where, it appears, people were just as dissolute, power hungry, and corrupt as they are here today.

"I want you to make me look young, virile, handsome, and healthy," Joseph Heller says as he walks outside to be photographed. "You want me on a bicycle?"

He is wearing a bathing suit and won't change. "Would you like one of me wearing a star of David?" he asks. "Would you like to?" returns the photographer. "I don't have one," he answers with a murderous grin. As Heller giveth, so he taketh away.

"Would you like me to put on my dinner suit?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's not here."

Heller plays to the gallery, but he looks trapped against the grey door frame.

"You don't need time," he tells the photographer. "I once spent a whole afternoon with Alfred Eisenstaedt. He made me lie down on the grass and climb over fences and peek through doorways. You know what *Life* finally published? A head shot I could've gotten from the photo booth at Grand Central.

"You better hurry up," he tells her, "You've only got five minutes left.

"You want one of me looking at my watch?"

King David, poor man, is unhappy. He was once God's favorite; now they're no longer on speaking terms. God killed David's baby and left him with two exasperating sons—the idiot Solomon and the brash Adonijah, who both covet David's throne. David, of course, coveted Saul's, and got it after marrying Saul's daughter Michal (the first Jewish American Princess) and fulfilling Saul's homicidal request for a hundred Philistine foreskins. "You would have been charmed," David boasts, "by the proficiency with which I began calculating aloud." He would need at least four Israelites to wrest a Philistine to the ground ("I have a mania for neatness in some matters that is almost anal"), another to lift the member in question, and a sixth to trim the foreskin. "Allowing about an hour, on average, to locate and seize each Philistine for circumcision, and working with four squads of six men taking their daylight nourishment on the prowl rather than breaking for lunch, I estimated hopefully that we could gather daily—"

Not precisely what Saul had in mind. But then, he didn't know his future son-in-law.

"You think you've had problems with in-laws?" asks David, "I had a father-in-law who wanted to kill me. Why? Only because I was too good, that's why."

This might be Brooklyn after all.

As far as David is concerned, someone had better set the record straight. He, not Moses or Solomon, is the Bible's most dazzling figure. He's the great author of everything but Creation itself. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—they all stole from him. He's the world's great lover, tactician, and entrepreneur. How, for example, did he take over the land of Judah? Just brought in his army of rowdies and miscreants and gave the landowners his best vaudeville *shtick:*

" . . . I David son of Jesse the Bethlehemite will protect you from robbery and arson by thieves and plunderers . . . "

"There are no thieves and plunderers in Judah," they did answer at first.

"There are now."

"So you want to ask me questions? Ask me," says Joseph Heller over his shoulder as we walk from his study toward the pool. We sit at a white table under an umbrella, which is where he prefers to write. I have the impression that he would like to talk in the water, but finds this tolerable, at least. He worships sun.

How on earth did it occur to him to write this book?

"I have no idea. I've wondered about that myself in the past, when I did *Catch-22* and all my books. A certain idea will strike me, and I wonder where did I get that? In fact, I'm so much the product of my imagination that if it were ever to desert me I would probably have to go back to writing advertising copy," which he did years ago, for *Time*, *Look*, and *McCalls*.

I wonder whether the women in *God Knows*—the immaculately sensuous Abishag, whom we never see clothed; the shrewd Bathsheba who sleeps her way to the top; the housewifely, motherly Abigail; the bitchy Michal—will be offensive to the female readers of this book.

"I should think the attitude in the *Bible* would be offensive to women. Those quotations in my book that make slighting or critical reference to women do come from the Old Testament. It's not a feminist tract." *(Continued on page 702)*

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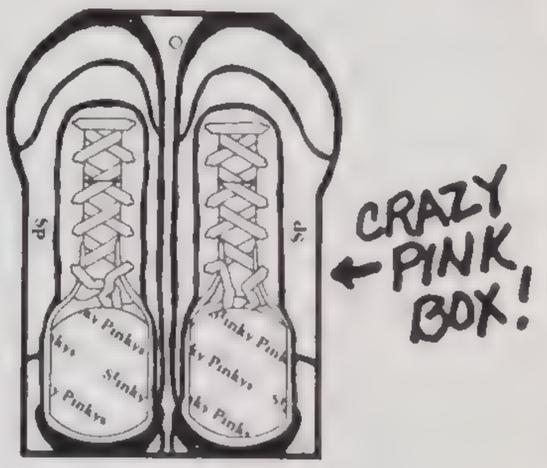

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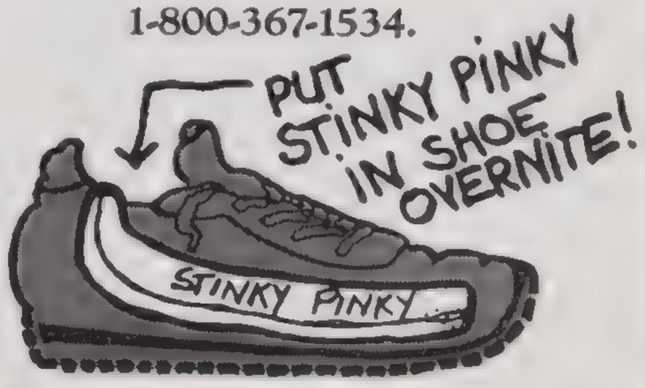

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JOSEPH HELLER

(Continued from page 701)

I have the feeling, I tell him, that fundamentalists will rise up with one voice and condemn the book, which takes the Bible lightly, if literally: such literalness can border on the obscene.

"Oh, I don't pay much attention to fundamentalists. I suppose it's a blasphemous book to the extent that it has fun with the text. It's not an atheistic book, it's not even an agnostic book. The central character is one who's repented and feels a longing for God. Fundamentalists don't read novels anyway."

As we talk, Heller warms to the subject of David's age, his feelings of despair and loss. David, unlike (for example) Bob Slocum in *Something Happened*, doesn't simply dread death. He expects it daily.

"What there is in all my books, part of the central consciousness, is a philosophical despair on the inevitability of age, of aging and dying. . . .You and I, and the people who read this, tend to regard aging as an aberration, an accident with repulsive consequences—which of course it isn't. Aging and dying are natural. And by natural I mean in the course of nature. There are such musical, soothing phrases in the King James translation [of the Bible], being 'full of years and full of days.' I think implicit in that was a resignation that if one did live to the point where he was full of days, it was time to go. Jacob asked that his bones be carried back to Canaan to be buried by his ancestors. It's not what I would do on my deathbed. If I have my senses about me, I'll be holding on to the bedposts!"

What about the worship of youth and health in America?

"I think it's narcissistic. And I think that keeping healthy, looking young, and looking prosperous are signals to other people that we're doing very well.

"I have the opinion that social esteem is really the most important consideration for Americans, affluent Americans. That social status, approbation, is the important motivation. I think the people who want to accumulate millions of dollars—it's either because that is the only standard by which they measure themselves, or it's because they're so deficient in imagination that they don't know what else to preoccupy themselves with."

After the title page of *God Knows* comes a page bearing a single sentence: *"But how can one be warm alone?"*

It's a question that the book does not attempt to answer.

"David has a phrase—or is it mine? It's hard to distinguish now which are the Bible's—he says, 'the trouble with this loneliness I feel is that the company of others is no cure for it.' That is something I recognize in myself. There's a difference between solitude and loneliness. David does feel lonely, particularly in the morning."

We talk, finally, about American culture in 1984. Is there anything about it that Heller finds particularly frightening?

"I find it less interesting and therefore less frightening than I did before my illness. I have not voted in twenty years, and I see no reason to vote. I get the presidential campaign confused with the Olympics. And I have not much interest in either one of them.

"It's a combination of my separating from my wife after a lifetime of marriage and getting this illness a year after. It was a very debilitating illness. I was helpless for a long time. Before the separation, we used to have *The New York Times* delivered. When I found myself living alone in Manhattan, I would go a whole day without reading a newspaper. Gradually I realized I didn't miss a thing."

Is this the same Joseph Heller who invented "Catch-22," that politically astute watchword of the 'sixties? Perhaps not quite. But Heller's ancient land of Israel does bear an uncanny likeness to modern America. King David is to this decade what the character of Yossarian was to the 'sixties, what Slocum and Gold were to the 'seventies: an admittedly neurotic Everyman. David is obsessed with youth, sex, and God—all irretrievable for him—and would like to be a cynic but can't shed his dreams. He has succeeded beyond his ambitions, and has lost the capacity for joy. He has discovered, on his deathbed, that life is a ruthless joke—which is not to say that it isn't funny. King David is, in short, a modern man. And, judging from this book, Joseph Heller himself is not as remote from our decade as he would have us think. Or as he would like to be.

"Now that the tape is turned off," he says, smiling, "I just want to tell you I think this is a wonderful book."

I tell him I think it will be a great success.

Joseph Heller casts a glance skyward. "From your mouth to God's ear!" Then he laughs, and wags a finger at me.

"Now write that down!" ▽

HORST

(Continued from page 638)

was in Salzburg but it was Sils-Maria, *Switzerland*, which was a less fashionable but equally interesting place. Elsie Mendl, I remember, telephoned and said she was coming over the Alps down through Sils-Maria, where Reed and I were staying. Elsie was marvelous. She'd sit there in her little chamois gloves laying down the law, telling you what you needed and what you had to do and generally changing your life around very satisfactorily. And this time she said she'd be coming for lunch with a young German photographer. "His name is Horst," she said. "He's very good-looking and very charming. And very, very talented."

So they arrived in Sils-Maria. Now don't forget the beauty of a German-speaking country. It's happy country, it's *gemütlich*, it's . . . what's *right* with the world! The sun shines, the grass grows . . . the bluebells were these wonderful azure *bombs*—fantastic! Horst was delightful. We sat there and we had our little glasses of port and some *jambon de pays*, which was one of those great Swiss hams—all those cantons make every kind of ham and each one's better than the last. That was Sils-Maria.

And I was high as a kite—not that Horst or Elsie noticed it. But after lunch I said, "I cannot stand this place another day! It's the altitude."

What had happened was that Reed and I had had a cure in Germany, and the doctor had given me an overdose of thyroid. Apparently, that *combined* with the altitude . . . I will tell you that when we came in from walking I used to shout—just *shout* . . . and there was nobody to hear me. But I was *literally* in heaven! I mean, I was next to the blue and *under* the sun. I was *ahead* of every other living human being—except Reed Vreeland who was standing right beside me. All I can tell you is that it was the freest, most marvelous feeling . . . except that I knew I was going insane.

The punch line's rather disappointing. They always are. One morning I didn't take the pill, and by that afternoon I was right back to normal. What does this have to do with Horst, you might ask? He's the sanest thing going, as we know. But in his best pictures, he gets that *thing* having to do with altitude, the headiness I felt in Sils-Maria . . . *without* the craziness.

Photography never interested me in those days. I had no idea that I'd go into business and spend the next forty years with photographers. I'd had no idea who Horst was. Of course, he was already a big man in Paris. And there are several things we must remember about photography in Paris in the 'thirties. For one thing, beach light had become the fashion. It was a novelty—and everything was this hard gold-orange beach light. For years I thought that many of these pictures—like George Hoyningen-Huene's famous pictures of Horst in a bathing suit—were actually taken on the beach. But they were all done in the studios and it's glaring to our eyes today. That was one of the highlights of the 'thirties. And another is that it was quite a big thing to *be* photographed in the studios by a famous photographer—it was all part of fashion. That is to say, at a certain point if you were a fashionable person a picture would be arranged of you in a fashionable magazine in a fashionable pose taken by a fashionable photographer who, the chances are, you'd later meet at dinner, like Horst. This, to me, wasn't his greatest photography. Horst is not just a fashionable photographer—by any means. But fashion, for him, was a great entrée into a period, a way of life.

Horst came in on his period—the Baroque—and put his stamp on it. He arrived in Paris at a curious time. I remember thinking, "This world *cannot* survive." It was a clear case of a city weakening . . . on the verge of war. But the war was still years off. And in the meantime, in this brilliantly lighted populace, everyone was a star. There was a strong whiff of celluloid everywhere. Everything was Hollywood. Glamour. I hate the word "glamorous" but it does help you get around corners. I know of no other word for the atmosphere of something *getting* to you. Horst's best pictures got to you.

To me, Horst's great studio picture from the 'thirties is the portrait of the woman from behind unlacing the corset. I think it's the most totally satisfactory studio picture of the period from the point of view of the eye *resting* on a picture. It's rarely that the eye rests—but it does there. Ditto for Horst's pictures of Eve Curie. I think he established her as a *great* beauty. And I think that

Horst in the 'thirties took *tender* portraits of Chanel. Just look at the pictures. It's there. There's a gentleness of lighting and a tenderness of expression. There's nothing of the mannequin in her. She's not totally sure of herself. She looks . . . away. And this was when Chanel was at the *height* of her power. But . . . she loved this boy.

Horst, to me, is a peasant. I don't know how to say that because no one understands *real* English anymore. I mean that in the way I say that Chanel was a peasant and I know no higher praise. I mean he's *of* the soil. And then there was fashionable life which opportunity threw at him—this extraordinary society of Paris in the 'thirties—and he took to it like a fish takes to water. But I'm thinking about mountain streams and lakes. Horst doesn't belong on the beach, or in the studios. He's much better when he gets *down* in the lens and into the protectiveness and the allure of shadows. To me, he didn't really come of age until he got right back to the soil and back into natural light.

And so he went on, photographing known and less-known men and women. In many of his photographs of men in this period, he explored the secrets of shadows. Then, like most of the men of his generation, Horst went off to war—in his case, on the side of the United States Army. On his way back through Paris right after the war, he took his memorable portraits of Gertrude Stein at home in natural light. Horst made Gertrude Stein the most photogenic, charming, adorable . . . the cutes! He made her *available*. It's *gemütlich*. I mean "*gemütlich*" the way they mean it in German, which is a saliva in the mouth of the beholder. "Cozy" doesn't do it at all. I'm talking about taste *in* the mouth, which is the only place it exists.

Years later, when I became the editor of Vogue, I had an idea. I'd just seen Horst's picture of Mme Balsan at home. What a remarkable beauty! What an enchanting setting! I was mad about it. So I said to Horst, "Wouldn't it be marvelous, wonderful, *wunderschön* . . . if you did some more people in their houses?" Which, of course, he spent the rest of the 'sixties doing. Aren't those pictures extraordinarily charming? But don't forget, they were the combination of everything Horst loves—living, gardens, people of all ages and types. . . .

English gardens. Irish gardens. Castles against the sky. And remember the personalities. Nancy Lancaster! Pauline de Rothschild! Wallis Windsor, Duchess of! I'm talking about the heroines of the taste of the *world*. Horst made them heroines. His instructions were always the same: go for the details. My soul craved something that was tangible. I didn't want still lifes, I wanted secrets of the house, of the garden, of the countryside . . . and think of what Horst came back with. The cravats around the carafes of wine at the Rothschilds' house in Mouton. Philippe de Rothschild's needlepoint slipper resting on the head of Napoleon III on a needlepoint carpet. The Duke of Windsor's old leather dispatch box marked "The King." When those pictures came in, I went berserk. These packets would arrive and I'd be intoxicated for hours. I raved! Shouted! I mean, I was *back* . . . in Sils-Maria.

Valentine Lawford—Nicholas to us—who's now written this wonderful book about Horst [Knopf], was the writer on all the stories. The extraordinary thing about Horst and Nicholas was that I could send them to anyone in the world—*anyone*—and know that whomever I sent them to would want to have them as friends. It was like the sun and the sky at the *right* time of day. That was Horst and Nicholas.

The combined talents of these men, I feel, set a standard that we haven't come up to today. Am I wrong? But you see, we weren't working for the public, we were working for the public's *imagination*. How rarely does the camera do anything. It's like a typewriter. I mean, a manuscript has no personality until you've read it. But Horst's best pictures speak for themselves. They're emanations of his personality. ▽

HELMUT NEWTON

(Continued from page 639)

Even sex, more alluded to than endured, is a no-sweat proposition.

Yet there are enough ambiguities in Newton's work to confound the ideologue. For one thing, his women are by no means conventional "sex objects" in the *Playboy* mold, women plucked from obscurity and unveiled to titillate the common ogler. In his high-style histrionic world, the women collaborate in what is ultimately a mockery of all power relationships. This is the theater of sexual power, they seem to say. Yes, I'm enslaved, so what! Life is one big enslavement, the manipulator and the manipulated locked in combat, preferably in some mouth-watering jet-set retreat. The S&M devices aren't there to exploit women in hard-core fashion but as trappings that will provoke a reaction, the idea being more important than the thing itself.

Although the jokes are sometimes more tasteless than funny, there's a wit that takes the sting out of voyeurism. Who can help but giggle at the absurdity of the two wholesomely pretty nudes whose breasts are bobbing over huge platefuls of food! Nor are Newton's women nymphets, virginal innocents in the style that currently panders to pedophilic tastes. They are adults whose cool superiority leaves no doubt that they are the subjects rather than the objects of their dramas.

That Newton's women have no sense of being exploited or victimized is borne out by such actresses as Charlotte Rampling and Sigourney Weaver who've posed for him and praised his resourcefulness (or seductiveness or magic) in bringing out some wild, lascivious quality they didn't know they had. Weaver looks interestingly perverse in a black veil with a cross underneath. Rampling, nude in a gilded hotel room, has never been more provocative. These images bring out the *Belle de Jour* fantasies in all of us, the proper lady daring unspeakable improprieties in a damask-walled brothel.

While most of the models are regimental thin, the series called *Big Nudes* features powerful, Amazonian women with monumental torsos and built legs—an answer, it would seem, to women's protests against the impossibly anorexic ideal of feminine beauty, yet one that slyly turns athleticism into fetish.

Newton, in one of the many frank comments sprinkled through the collections, admits that he prefers models to actresses because actresses think too much, want to know what to do. With six interesting exceptions—Rampling, Weaver, Welch, Deneuve, Aimée, and Loren—actresses can't remain passive for long enough.

Models are mannequins after all, and mannequins are dummies. Narcissism and passivity are intrinsic to the world of fashion, and Newton takes the whole notion of fashion photography to its limits, to the point where you can no longer pretend that it isn't about bodies for sale, clothed or unclothed. The striking series of coupled photographs in which the women, in identical poses, are wearing high-fashion clothes in one shot and are nude in the next, makes the point wittily. It reminds me of the anecdote—Shavian, if I'm not mistaken—in which a man offers a woman 5000 pounds for her favors and she accepts. "Would you do it for five pounds?" he pursues. "What do you think I am?" says she, outraged. "We've already established what you are," he replies, "we're just haggling over the price." Newton's women are either expensive or very expensive, whether in fox furs or their own sleek skin.

Whether one finds Newton's women erotic or not is a matter of individual taste. My own feeling is that he goes too far, not in a moralistic sense, but in taking the fun out of sex. The emphasis on the dark and sinister underside deflates the playfulness, the good humor, the ambiguity. Like the grim fetishism of a director like Erich von Stroheim, to whom Newton has been compared, the constant compulsion to expose the clinical foundations of eroticism ends up by killing eroticism itself, much of whose power lies in the area of the unseen and unexposed. To me, the most powerfully erotic images—in the work of Buñuel, or Hitchcock—are those in which hints of the abnormal percolate beneath ostensibly normal façades. We don't need to have spiked heels and whips lashed in our faces to know that sex is a power game. And after the excesses of the sexual revolution, we're ready to retreat from the bald and graphic treatments of sex into more covert, and romantic, forms of desire.

The patent-leather shoes worn by Catherine Deneuve when, in *Belle de Jour*, she crossed the threshhold of Madame Anaïs's apartment each afternoon to become a call girl were fetishistic, but unobtrusively so, and their apparent normality did more to provoke unconscious fantasies than all the garish garter belts and gleaming high heels of Newton's models. Similarly—and ironically—the most sensual of his photographs are those involving actresses—real people with known identities, meanings that exist outside the frame of the photograph. Their pull toward an "other life" becomes an added layer of mystery, as opposed to the one-dimensional anonymity of the models, compositional figures in a single, frozen moment in time.

Like a great deal of camp that involves women, the Newtonian universe reflects a desiccated world where there has been a loss of desire. Women are ironic, in charge . . . but demystified. Is this the price of independence? Is this the bargain with the devil that women have made? Pondering such questions as one takes in the fascinating array of women striding the earth like colossi in *World Without Men* (Xavier Moreau), one has to wonder. ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 95: *Top* photo: makeup, Leventé for Garren, New York; costume designed by Daphne Stevens-Pascucci. **234:** Jewelry at Bergdorf Goodman. **Seven Cities Information (pages 297-466) 297:** Dress, Douglas Ferguson. To order at Douglas Ferguson, NYC. Earrings, Stephen Sprouse. Hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris; makeup, François Nars. **298:** Makeup, François Nars; hair, Yannick for d'Is, Paris. **300:** Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 44; Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 06; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50; I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Also at John Baldwin, Dept. 83; Gidding-Jenny, Indianapolis IN; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings, Renée Tulpere. The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Shoes, Fratelli Rossetti, NYC. **350:** Outfit at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Bergdorf Goodman. Perry Ellis Shoes for Michael G. Abrams. **388:** Grandoe Gloves. Lord & Taylor. Earrings and bracelet, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Boots, Perry Ellis Shoes for Michael G. Abrams. Saks Fifth Avenue; McClures, Nashville TN. **410:** Dress at I. Magnin, Dept. 207. Also at Colitti, Millburn NJ; Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, Bal Harbour and Houston; Frost Bros., Dept. 520. Earrings, Bates-Evans for Terrafirma. Bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Victoria Falls, NYC; I. Magnin. Belt, Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. Leglooks by Burlington. Macy's, New York. Shoes, La Marca, NYC; The Shoe & Clothing Connection, Woodland Hills CA. **432:** Stephen Sprouse shirt and pants. Fabric by Agnona. Coat fabric by Borg. Available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 373. Earrings, Stephen Sprouse. Bracelets, Folli Follie Bijoux for Ylang-Ylang, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Altman's. **444:** Outfit at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 211; Kaufmann's, Dept. 819; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36. Earrings, Jay Feinberg. Bonwit Teller. Calvin Klein Scarves. Anne Klein for Camp Hosiery. Shoes, Salvatore Ferragamo. **466:** Bill Blass viscose/silk dress. Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 06; I. Magnin, Dept. 30; Liberty House, Dept. 354. Also at Sakowitz, Dept. 48; Carrick's, Denver. Earrings, Renée Tulpere. The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Shoes, Fratelli Rossetti, NYC. **578-579:** Clothing, Emanuel Ungaro. **581:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **582:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **583:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **584:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **585:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **586:** Accessories, Chanel. **587:** Viscose/silk jacket. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **588:** Viscose/silk velvet skirt. Blouse, silk chiffon. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **589:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **590:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **591:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **592:** Man's cashmere sweater, Hobbs of Paris. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **593:** Wool/silk/nylon satin dress. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **594:** Earrings and cuffs, Valentino Bijoux. Stockings, Valentino Bas Collants. Shoes, Valentino Garavani Couture by Rene Caovilla. **596:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **597:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Gloves, Yves Saint Laurent Couture. **598:** Gloves and stockings, Valentino. Shoes, Valentino Garavani Couture by Rene Caovilla. **600-601:** White T-shirt, Calvin Klein. Ralph Lauren cotton shirt, $39. Ralph Lauren cotton pants, $46. Turnout at Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Boston; Marshall Field's; The Ralph Lauren Shop, Oklahoma City OK. Pants at Dayton's; Hudson's; Macy's, San Francisco. Shirt at Macy's, Kansas City; Goudchaux/Maison Blanche. Matsuda nylon jacket, $615. Boutique Matsuda, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Hat, Madcaps. Socks, Hue. Barneys. Blanket by Nancy Paap for Sante Fe Weaving and Knitting Center. **602-603:** Ralph Lauren silk shirt, $298. Cashmere vest, $258. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Ralph Lauren Shop, Oklahoma City OK; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Houston; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Denver. **604-605:** Nylon/Lycra bathing suit, $58. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Photographed at Rancho Encantado in Tesuque, New Mexico.**606-607:** Go Silk for L'Zinger silk jacket, $300; Henry Lehr, NYC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35; Macy's, San Francisco. Ralph Lauren cotton twill shorts, $50. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 398; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Boston; Marshall Field's; Macy's San Francisco; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Honolulu. Shoes, Esprit de Corp, San Francisco. **622:** Hair, Gad Cohen of La Coupe Salon, NYC; makeup, Joe McDevitt of Clive Summers Salon, NYC. **623:** Blouse and tie, Perry Ellis. Earrings, Monet. Bloomingdale's; Hecht's, Washington, DC. **624:** Earrings, Robert Lee Morris. Gloves, Carlos Falchi. November at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **625:** Hair and makeup, Gad Cohen of La Coupe Salon, NYC. **626:** Hair, Gad Cohen of La Coupe Salon, NYC; makeup, Joe McDevitt of Clive Summers Salon, NYC. **627:** Scarf, Burberrys. **628:** Hair and makeup, Gad Cohen of La Coupe Salon, NYC. **629:** Earrings, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Bag, La Bagagerie. Gloves, Bottega Veneta, NYC; Stamford CT; Beverly Hills. Boots, Joan & David Couture. Ann Taylor; Marshall Field's. **650:** Kasper at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's, Dept. 338; La Vogue, Richmond VA; Parisian, Birmingham AL; Maas Brothers, Tampa FL; She, Louisville KY; Lester Melnick, Dallas; Nordstrom, La Jolla CA; I. Magnin, Dept. 36; Bracelets, Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Alex and Lee. Gayle Willson Gallery, Southampton NY; Abbraccio, Honolulu. To order at Obiko at Bergdorf Goodman. **651:** *Left:* Stephen Sprouse wool jersey fabric by Agnona. Acrylic pile fabric by Borg. Turnout at Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop, Dept. 652; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. . . . *Right:* Sweater, Valentino Night. Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Barneys; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. LaCrasia gloves at Henri Bendel; Marshall Field's; Fini, Seattle. **652:** Giorgio Armani Couture silk tunic; acetate/polyester velvet pants. Tunic, $800; pants, $695. Turnout at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; John Wanamaker; I. Magnin, Dept. 264. Tunic at Hattie, Birmingham MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 39; Creed's, Toronto. Necklaces and rings at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Belt by Ruza. Lord & Taylor; Style in the Round, Philadelphia PA; Saks-Jandel. Gianni Versace turnout at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC; Miami; Houston; Scottsdale AZ; San Francisco; Beverly Hills CA. **653:** Louis Féraud blouse and pants, late October at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 52; Charles Sumner, Boston; Garfinckel's; John Baldwin, Dept. 84; Balliet's; Jacobson's, Dept. 60; I. Magnin, Dept. 40. André Laug turnout at Martha; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Rings, M&J Savitt. Same stores as page 652. **654:** Flora Kung silk velvet top, and skirt. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Dept. 358; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Seattle. Fernando Sanchez silk velvet dress. Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; I. Magnin, Chicago. Hat, Stephen Sprouse. Patricia Field, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Earrings, Lynn and Robert for Coro Jewelry. Cuff, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Savage, NYC. Prada bag, at John Wanamaker; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. **655:** Vicky Tiel silk velvet and silk taffeta dress. Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Sabrina, Houston; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin, Dept. 341. Panty stockings, Flash Legs. Late October at Henri Bendel; Holt Renfrew of Canada; Nordstrom, Seattle. Shoes, Valentino Garavani Couture by Rene Caovilla. Valentino Boutique, NYC. Bracelet, *below:* at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Camille, Coconut Grove FL; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Seattle. *Above:* Bracelet at Victoria Falls, NYC; The Jewel Box, Chicago; Sakowitz; La T Da, Dallas. **657:** Sweater at Woodward & Lothrop, Dept. 51; Dayton's, Dept. 361. Sweater also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Nylon/Lycra riding pants, $70. H. Kauffman & Son Saddlery, NYC. Hat, Yumiko for LaCrasia. Bloomingdale's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Leg warmers and boots, see information page 660. **658:** "Long johns," $24. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 752; Betsy's, Marblehead MA; Forward Gear, Portland OR; Hat, Madcaps. Henri Bendel, The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; The Denver, Denver CO. Socks, Hue. Bergdorf Goodman. Sneakers, Adidas. The Athlete's Foot. **659:** Sneakers at The Athlete's Foot. **660:** Coat at Macy's, Dept. 687. "Long johns," Tous les Calecons. For stores, see information page 658. Gloves, Van Raalte. Leg warmers, Hot Sox. Macy's. Boots, Vittorio Ricci, NYC. **661:** Hat at Bloomingdale's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. **662:** Coat also at Max Zeller Furs, Springfield MA; Jay Lennad Furs, Chestnut Hill MA; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas. Jacket and pants, Dimitrios. Hat, Madcaps. Altman's; John Baldwin. Watch, Omega. Tourneau, NYC and Bal Harbour. Bracelet, Laura Vogel. Design Observations, NYC. Gloves, Bill Blass for Grandoe. Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Anne Klein for Camp Hosiery. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci, NYC. **663:** Jumpsuit at Garfinckel's, Dept. 91. Echo Scarfs. Henri Bendel; Filene's; Bullock's. Seiko watch. **664:** Hat, Patricia Underwood. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets, Coral Bourgeois Art for Ears. Henri Bendel; Regards, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Frivolous, Saratoga Springs NY. Watch, Daniel Mink. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Bloomingdale's; Hechts, Washington, DC. Shoes, Mario Valentino, NYC. **665:** Sweater and skirt, Perry Ellis. Hat, Matsuda. Boutique Matsuda, NYC; Macy's, San Francisco. Earrings, Bonafacio. Gloves, Grandoe. Saks Fifth Avenue; Filene's. Bag, Bob Lee for Hunting World, NYC. **666:** Fabric available at F&S Fabrics, Los Angeles; In the Beginning, Seattle WA. Wool pants, $220. Boutique Matsuda, NYC; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Echo Scarfs. Pin, John Iversen. Artwear, NYC. Belt, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy. Lina Lee, NYC and Beverly Hills; Miki, Berkeley CA. Bracelet, Blythe & Blythe. Macy's, Herald Square. Watch, Omega. Tourneau, NYC. **667:** Horikoshi fabric available at Park East Sewing Center, NYC; Village Fabrics, Nashville TN; Josephine's Dry Goods, Portland OR. S. Shamash Fabric at Paron Fabrics, NYC; Kaplan's Fabrics, Kansas City MO; Home Silk Shop, Los Angeles Necklace, Robert Lee Morris. Belt, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy. Lina Lee, NYC and Beverly Hills; Miki, Mill Valley CA. Cuff, Victor Carranza. Bergdorf Goodman. Watch, Daniel Mink. **668:** Earrings and belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt at Neiman-Marcus. **669:** Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 337; Sakowitz, Dept. 54. Also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Coconut Grove FL; Bal Harbour FL; Philadelphia; Houston. Earrings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Henri Bendel. **670:** Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue; Swansons on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus. Also at The Avenue, Omaha NE; Famous Barr, St. Louis MO. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Washington, DC. Bangle, Pellini Bijoux. **671:** Outfit at Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 170. Also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Cuff, Patricia von Musulin. Barneys. Belt, Carlos Falchi. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

7 CITIES INFORMATION

NEW YORK Page 308: Skyline, Hugues Colson; jacket back, Nancy Moran/Sygma; skating, Byron Collection, Museum of the City of New York. **316:** 53 W. 88th St., 1952, Ruth Orkin; "I Like Intransitive Verbs," Mary Boone Gallery, NYC; Woody Allen, Mary Ellen Mark/Archive. **328:** Subway stop, Bill Thompson; Wall St., Hugues Colson; Trump Tower, © Wolfgang Hoyt/Esto. **LOS ANGELES 358:** Los Angeles City Library, L.A. Morse; Newport Beach, Michael Jones; The Temporary Contemporary, © The Museum of Contemporary Art; "The Back of Hollywood," 1977, Leo Castelli Gallery, NYC. **364:** Billboard, L.A. Morse; Columbia Pictures 1938, Ruth Orkin; Hard Rock Cafe, Simon Pietri/Sygma. **CHICAGO 394:** Oak St. Beach, Ken Hedrich/Hedrich-Blessing; "Sauganash," Phyllis Kind Gallery, Chicago. **396:** Corner of State & Madison 1905-10, Chicago Historical Society; Studs Terkel, Gwendolen Cates; Claes Oldenburg "Bat Column," © Magnum/Rene Burri; The Adler Planetarium, 1933, Ken Hedrich/Hedrich-Blessing; skyline,© Magnum/Rene Burri. **406:** Map, © David A. Fox 1982; Chicago Board of Trade, Pitt Souvenirs; Wrigley Field, Arnold Zann/Black Star; "Windy City . . .," Phyllis Kind Gallery, Chicago. **MIAMI 416:** Miamarina model, Bayside Specialty Center Rouse-Miami Inc., an affiliate of the Rouse Co.; Vizcaya, Toby Rankin/The Image Bank. **428:** Atlantis Bldg., Duane Michals; Coffee Stall, Toby Rankin/The Image Bank; Bakery, Steven Brooke; "Surrounded Islands," Steven Brooke. **DALLAS 438:** Skyline, © Magnum/Alex Webb; "Cowgirls," 1983, Bob Wade; Tony Dorsett, John Goodman; hats, J.P. Laffont/Sygma; "Bar-B-Q," Charles Cowles Gallery, NYC. **442:** Boots, J.P. Laffont/Sygma; Dallas City Hall, Michael Salas/The Image Bank. **BOSTON 452:** Beacon Hill, Paul Hurd/PhotoUnique; JFK Library, Erik Leigh Simmons/The Image Bank; view of Harvard, The Harvard College Library; Museum court, Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum; "Runner by the River," Barbara Krakow Gallery, Boston/Collection of Richard and Beverlee Brooks. **SAN FRANCISCO 474:** Skyline, Jacques Dirand; cable cars, Ted Mahieu/The Image Bank; Victoriana, Steve Anderson-/PhotoUnique; Chinatown market, Daniel Wolf Gallery, NYC; Sts. Peter and Paul's Catholic church, Nick Nicholson/The Image Bank. **483:** Houses, John Lewis Stage/The Image Bank; Feinstein, Roger Ressmeyer-Starlight, 1984.

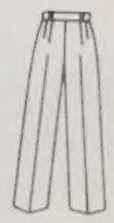
VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pages 666-667

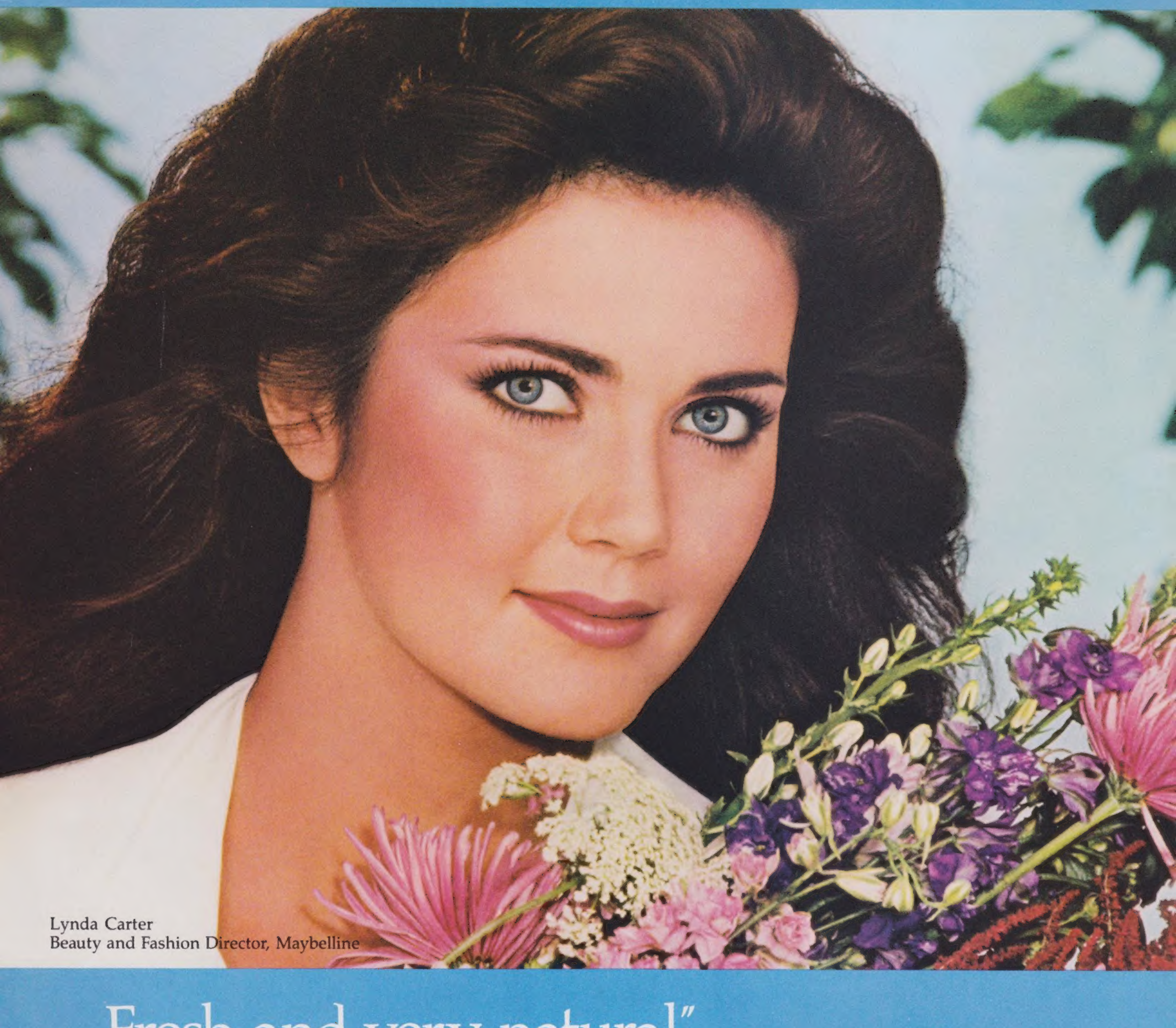
Shirt: Vogue Pattern #1211. Sizes 8-16. $8. Canada, $9.70. View A. Size 10: 3 yards of 54" fabric. View C. Size 10: 3½ yards of 45" fabric. **Pants:** Vogue Pattern #1119: Sizes 6-16. View A. Size 10: 1⅝ yards of 45" fabric. $5 Canada, $6.10.

1119

1211



"This is the face I want to show the world.



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Beauty and Fashion Director, Maybelline

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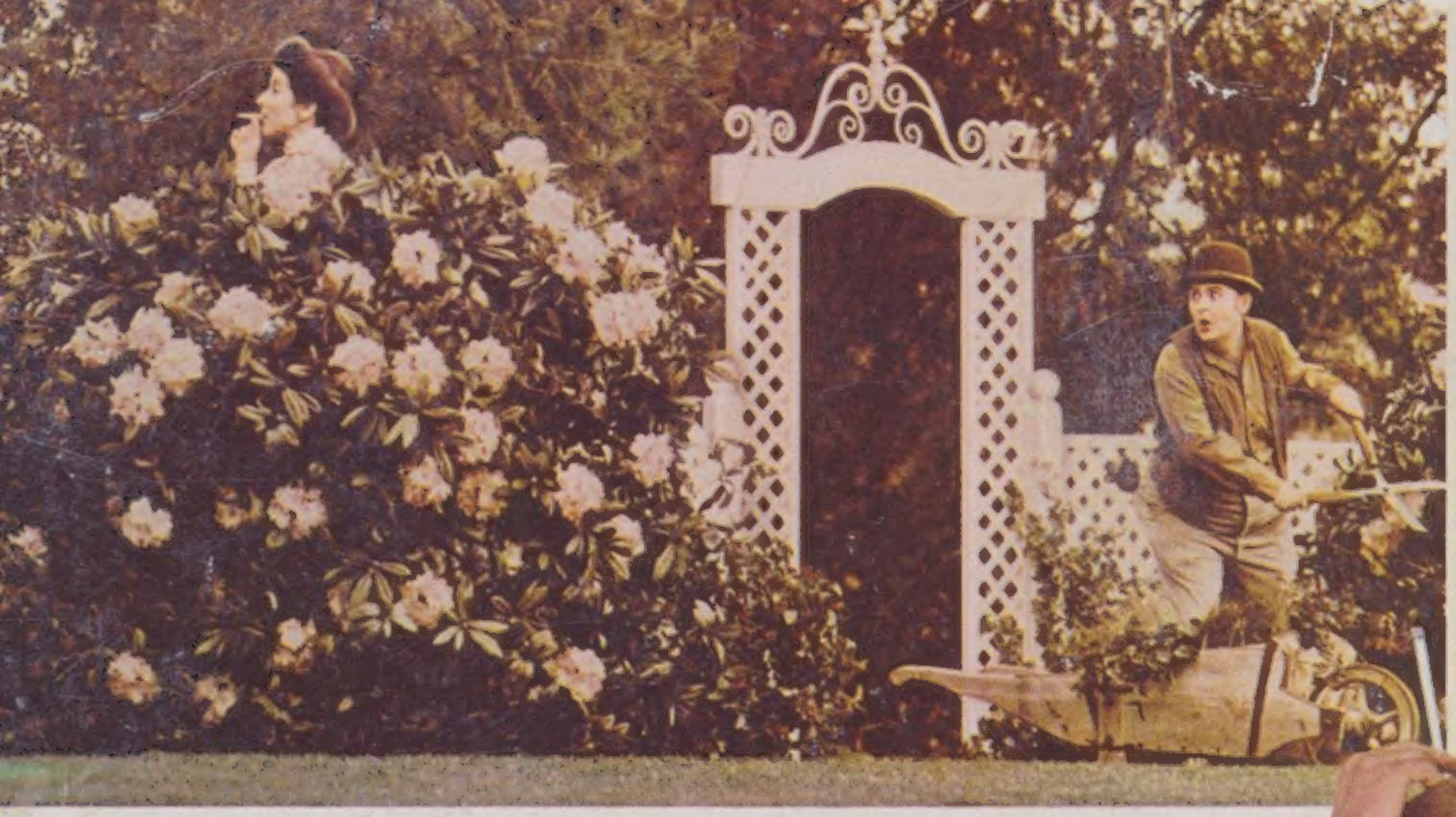

In 1902, Karen Gardner thought the garden provided the ideal place to sneak a cigarette.

Unfortunately, her idea was nipped in the bud.

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8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.